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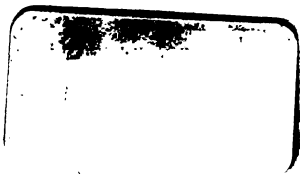


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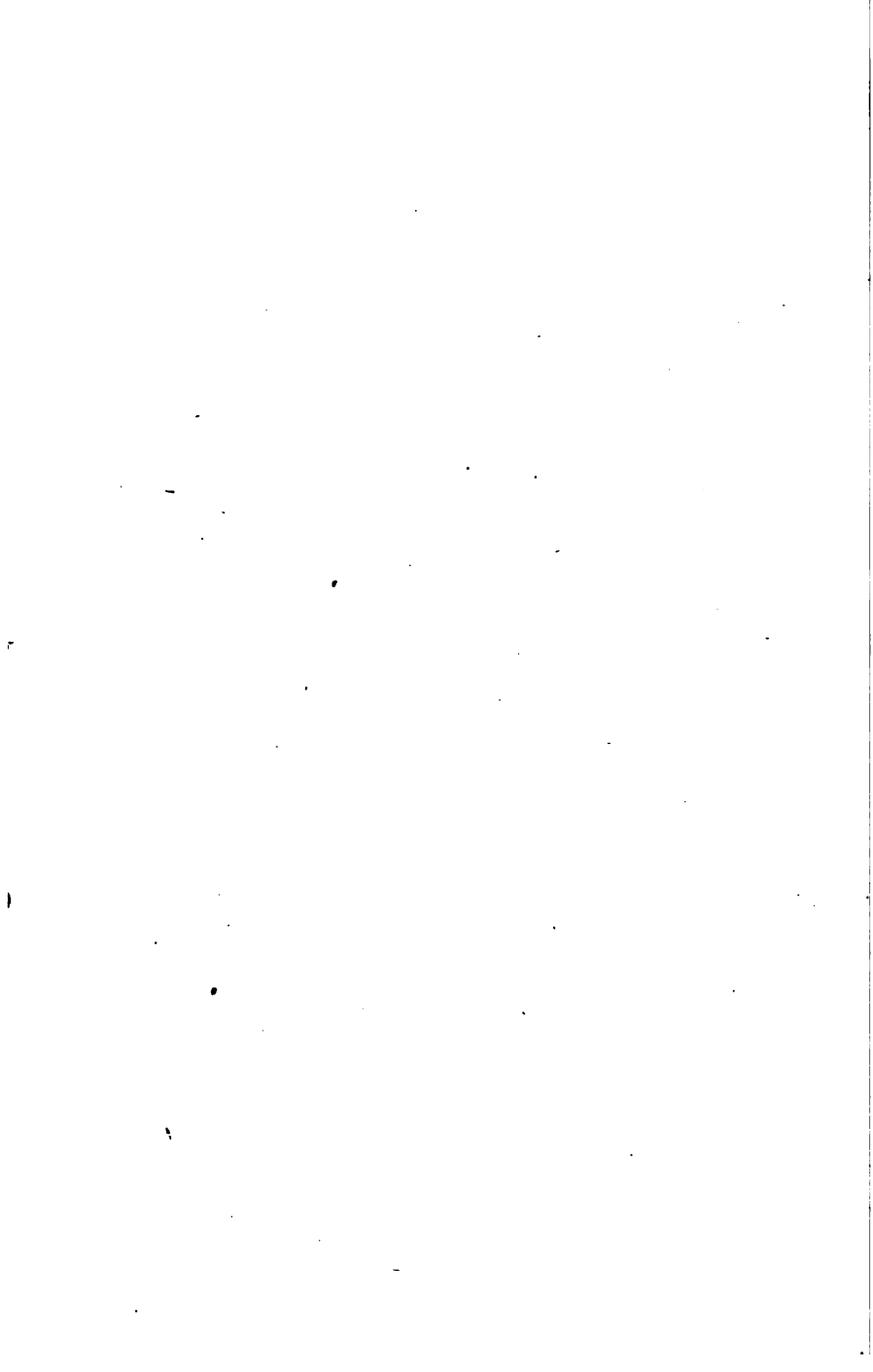
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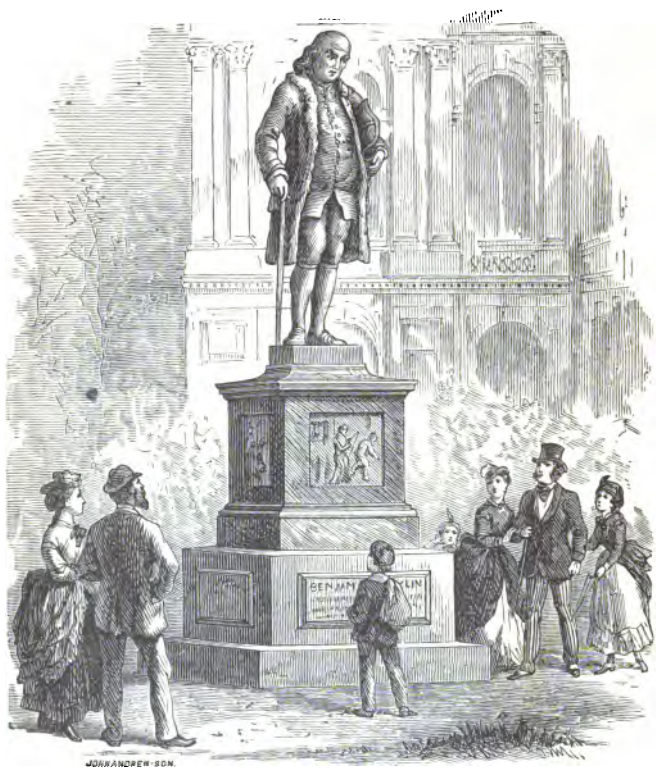




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THE
FRANKLIN
FIFTH READER

FOR THE USE OF

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SCHOOLS

WITH

AN INTRODUCTORY TREATISE ON ELOCUTION BY
PROF. MARK BAILEY

By G. S. HILLARD



BOSTON:
BREWER AND TILESTON.
NEW YORK: J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO.
1873.

MANUSCRIPTS
GEORGE S. HILLARD
JANUARY 20, 1924

P R E F A C E.

THE FRANKLIN FIFTH READER is intended for use in an advanced grade in grammar schools. Most of its contents are entirely new, and pains have been taken to combine variety, interest, life and instruction to the selections.

The name of Franklin is affixed to the work in honor of an illustrious son of Boston, forever associated with her public schools through the medals devised in his will.

The introductory portion, on reading and the training of the voice, is by Professor Mark Bailey, of Yale College. Its practical value has been proved by the experience of teachers.

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THE FIFTH READER.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

BY S. W. MASON, ELIOT SCHOOL, BOSTON.

Vocal gymnastics is the art of training the vocal organs so as to develop their powers, and enable them to act with ease, precision, and effect.



All who would be good readers should practise systematically and persistently, such vocal exercises as will give them complete control of all the muscles of articulation, increase the power and elasticity of the voice, rendering it smooth, pure, and melodious.

Such exercises rightly taken will not only give power and purity to the voice, but will also promote the general health.

Physical culture and vocal exercises are so intimately connected that in the proper development of one, the other must be necessarily improved; indeed, no vocal exercises can be correctly practised without first securing the proper position and carriage of the body.

It is of the first importance that pupils acquire the habit of sitting correctly.

At the command, *One*: insist that the pupils assume the following position:—



Fig. 1.

1. Sit erect as far back in the seat as possible.
2. Body square to the front.
3. Feet resting on the floor, one slightly in advance and forming with each other an angle of sixty degrees.
4. Knees bent nearly at right angles.
5. Chest fully expanded.
6. Hands resting gently on the edge of the seat.
7. Shoulders level.
8. Head erect.
9. Chin slightly depressed.



Fig. 2.

10. Eyes directly to the front.

11. Incline the body slightly forward, bringing the ear, shoulder, elbow, and hip in a straight line, as in Fig. 1.

At the command, *Two*: Right face. See Fig. 2.

At the command, *Three*:

Stand; still facing to the right. See Fig. 3.

At the command, *Four* :
Left face, standing in
the correct position, viz. :

1. Heels in a line and
touching each other.

2. Feet turned equal-
ly outward, forming with
each other an angle of
sixty degrees.

3. Knees straight.

4. Body erect and
square to the front.

5. Arms hanging easily
at the side.

6. Elbows near the
body.

7. Shoulders square and at equal height.

8. Head erect.

9. Eyes looking direct-
ly to the front.

10. Chin slightly de-
pressed.

11. Body inclined for-
ward, bringing ear, shoul-
der, hip, knee, and ankle,
in a vertical line. See
Fig. 4.

Every change in posi-
tion should be made with
military precision and
promptness.

Pupils in position, as in
Fig. 4, with lungs fully in-
flated, are now ready to practise the following



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

VOCAL EXERCISES.

1. Sound the syllable hō.

Make the tone prolonged, smooth, uniform, and musical.

Let the pitch be



With this same pitch give the principal vowel sounds with h prefixed.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2. Hā : ā as in name. | 11. Hô : ô as in move. |
| 3. Hă : ä as in arm. | 12. Hô : ɔ as in not. |
| 4. Hâ : â as in fall. | 13. Hū : ū as in use. |
| 5. Hǎ : ǎ as in mat. | 14. Hű : ű as in up. |
| 6. Hē : ē as in me. | 15. Hû : û as in pull. |
| 7. Hě : ě as in met. | 16. Hoi : oi as in oil. |
| 8. Hī : ī as in pine. | 17. Hou : ou as in out. |
| 9. Hy : ȳ as in pin. | 18. Hū : ū as in fur. |
| 10. Hō : ō as in note. | |

Give the vowel sounds with quick, sharp, percussive tone.

ā, ä, â, ǎ, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ɔ, ū, ű, û, oi, ou.

Give all the vowel sounds with one continuous breath, letting one sound glide smoothly into the next. Do not permit pupils to replenish their breath during this exercise. Each one should stop as his breath is exhausted.

Begin with lungs fully inflated.

ā, ä, â, ǎ, ē, ě, ī, ȳ, ō, ô, ɔ, ū, ű, û, oi, ou.

Give vowel sounds with radical stress, impulse on first part of tone. Thus: >

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

Terminal stress: impulse on the last part of the tone. Thus: <

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

Median stress: commence with soft tone, and gradually increase to middle of sound, and then as gradually diminish. Thus: <

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

Compound stress: impulse on the initial and final points of the sound, passing slightly over middle part. Thus: >

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

Thorough stress: the initial, middle, and final portions of the sound equally loud and full. Thus: =

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

Tremulous stress. Thus: ~~~~~

ā, ä, â, ǣ, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

SENTENCES.

Radical, > Attention, [>]*all*.

Terminal, < I said [<]*all*, not two or three.

Median, < Let [<]*all* bow in reverence.

Compound, >< What! ^{><}*all*—were they ^{><}*all* lost?

Thorough, = Bring them ⁼*all* in.

Tremulous, ~~~~~ O! I have lost you ^{~~~~~}*all*.

Give vowel sounds with rising inflections.

á, â, â, ä, é, ê, í, î, ô, ô, ó, û, ü, û, oi, ou.

With falling inflections; as,

à, â, â, ä, è, ê, ì, î, ò, ô, ò, ù, ü, û, oi, ou.

With rising and falling; as,

á, à, â, ä, â, â, ä, ä, é, è, ê, ê, í, î, î, ì, &c.

With falling and rising; as,

à, â, ä, ä, â, â, ä, ä, è, è, ê, ê, ì, î, î, ì, &c.

With two rising and one falling; as,

á, â, â, â, á, â, á, â, â, ä, ä, ä, é, è, è, ê, ê, ê, &c.

With two falling and one rising; as,

à, â, â, ä, ä, ä, â, â, â, ä, ä, ä, è, è, è, ê, ê, ê, &c.

Exercises like the last may be continued almost indefinitely.

Practise the musical scale with the scale names, also with the different vowel sounds. Thus :

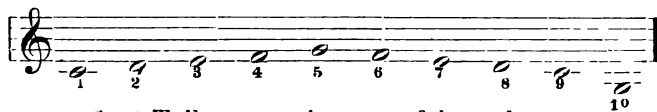


Divide the class into three sections, and practise the sounds given below.

The first section sound the lowest note ; the second, the middle note ; the third, the highest. Thus :



Chant stanzas, the first line on first note, the second line on second note, and so on, as indicated below.



1. " Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
2. Life is but an empty dream,
3. For the soul is dead that slumbers,
4. And things are not what they seem.
5. Life is real, life is earnest,
6. And the grave is not its goal ;

7. Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
8. Was not spoken of the soul,
9. Was not spoken of the soul,
10. Was not spoken of the soul."

QUALITY.

Whisper the vowel sounds.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

"All's hushed as midnight, yet!
No noise! and enter!"

Aspirated Tone.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

"Step softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a dying!"

Pure Tone.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

"The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted
existence."

Orotund.

ā, ä, â, ă, ē, ě, ī, ĭ, ō, ô, ǝ, ū, ŭ, û, oi, ou.

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high."

FORCE.

Very soft.

"Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn."

Soft.

“ Morn came again ;
But the young lamb was dead.”

Moderate.

“ There’s not an hour but has its charm,
From dawning light to dying day.”

Loud.

“ All hail ! thou noble land,
Our fathers’ native soil.”

Very loud.

“ Forward, the light brigade !
Charge for the guns, he said.”

PITCH.

Very low.

“ Silence how dead ! and darkness how profound.”

Low.

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day.”

Middle.

“ Here rest the great and good — here they repose
After their generous toil.”

High.

“ Now, even now my joys run high ! ”

Very high.

“ Wheel the wild dance till the morning break.”

MOVEMENT.

Very slow.

“ Creation sleeps : 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause — prophetic of her end.”

Slow.

“ O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all
the earth ! ”

Moderate.

“ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears.”

Quick.

“ The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.”

Very quick.

“ Now for the fight, now for the cannon peal :
Forward ! through blood, and toil, and cloud, and
fire.”

AN
INTRODUCTORY TREATISE
ON
ELOCUTION;

WITH PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ARRANGED FOR
TEACHING AND PRACTICE.

BY PROF. MARK BAILEY,

INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION IN YALE COLLEGE.

PREFACE TO THE INTRODUCTION.

GOOD READING includes a mastery of the elements of language and elocution. *Articulation* and *pronunciation* must be not only distinct and accurate, but expressive. This last excellence cannot be attained by merely enunciating meaningless sounds and syllables. Too many such mechanical exercises kill the instinctive use and recognition of expressive tones which the child brings to school, and in the end completely divorce his elocution from the spirit and sense to which it should be inseparably wedded, and which alone can inspire natural expression. The child feels and thinks before he talks. Nature, in her teaching, begins with the idea, and in her repeated efforts to express

the idea more perfectly, perfects the elementary parts of language and elocution. Let us enlist Nature into our service by following her teachings. Let even the earliest lesson in reading be enlivened by the aid of some idea familiar and interesting to the child. He knows the thing, the idea, "man," or "sun;" he has spoken the word a thousand times, and he is pleased to learn that the mysterious art of reading is only conscious talking,—that he is but analyzing, and sounding, and naming the unknown parts of a familiar whole. But especially with the advanced classes (which are expected to use the following work on elocution) would the author commend this practical method of improving the parts, with the immediate purpose of giving better expression to the whole,—of practising and perfecting the execution of the dead elements of elocution, in the life-giving light of inspiring ideas.

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds."

This analogy in Nature between tones and sentiments is the central source from which the author has drawn the simple principles and hints which are given to aid teachers in their laudable efforts to cultivate in the school-room, and thus everywhere, a more natural and expressive elocution.

The art, embracing the expression of the whole range of human thoughts and feelings, from the earliest lisping of the child to the most impassioned and finished utterance of a Garrick or Siddons, covers too wide a field, and reaches too high a point in human culture, it is evident, to be all compressed into these few introductory pages; nor would the highest refinements of the art be practicable in the school-room if they could be here given. Yet such initial steps have been taken, and clearly marked out in the right direction towards the highest art, it is hoped, as will tempt many to go on farther in this interesting study of nature and art, till they see for themselves to what "rich ends" our "most poor matters point." M. B.

PART I.

ELOCUTION is the VOCAL EXPRESSION of IDEAS with the *speaking* tones, as distinguished from the singing.

GOOD ELOCUTION, in reading or speaking, is the expression of ideas with their *appropriate* or *natural* speaking tones of the voice.

But how can we, intelligently, even *attempt* to give *correct vocal expression* to what is not first CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD and APPRECIATED?

Hence arises at the very outset, as a prerequisite to any possible excellence in elocution, the necessity of a THOROUGH ANALYSIS and STUDY of the *ideas* or the *thoughts* and *feelings* to be read.

Let, then, each lesson in reading begin with this *preparatory* work of "*Logical Analysis*."

METHOD OF ANALYSIS.

In any *other* art, if we wish to *conceive* and *express* things *clearly*, we inquire, first, for the GENUS, or the GENERAL KIND; secondly, for the SPECIES, or the INDIVIDUALS, under that kind.

If, for example, we were asked to *paint* a group of animals or flowers, —

1. We should ascertain *what kind* of animals or flowers is meant — the horse, or the lion; the rose, or the lily.

2. We should determine the *peculiarities* of the *individuals*.

3. We should feel obliged to learn something of the *general colors* we are to paint with, their *various shades*, and how to blend these into *expressive* lights and shades.

Then only should we feel prepared to take the *first step successfully* in the art of painting.

Let us, in the kindred art of *elocution*, adopt the same *natural* method and order of inquiry.

Let us determine, —

1. The *general spirit* or *kind* of the piece to be read.
2. The *important individual ideas*.
3. The *relative* importance of the ideas.

1. We must determine the *kind* or general spirit, that we may know what general or *standard force*, and *time*, &c., of voice we should read with. There must be some *standard* to guide us, or we cannot tell *how much* emphasis to give to any idea. “Read the emphatic words *louder*,” says the teacher. Louder than what? “Louder than the unemphatic words.” But *how loud* are *they* — the unemphatic words? This question must be answered *first*, or we have no *standard* to go by; and the answer to this question is determined always by the *general spirit* of the piece. If *that* is unemotional, the standard force required is *moderate*; if bold, the standard force is *bold*, or *loud*; if subdued or pathetic, the standard force is *subdued*, or *soft*.

2. We must determine the *important individual ideas*, that we may know *what words* need *extra* force or emphasis.

3. We must determine the *relative* importance of these ideas, that we may know *how much* emphatic force we must give to each respectively, so as to bring out in our reading, clearly, the *exact* and *full meaning* of the author.

But it may be objected that this method of catching the spirit of the author, *first*, is too difficult for the school-room, because there are so many emotions not easily distinguished or remembered. Yet, since this *natural* order of inquiry, if it *can* be made *practicable*, will make all our after progress

so much more intelligent and rapid, and since the chief charm of all the best pieces for expressive reading lies in the *emotional* part, let us see if we cannot sufficiently *simplify* these difficulties, by grouping nearly all the emotions into a *few representative classes*, which will be *definite* enough for all ordinary purposes in teaching elocution, and which can be *easily* recognized by any one who can distinguish joy from sorrow, or a mere matter-of-fact idea from impassioned sentiment.

As appropriate answers to our *first question* in analysis, let pupils become familiar with some such simple and comprehensive classes as the following:—

DIFFERENT KINDS OR CLASSES OF IDEAS.

1. ‘*Unemotional*,’ or *matter-of-fact* (whether didactic, narrative, or descriptive).
2. ‘*Bold*’ (including the *very emphatic* passages in the first class, and all declamatory pieces).
3. ‘*Animated*, or *joyous*’ (including all lively, happy, or beautiful ideas).
4. ‘*Subdued*, or *pathetic*’ (including all gentle, tender, or sad ideas).
5. ‘*Noble*’ (including all ideas that are great, grand, sublime, or heroic).
6. ‘*Grave*’ (including the deep feelings of solemnity, reverence, &c.).
7. ‘*Ludicrous*, or *sarcastic*’ (including jest, raillery, ridicule, mockery, irony, scorn, or contempt).
8. ‘*Impassioned*’ (including all *very bold* pieces, and such violent passions as anger, defiance, revenge, &c.).

When selections are of a *mixed* character,—some passages ‘matter-of-fact,’ some ‘bold,’ some ‘noble,’ &c.,—the *first question* must be asked as often as there is a marked change.

Having *clearly analyzed* any given example, we are ready intelligently to ask and answer the first *elocutionary* question, viz., How can we *read* the same so as to *express* with the voice the '*general spirit*' and the '*individual ideas*' with the '*relative importance*' of each? This brings us to the subject of—

VOCAL EXPRESSION.

Before analyzing the elements of vocal expression, let pupils be made to understand, as clearly as possible, this broad, general principle, viz., that *EXPRESSION* in *Nature* or *Art* depends on some kinds of *lights* and *shades*, as of color, or form, or sound.

Let them see that the clean *white wall* or the *blackboard* has *no expression*, just because it has but *one* shade of *one* color, while the painted *map* on the wall *expresses* something, because it has *different shades* of *various colors*.

They will then the more clearly understand that the true expression of thoughts and feelings in reading depends on using the right *lights* and *shades* of the *voice*; that a monotonous *tone* gives no more expression to the *ear* than the one monotonous color does to the *eye*.

All our lights and shades of expression in elocution are to be made out of the following:—

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

1. '*Force*,' with all its natural variety, from moderate to louder or softer.

2. '*Time*,' with its changes from moderate to faster or slower movement, also with its longer or shorter *quantity* and *pauses*.

3. '*Slides*,' '*rising*,' and '*falling*,' and '*circumflex*,' and all these as moderate, or longer or shorter.

4. '*Pitch*,' with its variety of '*key-note*,' '*compass*,' and '*melody*.'

5. '*Volume*,' with more or less '*fulness*' of tone.

6. '*Stress*,' or the different *kinds* of force, as '*abrupt*,' or '*smooth*,' or as given to different *parts* of a syllable.

7. '*Quality*,' as '*pure*' and resonant, or '*impure*' and aspirated.

Let us now study and practise the principles for the right use of each one of these elements of vocal expression, in Part II.

PART II.

PRINCIPLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL EXPRESSION.

FORCE.

As in our analysis of the *spirit* and *sense* of each passage, we have always two quite different questions to ask, viz., What is the *general spirit*, and what the relative importance of the *individual ideas*? so in our analysis of each one of the *elements* of vocal expression, we have the same *general* and *individual* inquiries to make:—

1. What *general* degree of *force* will best express the 'general spirit' of the piece?

2. Taking this *general* force as our '*standard*' degree of loudness or softness to be given to the *unemphatic* words, how much *additional* force must we give to the *emphatic* words, in order to bring out, in our reading, the relative importance of the different ideas?

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD FORCE.

Determine the 'standard force' for the *unemphatic* words by the 'kind' or 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the kind is 'unemotional,' the standard force is '*moderate*.'

If the kind is 'bold,' the standard force is '*loud*.'

If the kind is 'pathetic or subdued,' the standard force is '*soft*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC FORCE.

Taking the 'standard force' for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* force to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

“Learning is better than wealth;
 Culture is better than learning;
 Wisdom is better than culture.”

ANALYSIS.

The ‘general spirit’ or ‘kind’ is ‘*unemotional*.’ The ‘*standard force*’ is, therefore, ‘*moderate*.’ The words “better” and “wealth” in the first line must have just enough *additional* force to distinguish them from the unemphatic words “is” and “than.” “Learning” is *more important* than “wealth,” and must have enough more force than “wealth” to express its relative importance. “Culture” is more important than “learning,” and must therefore be read with more force. “Wisdom” is still more important than “culture,” and must be read with still more force, to distinguish it as the *most* important of all.

Hence, to read this simple paragraph *naturally*, that is, to express distinctly the general spirit and the relative importance of the different ideas, we need *five distinct degrees* of *force*.

Let us mark the *least* degree of emphatic force by *italics*, the second by *small capitals*, the third by *large capitals*, the fourth by *larger capitals*, and *express* the same in reading.

“*LEARNING* is *better* than *wealth* ;
CULTURE is better than *LEARNING* ;
WISDOM is better than *CULTURE*.”

‘*Unemotional*’ examples for ‘*moderate*’ *standard force*.

1. “I am charged with *ambition*. The charge is *true*, and I *GLORY* in its truth. Who ever achieved anything *GREAT* in *letters, arts, or arms*, who was *NOT ambitious*? *Cæsar* was not *more ambitious* than *Cicero*. It was but in *another way*. *ALL GREATNESS* is born of *ambition*. Let the ambition be a *NOBLE* one, and who shall *blame* it?”

2. “The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird*, though none of

the *homeliest*, has nothing *gaudy* or *brilliant* in it, and, had he nothing *else* to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned*, and even HANDSOME. The *ease*, *elegance*, and *rapidity* of his *movements*, the *animation* of his *eye*, and the INTELLIGENCE he displays in *listening*, and *laying up lessons* from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really SURPRISING, and mark the *peculiarity* of his genius."

3. "Three *poets*, in three *distant* ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn:
 The *first* in MAJESTY of thought *surpassed*;
 The *next* in GRACEFULNESS; in BOTH, the *last*."

[UNMARKED EXAMPLES.*]

4. "Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait."

5. "In every period of life the acquisition of knowledge is one of the most pleasing employments of the human mind. But in youth there are circumstances which make it productive of higher enjoyment. It is then that everything has the charm of novelty, that curiosity and fancy are awake, and that the heart swells with the anticipations of future eminence and utility."

* Some examples under Force, Time, and Slides are given without elocutionary marks, that teachers and pupils may exercise their own judgment and taste in analyzing and reading them according to the principles.

‘*Bold*’ examples for ‘*loud*’ standard force.

1. “Sir, we have done *everything* that *could* be done to *avert* the storm which is now coming on. We have *petitioned*; we have REMONSTRATED; we have *supplicated*; we have *prostrated* ourselves before the *throne*, and have implored *its* interposition to ARREST the *tyrannical* hands of the *ministry* and *parliament*. Our *petitions* have been *slighted*; our *remonstrances* have produced ADDITIONAL *violence* and *insult*; our *supplications* have been *disregarded*; and we have been SPURNED, with *contempt*, from the foot of the throne!”

2. “My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land
Is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her,
And here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!
Strong in her *children* should a *mother* be:
Shall *ours* be HELPLESS, that has sons like us?
God SAVE our NATIVE *land*, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now what wait we?
For *Alfred's* word to *move upon* the *foe*?
UPON him then! *Now think* ye on the things
You *most* do *love*! *Husbands* and *fathers*, on
Their WIVES and CHILDREN; *lovers* on their BELOVED;
And ALL upon their COUNTRY!”

3. “The gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers? Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperish-

ble renown on the names of those hallowed spots, but the blood, and the struggles, the high daring, and patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers. Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!"

4. "Our Fatherland is in danger! Citizens! to arms! to arms! Unless the whole Nation rise up, as one man, to defend itself, all the noble blood already shed is in vain; and on the ground where the ashes of our ancestors repose the Russian knout will rule over an enslaved People! We have nothing to rest our hopes upon but a righteous God and our own strength. And if we do not put forth that strength, God will also forsake us. Hungary's struggle is no longer our struggle alone. It is the struggle of popular freedom against tyranny. In the wake of our victory will follow liberty to the Italians, Germans, Poles. With our fall goes down the star of freedom over all."

Examples of the 'subdued' or 'pathetic' kind for 'soft' standard force.

1. "Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from trace of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon. She seemed a creature *FRESH* from the hand of *GOD*, and *waiting* for the *breath of life*; not one who *HAD lived* and *suffered DEATH*. Her *couch* was dressed with here and there some *winter-berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*. 'When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the *LIGHT*, and had the *SKY above it always*.' Those were her words."

2. "But *Bozzaris FELL*,
Bleeding at every *vein*.
 His few surviving comrades saw

His *smile*, when *rang* their *proud* HURRAH,
 And the red field was *won* :
 Then saw in *death* his eyelids *close*
Calmly, as to a *night's repose*,
 Like *flowers* at *set of sun*."

3. "I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to ye,
 I had a brother once, a gracious boy,
 Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy, — there was the look
 Of Heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, — a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain!"

4. "There is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;
 They softly lie and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

"The storm, that sweeps the wintry sky,
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose."

'Soft force' is also appropriate for the 'grave' kind of sentiments, and 'loud force' for the 'joyous' and 'noble,' and 'very loud force' for the 'impassioned;' but since *other* elements of the voice, such as '*time*,' '*slides*,' '*quality*,' &c., have more *characteristic prominence* than '*force*' in the finished expression of these classes, we shall be more likely to secure *naturalness* in the end, if we call attention *first* to the *most characteristic* elements.

TIME.

'*Time*' has the same *general* and *relative* use as '*Force*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD TIME.

Determine the 'standard time' by the 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the standard time is naturally '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'animated or joyous,' the standard time is '*fast*.'

If the general spirit is 'grave,' 'subdued or pathetic,' or 'noble,' the standard time is '*slow*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE OR EMPHATIC TIME.

Taking the 'standard time' for the *unemphatic* words, give *additional* time to the *emphatic* ideas, according to their *relative importance*.

EXPLANATION.

'*Emphatic time*' has *two* forms. 1. That of actual sound, or '*quantity*.' 2. That of rest, or '*pause*.'

When an emphatic idea is found in a word whose accented syllable is *long*, give *most* of the emphatic time in long *quantity*, with only a short pause after the word. When the syllable to be emphasized is *short*, give to it only so much quantity as *good taste* in *pronunciation* will allow, and the *residue* of the required time in a *pause after* the word; thus holding the attention of the mind on the idea for the *full time* demanded by the principle.

When *extraordinary* emphasis of time is required, *long pauses* must be *added to long quantity*.

Thus far 'time' harmonizes with 'force' in principle and practice. But 'time' is of additional value to us. It furnishes one of the primary requisites to all intelligible reading, viz.: —

APPROPRIATE PAUSES.

The first and great use of 'pauses' is to *separate the ideas* from each other, so as to preserve distinctly to the eye on the written page, and to the ear in reading, the *individuality* of each, together with its *relation* to those *before* and *after* it.

Second, pauses are necessary to give the reader frequent opportunities for inhaling.

The grammatical pauses only imperfectly answer these purposes. But the additional *elocutionary* pauses which the *spirit* and *sense* may demand, are anticipated by our "Principle for relative or emphatic time," which makes *pauses* a natural *part* of *expressive emphasis* in reading.

PRINCIPLE FOR STANDARD PAUSES.

Determine the 'standard pause' by the 'general spirit' of the piece.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the standard pause is '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'animated or joyous,' the standard pause is '*short*.'

If the general spirit is 'grave,' or 'subdued or pathetic,' the standard pause is '*long*.'

PRINCIPLE FOR RELATIVE PAUSES.

Give the 'standard pause' after each distinct, unemphatic idea, and give additional time to the pauses after the *emphatic* and *independent* ideas, according to their *relative* importance and independence.

EXPLANATION.

As the 'standard time' for the *movement* and *pauses* is usually the *same*, let one perpendicular line | be the mark for both. Let any additional number of lines indicate additional time, or *emphatic* '*quantity*' or '*pauses*.' Let the half line ' indicate a time *less* than the standard. This time is needed in reading properly all parenthetical clauses,

which are, from their very nature, *less* important even than the *unemphatic* parts of the principal sentences.

'Unemotional' examples for 'moderate' standard time.

1. "The young man, | it is often said, | has *genius* || enough, | if he would only *study*. || Now the truth is, | as I shall take the liberty to state it, | that the *genius* || WILL || *study*; || it is that | in the mind | which *does* || study: (that is the very *nature* || of it. | I care not to say | that it will always use *books*. || All *study* || is not *reading*, || any more than all *reading* || is *study*. || ATTENTION || it is, — | though other qualities belong to this transcendent power, — | ATTENTION ||| it is, | that is the very SOUL ||| of *genius*; || not the fixed *eye*, || not the poring over a *book*, || but the fixed THOUGHT." |||

ANALYSIS.

The piece is '*unemotional*,' and should be read, therefore with '*moderate*' '*standard time*' for '*movement*' and '*pauses*.'

"The young man" is unemphatic, and should be marked and read with the '*standard time*.' The clause, "it is often said," is really parenthetical: it forms no essential part of the sense or construction of the principal sentence. It is for that reason of less importance than the unemphatic words of the principal sentence. It should therefore be read with *less* than '*moderate*' or '*standard time*.' The idea in "*genius*" is emphatic, and should be read with enough more time (as well as force) than "*young man*" to express its greater relative importance. The accented syllable is *long* in "*genius*." The emphatic time may be given, therefore, mostly in *quantity*, with a *short pause* after the word. "Enough" needs only the moderate pause after it, to separate it from the conditional idea, "if he would only study." "Study" is as emphatic as "*genius*," but the accented syllable is *short*; hence, the emphatic time on this word must be given in *short quantity*, and a *longer pause* after it to fill out the time. "Now the truth

is," requires 'moderate' time, as it is unemphatic. "As I shall take the liberty to state it," requires *less* than moderate *time* and *force*, as it is of less importance, being parenthetical. "That the genius" is emphatic, and demands more than moderate time. "Will" is still more important, and demands *three* lines to mark its relative time in reading. "Study" is emphatic in the first degree, and needs only *two* lines to mark its time. — Thus analyze all the following ideas and selections; and mark, in reading them, the relative importance or emphasis of each, by the '*time*' as well as by the '*force*' of the voice. Further on in the piece above, we come to the great positive idea, "attention," which must be doubly emphasized; and as it is repeated for emphasis, it then demands *four* lines to mark its *superlative* importance.

There are few readers or speakers who make as good use of '*time*' as of '*force*.' Yet '*time*' gives as expressive lights and shades as '*force*,' and should be varied as much, according to the same principle. In reading 'grave,' 'subdued or pathetic,' and 'noble' sentiments, *time* is far *more prominent* than *force*, and is thus a nobler element of emphasis. Let the example be read many times, to fix in the reader's mind the *principle*, and the *habit* of applying it correctly.

2. "What polish is to the diamond, manner is to the individual. It heightens the value and the charm. The manner is, in some sense, the mirror of the mind. It pictures and represents the thoughts and emotions within. We cannot always be engaged in expressive action. But even when we are silent, even when we are not in action, there is something in our air and manner, which expresses what is elevated, or what is low; what is human and benignant, or what is coarse and harsh.

"The charm of manner consists in its simplicity, its grace, and its sincerity. How important the study of manner!"

This example demands 'slower' standard time than the

one above, because the '*general spirit*' is nobler. The emphatic *quantity* and *pauses* are proportionately longer.

3. "Such | was *Grace Darling*, || — one of the HERO-
INES ||| of *humanity*, — || whose name | is destined to
live || as long as the *sympathies* || and *affections* || of HU-
MANITY ||| *endure*. || Such calm | HEROISM ||| as *hers*, ||
— so *generously* || exerted for the good | of *others*, — || is
one of the NOBLEST ||| attributes of the *soul* || of man. |
It had no alloy of blind | *animal* || passion, | like the bra-
very of the *soldier* || on the field of *battle*, || but it was *spir-
itual*, || CELESTIAL, ||| and we may reverently add, | GOD-
LIKE." |||

*Examples of the 'animated or joyous' kind, for 'fast'
standard time, and 'short' standard pauses,*

["THE VOICE OF SPRING."]

1. "I come! || I come! ||| ye have called me | long! ||
I come | o'er the mountains || with light | and song! ||
Ye may trace | my step | o'er the wakening | earth, ||
By the winds || which tell | of the violet's || birth, |
By the primrose stars || in the shadowy grass, ||
By the green leaves || opening || as I pass. ||

"From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain.
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves;
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!"

2. "Then fancy || her magical | pinions | spread wide, ||
And bade the young dreamer | in ecstasy || rise; ||
Now, far, | far behind him || the green waters || glide, |
And the cot | of his forefathers || blesses || his eyes. |

"The jessamine || clammers | in flower | o'er the thatch, |
 And the swallow || sings sweet || from her nest | in the
 wall ; |
 All trembling | with transport, || he raises the latch, |
 And the voices | of loved ones || reply to his call." ||

3. "Every one is doubtful what course to take, — every one || but Cæsar! || He || causes the banner || to be erected, || the charge || to be sounded, | the soldiers at a distance | to be recalled, — || all in a moment. | He runs | from place to place; || his whole frame || is in action; || his words, || his looks, || his motions, || his gestures, || exhort his men | to remember | their former valor. || He draws them up, | and causes the signal to be given, — | all in a moment. | He seizes a buckler | from one of the private men, — | puts himself || at the head | of his broken troops, — || darts into the thick || of the battle, — || rescues || his legions, || and overthrows || the enemy!" ||

'Grave' examples for 'slow' standard time.

1. "But where, || thought I, | is the crew? || Their struggle | has long been over; — || they have gone down | amidst the roar of the tempest; — || their bones lie whitening | in the caverns of the deep. || Silence — ||| oblivion — ||| like the waves, || have closed over them; || and no one can tell || the story of their end. |||

"What sighs || have been wafted after that ship! || What prayers || offered up | at the deserted fireside of home! || How often | has the mistress, || the wife, || and the mother || pored over the daily news, || to catch some casual intelligence | of this rover of the deep! || How has expectation || darkened | into anxiety, — || anxiety | into dread, — ||| and dread || into despair! ||| Alas! || not one | memento | shall ever return | for love || to cherish. || All that shall ever be known, | is, | that she sailed from her port, || and was never || heard of || more." |||

'Grave' example for very 'slow time' and very 'long pauses.'

2. "It must || be so. || Plato, || thou reasonest well! ||
 Else | whence | this pleasing hope, || this fond desire, ||
 This longing ||| after immortality? |||
 Or whence | this secret dread ||| and inward horror |||
 Of falling into nought? ||| Why | shrinks the soul |
 Back | on herself, || and startles || at destruction? |||
 'Tis the Divinity ||| that stirs | within us : ||
 'Tis Heaven || itself ||| that points out an hereafter, ||
 And intimates | Eternity ||| to man. ||
 Eternity! — ||| thou pleasing, — || dreadful thought!" |||

'Pathetic' example for 'slow' standard time.

3. "Alas! || my noble boy! ||| that thou | shouldst die! |||
 Thou, || who wert made | so beautifully fair! |||
 That death || should settle | in thy glorious eye, |||
 And leave his || stillness ||| in thy clustering hair! |||
 How could he || mark thee ||| for the silent tomb, |||
 My proud | boy, || Absalom!" |||

SLIDES.

In perfectly natural speech, the voice rises or falls on each unemphatic syllable through the interval of *one tone only*, but on the accented syllable of an *emphatic* word it *rises* or *falls* MORE THAN ONE TONE.

This last is called the *inflection* or '*slide*' of the voice. The '*slides*' are thus a *part of emphasis*, and as they give the *right direction* and *limit* to 'force' and 'time,' they are the *crowning* part of perfect emphasis.

When contrasted ideas, of equal importance, are coupled, nothing but the *contrasted slides* can give the proper *distinctive* emphasis. The slides also furnish to elocution its most ample and varied lights and shades of *emotional* expression.

These slides are '*rising*,' marked thus (*ˊ*); or '*falling*,' marked thus (*ˋ*); or both of these blended, in the '*rising*,'

circumflex, and the 'falling' *circumflex*, marked respectively thus (∨) and thus (∧).

The 'rising' and 'falling' slides separate the great mass of ideas into *two distinct classes*; the *first* comprising all the subordinate, or incomplete, or as we prefer to name them, the *negative* ideas; the *second* comprising all the principal, or complete, or as we shall call them, the *positive* ideas.

The most *important* parts of what is spoken or written are those which affirm something *positively*, such as the *facts* and *truths asserted*, the *principles*, *sentiments*, and *actions enjoined*, with the *illustrations*, and *reasons*, and *appeals* which *enforce* them.

All these may properly be grouped into *one class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide in reading.

This class we call 'POSITIVE ideas.'

So all the other ideas which do *not* affirm or enjoin anything *positively*, which are *circumstantial* and *incomplete*, or in *open contrast* with the positive, all these ideas may be properly grouped into another *single class*, because they *all* should have the *same kind* of slide.

This class we call 'NEGATIVE ideas.'

Grant to the words 'positive' and 'negative' the *comprehensive* meaning here given to them, and let the distinction between the two classes be clearly made in the preparatory analysis, and it will be vastly easier to understand and teach this most complicated and difficult part of elocution, *the right use of the rising and falling slides*.

For, then, the *one simple principle* which follows will take the place, and preclude the use of, all the usual perplexing rules, with their many suicidal exceptions.

PRINCIPLES FOR RISING OR FALLING SLIDES.

POSITIVE ideas should have the 'falling' slide;
NEGATIVE ideas should have the 'rising' slide.

Examples for the rising and falling slides.

"The war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration

of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad.

"The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

"Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy."

QUESTIONS.

Questions, like other ideas, are *negative*, or *positive*, or compound, having *one* negative and *one* positive idea.

DIRECT QUESTIONS.

The *direct question* for *information* affirms *nothing*. Hence it is read with the *rising* slide, not because it may be answered by yes or no, but because it is in its nature *negative*.

The *answer* is *positive*, and, for that reason, is read with the *falling* slide.

"Do you see that beautiful star?" "Yes."

"Isn't it splendid?"

The speaker is *positive*, in the last question, that his friend will agree with him. This, and *all such*, must be read, therefore, with the *falling* slide.

"I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter.
Did I say better?"

"He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the gèneral coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?"

"You all did seè, that on the Lúpercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which be did thrice refùse. Was this ambition?"

"Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height,
is Wárren deád? Can you not still see him, not pále and
próstrate, the blood of his gallant heárt pouring out of his
ghastly wóund, but moving resplèndent over the field of
hònor, with the rose of heàven upon his cheèk, and the fire
of liberty in his eyè?"

"But whèn shall we be strònger? Will it be the next
weék, or the next yeár?"

This reading, with the *falling* slide on "*year*," changes
the sense, as it makes *one* idea *positive*, and the answer
must be "next week," or "next year." But *both* ideas are
negative in Henry's speech; both must have the *rising*
slide, then, according to the principle.

"Will it be the next weék, or the next yeár? Will it
be when we are totally disármed, and when a British
guárd shall be stationed in every hóuse?"

"Is this a time to be gloómy and sád,
When our mother Náture láughs around;
When even the deep blue heàvens look glád,
And gládness breathes from the blóssoming ground?"

"'Will you ríde, in the cárriage, or on hórsback?' 'I
prefer to wàlk.'"

“ ‘Will you read to us, a piece of *prose*, or *poetry*? ‘Allow me to sing instead.’ ”

“ Will you study *music*, or *French*? ”

All the ideas are negative in the last questions. Change the sense, and make one idea positive in each question, and we have one falling slide in each.

“ Will you ride in the *carriage*, or on *horseback*? ”

“ Will you read to us a piece of *prose*, or *poetry*? ”

“ Will you study *music*, or *French*? ”

INDIRECT QUESTIONS.

“ When are you going to *Europe*? ”

The prominent idea in this, is not the real interrogative, the idea of *time* in “ when,” but the *positive* idea, “ *You are going to Europe.*” Hence this, and *all such* questions must be read with the *falling* slide.

But if the *interrogative* is made the prominent and emphatic idea (as when, the answer not being heard, the question is repeated), the *rising* slide must be given.

“ *When* are you going to *Europe*? ”

“ Why is the *Forum* crowded? ”

What means this stir in *Rome*? ”

ADDRESS.

The *address* also is positive or negative. It is negative, and read with the *rising* slide or *suspension* of the voice, when it is only *formal* and *unemphatic*; as, “ Friends, I come not here to talk.”

When *emphatic* it is *positive* and demands the *falling* slide, as in the respectful opening address to any deliberative body or public assembly. “ *Mr. President,*” “ *Ladies and Gentlemen.*”

POSITIVE ADDRESS AND QUESTIONS.

“Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were the Pilgrims all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find a parallel of this.”

“Was it the winter’s storm beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; — was it disease, — was it the tomahawk, — was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved, and left beyond the sea; was it some or all of these united that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?”

These questions must be read with the ‘*falling*’ slide, to give the idea positively that each *one* of the enumerated causes was *sufficient* to produce the supposed result. The *surprise* is thus made all the *greater* in the next sentence, which must be read as an *earnest negative* with the *long* ‘*rising*’ slide.

“And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible that from the beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise yet to be fulfilled, so glorious!”

When *surprise* thus deepens into *astonishment*, as it frequently does in its climax, the *interrogative* form should be changed to the *exclamatory*, which demands the *falling* slide.

“Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? And shall we be told as a requital that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out!”

CONTRASTED SLIDES.

When ideas are contrasted in couples, the rising and falling slides must be contrasted in reading them. Contrasted slides may also sometimes be used for greater *variety* or *melody*.

EXAMPLE.

1. “Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote.”

“But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both.”

“Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day and all the seasons of the year, a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn, a night brilliant with stars, and a night obscure with clouds; — you will then have a more just notion of the spectacle of the universe. Is it not wondrous, that while you are admiring the sun plunging beneath the vault of the west, another observer is beholding him as he quits the region of the east, — in the same instant reposing, weary, from the dust of the evening, and awaking fresh and youthful, in the dews of morn!”

CIRCUMFLEX SLIDES.

Straight means *right*, crooked means *wrong*: hence *right* ideas demand the *right* or *straight* slides, while *wrong* or *crooked* ideas demand the *crooked* or ‘*circumflex* slides.’

PRINCIPLE.

All *sincere* and *earnest*, or, in other words, all *upright* and *downright* ideas demand the *straight*, or upright and downright slides.

All ideas which are *not* sincere or earnest, but are used in jest, or irony, in ridicule, sarcasm, or mockery, in insinuation or double meaning, demand the *crooked* or '*circumflex slides*.'

The *last* part of the circumflex is usually the *longer*, and always the more *characteristic* part. Hence when the *last* part of this double slide *rises* it is called the '*rising circumflex*;' when the *last* part *falls*, it is called the '*falling circumflex*.'

The '*rising circumflex*' should be given to the *negative*, the '*falling circumflex*' to the *positive* ideas of jest, irony, &c. When these ideas are *coupled in contrast*, the circumflex *slides* must be in contrast also to express them.

Example of jest.

MARULLUS. Yòu, sir; what trade are yoù?

2D CITIZEN. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a còbbler.

MAR. But what tràde art thou? Answer me directly.

2D CIT. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe cõscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mēnder of bad sòles.

MAR. What tràde, thou knàve? thou naughty knave, what tràde?

2D CIT. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not òut with me: yet, if you bê out, sir, I can mēnd you.

MAR. What mean'st thou by thàt? Ménd me, thou saucy fellow?

2D CIT. Why, sir, còbble you.

FLAVIUS. Thou art a còbbler, árt thou?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, áll that I live by is with the áwl.

FLAV. But wherefore art not in thy shòp to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streèts?

2D CIT. Truly, sir, to wear òut their shòes, to get myself into more wòrk. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see *Cæ'sar*, and to rejoice in his triùmph.

In the *last sentence*, the citizen drops his *jesting*, and speaks in *earnest*; and therefore with the *straight* slides.

Examples of sarcasm and irony.

2. "Now, sir, what was the conduct of your own allies to Poland? Is there a single atrocity of the French in Italy, in Switzerland, in Egypt if you please, more unprincipled and inhuman than that of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, in Poland?

"O, but you 'regrettèd the partition of Poland!' Yès, regretted!—you regretted the violence, and that is àll you did."

3. "They bôast they come but to impròve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and frèe us from the yoke of èrror! Yès, thèy will give enlightened frèedom to òur minds, who are themsèlves the slàves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us protèction! yès, sùch protection as vùltures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! Tell your invaders we seek nò change—and least of all sùch change as thèy would bring us!"

4. "Good Lord! when one man dies who wears a crown,
How the earth trembles,—how the nations gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's victims,
Poor worms, unclothed in purple, daily die
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes!"

5. CASSIUS. Urge me no more! I shall forget myself; Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further.

BRUTUS. Away, slight man!

CAS. Is't possible?

BRU. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

CAS. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

BRU. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish!

CAS. Is it come to this!

BRU. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of nobler men.

LENGTH OF SLIDES.

The *length of the slides* depends on the 'general spirit' or 'kind' of what is read.

PRINCIPLE.

If the general spirit is 'unemotional,' the slides are '*moderate*.'

If the general spirit is 'bold,' 'joyous,' or 'noble,' the slides are '*long*.'

If the general spirit is 'subdued or pathetic' or 'grave,' the slides are '*short*.'

Examples for the 'moderate' slide, or in the definite language of music, the "Third."

"Can I speak with you a móment?" "Cèrtainly."

"The ancient Spàrtans were not less remarkable for their bràvery in the field of báttle, than for brevity and wit in their ànswers. We have a memorable instance of their national spírit, in the reply of the old wàrrior who was told that the arrows of the Persian host flew so thick as to darken the sùn. 'So much the bètter,' was his answer; 'we shall enjoy the advantage of fighting in the shàde.'"

Examples for the 'long' slide, or the "Fifth."

"What but liberty

Through the famed course of thirteen hundred yèars,
Alòof hath held invàsion from your hills,
And sànctified their nàme? And will ye, will ye
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting wòrld,
Bid your high hónors stóop to foreign ínsult,
And in one hóur give up to ínfamy
The harvest of a thousand yéars of glóry?
Die — àll first! Yès, die by piècemeal!
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dàne can triumph!"

"True courage but from opposition gròws;
And what are fifty what a thòusand slàves,
Matched to the virtue of a single arm
That strikes for liberty? that strikes to save
His fièlds from fìre, his ínfants from the swòrd,
And his large hònors from eternal ínfamy?"

"Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert? Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,

To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants ?
 To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet
 And fawning lick the dust ? Go, go, my countrymen,
 Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
 Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
 To purchase bondage. — O, Swedes ! Swedes !
 Heavens ! are ye men and will ye suffer this ? —
 There was a time, my friends, a glorious time !
 When, had a single man of your forefathers
 Upon the frontier met a host in arms,
 His courage scarce had turned ; himself had stood,
 Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country.”

Example for the ‘short’ slide, or the “Minor Third.”

“Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dèad. Her little bird,—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crúshed,—was stirring nimbly in its cáge, and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and mòtionless forever !

“Sórrów was déad, indeed, in her ; but pèace and perfect hàppiness were bòrn,—imaged—in her tranquil beauty and profound repòse.

“Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful mùsic, which, she said, was in the air ! God knóws. It máy have been.

“Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sléep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That dónè, she turned to the old mán, with a lovely smile upon her fáce,—such, they said, as they had never séen, and never could forgét—and clung, with both her arms, about his nèck. She had never murmured or compláined ; but with a quiet mind, and mánner quite unáltered,—save that she every day became more eárnèst and more gráteful to them,—faded like the light upon the summer’s evèning.”

PITCH.

1. The '*standard pitch*' or '*key-note*.'
2. The '*relative pitch*' or '*melody*.'

The *middle* pitch is the *natural key-note* for 'unemotional,' 'bold,' and 'noble' pieces. A *higher* pitch is the *natural key-note* for 'animated and joyous,' 'subdued or pathetic,' and 'impassioned' pieces. A *lower* pitch is required for 'grave' pieces.

The middle or conversational pitch must be used for *all* 'kinds' when pupils have not the requisite compass or cultivation of voice to read *naturally* on a *higher* or *lower* 'key.'

But appropriate variety of pitch on the successive words and syllables, is one of the most essential and beautiful parts of good reading. In perfect elocution, it adds to the eloquence of *expressive emphasis*, the *musical* charm of '*natural melody*.'

NATURAL MELODY

Is produced in part by that agreeable modulation of *all* the elements of expression, which the varied sense and feeling demand, yet it chiefly depends on a pleasing *variation* of the *radical* or *opening pitch*, on successive syllables.

PRINCIPLE.

1. Not *more* than *two* or *three consecutive syllables* should be given on the *same tone* of the musical scale.
2. Natural melody demands that this frequent change of pitch on the unemphatic syllables shall be only *one tone* at a time.

The unemphatic syllables form a kind of *flexible ladder* connecting the emphatic ideas, up and down which we must glide *tone by tone*, so as to be in the *right place* to give the *longer slides* on the emphatic words without an unmelodious break in the natural current of the voice, which should flow on smoothly through all changes, (unless there is an *abrupt break* in the *ideas*), just as a *good road* runs on over ever-varying hills and vales without once losing its *smooth continuity*.

Melody demands that the pitch on *consecutive emphatic words* also be agreeably varied. Our limited space will not allow us to mark the many possible permutations of *pitch*, which may constitute natural melody. We will only repeat the important general directions. *Avoid monotony*, by giving at most only *two* or *three consecutive syllables*, on the *same tone*.

Avoid making *unnatural* changes of pitch, of *more than one tone* at a time.

Glide up the scale on the *negative* ideas, so that you will have *room above the key-note*, to *slide down easily* on the *positive* ideas.

COMPASS.

The *compass* of voice which should be used also depends on the 'spirit' of the piece.

The most 'joyous' and most 'impassioned' demand the widest range of pitch, and the greatest natural variety.

The 'unemotional' demands only moderate compass. The 'grave' demands still *less* variety and compass. And when the 'grave' deepens into *supernatural awe* or *horror*, by the same analogy, we may infer that *natural variety* or melody gives place to an *unnatural sameness* of utterance, with just that *little* variety of *all* the vocal elements which is necessary to express the sense at all.

Example for 'middle pitch' and 'moderate compass.'

"It is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton."

'Joyous' example for 'higher pitch' and 'wider compass.'

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then

Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

'Grave' example for 'lower pitch' and less than 'moderate compass.'

"And, — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, — say I taught thee ;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
 A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
 Mark but my fall, and *that* that ruined me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !"

VOLUME.

'Full volume' is the most essential element in the truthful expression of *'noble'* sentiment.

1. "MIND is the NOBLEST part of man ; and of *mind*, VIRTUE is the NOBLEST *distinction*. HONEST MÀN, in the ear of *Wisdom*, is a *grànder* name, is a more *high-sounding* title, than *peer* of the *réalm*, or *prince* of the *blóod*. According to the eternal rules of *celéstial* precedency, in the *immortal* heraldry of *Nátüre* and of *Héaven*, VIRTUE takes place of *all* things. It is the *nobility* of ÀNGELS ! It is the MAJESTY of GOD !"

In addition to 'full volume,' 'noble' pieces demand slow time, or long quantity and pauses, long slides, and loud but smooth-swelling force on the emphatic words. *Full volume* distinguishes *manly* sentiments from the *thin* or *fine* tone of *child-like* emotions.

2. "But strew his ashes to the wind,
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind,
 Is not to die.

"Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
 He's dead alone that lacks her light!
 And Murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:—
 What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!"

STRESS.

Stress is not the *degree* but the *kind* of emphatic force we use. The *same degree* of loudness may be given to a syllable *abruptly* and *suddenly*, as in sharp command, or *smoothly* and *gradually*, as in the noble examples given above. This *sudden* and *harsh* kind of force we will call '*abrupt stress*;' the other '*smooth stress*.'

PRINCIPLE.

'*Abrupt stress*' should be given to all *abrupt* or *harsh* ideas, and pleasant or '*smooth stress*' to all *good* or *pleasant* ideas.

Mere command is abrupt; indignation, anger, defiance, revenge, &c., are all *abrupt* in their very nature; and, therefore, must be read with the '*abrupt stress*.'

ABRUPT STRESS.

1. *Impatient command.*

"*Hence! hòmè* you *ìdè* creatures, get you *hòmè*.

You *blòcks*, you *stònes*, you *WÒRSE* than *sènsèless* things!

Be *gònè!*

Run to your *hòuses*, fall upon your *knèes*,

Pràÿ to the *gòds* to *intèrmìt* the *PLAGUE*

That *needs mùst light* on this *ingràtitude*."

The force must be thrown with an abrupt *jerk* on the emphatic syllables.

2. *Anger.* (*Loud as well as 'abrupt' force and 'long slides.'*)

"*CASSIUS.* That you have wronged me doth appear in this;

You have condemned and noted *Lucius Pella*,

For taking bribes here of the *Sardians*;

Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

BRUTUS. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

BRU. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

CAS. I an itching palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRU. The name of *Cassius* honors this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

CAS. Chastisement?

BRU. Remember *March*, the *ides of March* remember.
Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,
 And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
 And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman."

3. *Defiance.* (Very 'abrupt' and 'loud,' with 'long slides.')

"I have returned, *nó*t as the right honorable member has said, to raise another *stórm*, — I have returned to *protect* that *constitution*, of which I was the párent and the fóunder, from the *assassinàtion* of *such* men as the honorable *gèntleman* and his unworthy *assòciates*. They are *corrupt* — they are *SEDITIONOUS* — and they, at this very *mòment*, are in a *CONSPIRACY* against their *còuntry*! Here I stand for *impeachment* or *trial*! I *díre* accusation! I *DEFY* the honorable *gèntleman*! I *defy* the *GÒVERNMENT*! I *defy* their whole *PHALANX*! Let them come *fórt*h! I tell the ministers I will neither give *thém* quarter, nor *tàke* it!"

4. *Indignation.*

"Who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? — to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods? — to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such horrible barbarity."

SMOOTH STRESS.

All pleasant and good ideas demand '*smooth stress*' or force, *free* from all *abruptness*.

In '*joyous*' pieces, when the *time* is *fast*, the stress must be given with a *lively*, SPRINGING *swell* of the voice, which throws the *force* smoothly on the middle of the sound. Hence it is called the '*median*' stress.

'Animated and joyous' examples for smooth stress.

1. ——— "His cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

"He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn."

In the following example of '*noble*,' *manly* joy, the happy median stress swells with the same smooth, springing force as above, but with more fulness and longer *quantity* and *pauses*.

2. "Fellow Citizens,—I congratulate you,—I give you joy, on the return of this anniversary. I see, before and around me, a mass of faces, glowing with cheerfulness and patriotic pride. This anniversary animates and gladdens and unites all American hearts. Every man's heart swells within him,—every man's port and bearing becomes somewhat more proud and lofty, as he remembers that seventy-five years have rolled away, and that the great inheritance of liberty is still his; his, undiminished and unimpaired; his, in all its original glory; his to enjoy, his to protect, and his to transmit to future generations."

'Subdued' example for gentle but happy median or smooth stress.

"At last, Malibran came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe

that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited; — the band, the whole band, struck up a little plaintive melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy.

“And oh! how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing; — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and nought could be heard but the touching words of that little song, — oh! so touching!

“Little Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

“Thus she, who was the idol of England’s nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eyes grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, — now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of his day.”

‘Noble, example for prolonged, full-sicelling median or smooth stress.

“We must forget all feelings save the one;
 We must behold no object save our country; —
 And only look on death as beautiful,
 So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,
 And draw down freedom on her evermore.
 ‘But if we fail?’ They never fail, who die
 In a great cause! The block may soak their gore;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls; —
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years

Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which overpower all others, and conduct
 The world, at last, to freedom!"

*Examples for the longest 'quantity' and fullest 'swell' of
 the median or smooth stress.*

"O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman
 ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once
 sacred, — now trampled on!"

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!

"Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again."

"The land that bore you — O!
 Do honor to her! Let her glory in
 Your breeding."

"These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good.
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous, then!"

Example for 'noble' but happy 'median stress.'

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
 "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He
 leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul."

QUALITY OF VOICE.

Quality of voice is '*pure*' or '*impure*.'

It is '*pure*' when *all* the breath used is *vocalized*.

It is '*impure*' or *aspirated* when only a *part* of the
 breath is vocalized.

PRINCIPLE.

'*Pure quality*' should be used to express all *good*
 and *agreeable* ideas.

'*Impure quality*,' or *aspirated*, should be used to express all *bad* or *disagreeable ideas*.

Examples of 'impure quality.'

Painful earnestness or anxiety demands this '*aspirated quality*' with '*abrupt stress*.'

1. "Take care ! your very life is endangered !"
- 2 "Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight ! Ah me !
A deed to shudder at, — not to see."
3. "While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, "The foe ! they come,
they come !"
4. "He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck,—
Amazement confronts him with images dire,—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck:
The masts fly in splinters, the shrouds are on fire!
- "Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the
wave."

Extreme aspiration should mark the *fear* and *horror* in the following words of Macbeth.

5. "I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not."

Strong aspiration and 'abrupt stress.'

6. "I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles
confessed, — to hear them avowed in this house, or in this
country; — principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman,
and unchristian !"

‘*Bold*’ and ‘*impassioned*’ examples for very ‘*abrupt stress*’ and ‘*aspirated quality*’ on the emphatic words.

7. “It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering of language which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, or how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow!”

8. “The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult.”

9. “If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher’s knife.”

This quality of voice demands that the *aspirates* and the *less resonant consonants* be made very *prominent* in the enunciation, while the purer vowels and the liquid, pleasant consonants reserve their prominence till *pure* tone is required.

All examples of ‘*aspirated quality*’ require abrupt stress.

‘*Contemptuous and ironical*’ example.

10. “But base ignoble slaves, — slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages, —
Strong in some hundred spearmen, — only great
In that strange spell — a name.”

Examples of ‘pure quality.’

1. “That which befits us, imbosomed in beauty and won-

der as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations."

Example of 'pure tone,' with lively, median stress.

2. "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision.

"I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy."

'Lower pitch' and 'slower time.' 'Long quantity,' and prolonged median stress.

3. "O! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a Nation of gallant men, in a Nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.

"But the age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

The following selection from Shelley's "To a Skylark," is full of rapturous beauty, and requires the '*purest* tone' and the smoothest and happiest '*median stress*,' prolonged with swelling fulness on the emphatic words:—

4. "Hail to thee, blithe spirit, —

Bird thou never wert, —

That from heaven, or near it,

Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

"Higher still and higher

From the earth thou springest;

Like a cloud of fire,

The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

“In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O’er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

“All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

“What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

“Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

“Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.”

• *Noble’ example for ‘pure tone,’ to be given also with full
‘median stress.’*

“We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the

last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit."

'Subdued examples' for very soft force, 'short slides,' and gentle, 'median stress,' and the 'purest quality.'

"I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.
O, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot
rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that
blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

"O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun —
Forever and forever; all in a blessed home —
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at
rest."

'Joyous' example for 'pure quality' and happy 'median stress.'

"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And, groping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
 The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
 And lets his illumined being o'errun
 With the deluge of summer it receives."

A striking example of *both qualities* may be taken from the dialogue between "Old Shylock" and "Portia." The tones of Shylock's voice, to express his *spite* and *revenge*, must be marked by the most *abrupt* 'stress' and '*aspirated* or *impure quality*;' while the beautiful sentiments of Portia demand the '*smoothest stress*' and '*purest quality*.'

"PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? Tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strained;

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown:

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself,

And earthly power doth then show likest God's,

When mercy seasons justice."

Having thus treated of, and illustrated with various kinds of pieces, *each one* of the elements of elocution, *separately*, let us now finish our work by learning how *all* these separate elements *unite together* and *blend* in the natural expression of *each 'kind'* of sentiment.

‘Unemotional’ pieces should have ‘moderate’ ‘standard force’ and ‘time’ and ‘slides’ and ‘volume,’ ‘middle pitch,’ ‘smooth stress,’ and ‘pure quality’ of voice.

Unemotional example.

“There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature, to have a strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and a friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. He, who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade and enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.”

‘Bold’ pieces should have ‘loud’ ‘standard force,’ ‘long slides,’ ‘moderate time,’ with long quantity on the emphatic syllables, ‘middle pitch,’ ‘abrupt stress,’ and slightly ‘aspirated quality.’

Bold example.

“Who, then, caused the strife
That crimsoned Naseby’s field and Marston’s Moor?
It was the Stuart;—so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, sirs, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade,—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their pall:
He died in the eyes of Europe,—in the face
Of the broad heaven; amidst the sons of England,
Whom he had outraged; by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn court. Does this seem guilt?
You pity Charles! ’tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousand honest humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell, butchered in the field!”

‘Animated or joyous’ pieces should have ‘fast time,’ lively, springing ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘long slides,’ ‘high pitch,’ and ‘loud force.’

Joyous example.

“You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow’ll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen
o’ the May.

“I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay,
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen
o’ the May.”

‘Subdued or pathetic’ pieces should have ‘soft force,’ ‘short (or minor) slides,’ ‘slow time,’ gentle ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘high pitch,’ and less than ‘moderate volume.’

Subdued or pathetic example.

“If you’re waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i’ the mould, and think no more
of me.

“To-night I saw the sun set! he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace
of mind,
And the New Year’s coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.”

‘Grave’ pieces should have ‘low pitch,’ ‘slow time,’ with ‘long quantity and pauses,’ ‘full volume,’ ‘soft force’ and ‘short slides’ — also ‘smooth stress’ and ‘pure quality’ when the ideas are *reverential* or *solemn merely* — but more or less ‘abrupt stress’ and ‘aspirated quality’ when

characterized by *fear* or *aversion*, as in ‘dread,’ ‘awe,’ and ‘horror.’

Grave example.

“Come to the bridal chamber, — Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born’s breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption’s ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet-song and dance and wine, —
 And thou art terrible! the tear, —
 The groan, — the knell, — the pall, — the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony are thine.”

‘Noble’ pieces should have ‘full-swelling volume’ and ‘median stress,’ with ‘long quantity’ and ‘long slides,’ ‘loud force,’ ‘pure quality,’ and ‘middle pitch.’

Noble example.

“But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris! with the storied Brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory’s time,
 Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom’s now and Fame’s, —
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!”

Both '*ludicrous*' and '*sarcastic*' pieces should have long 'circumflex slides' and 'compound' 'abrupt stress,' 'long quantity and pauses' on the emphatic words; but *punning* and *raillery*, when good-natured, should have a 'higher pitch,' 'faster time,' and 'purer quality' than belongs to sarcasm, which should have the 'middle pitch,' 'aspirated quality,' and rather 'slow time.' With both kinds the 'force' changes from 'moderate' to louder with the boldness of the spirit.

In the following example the part of Sir Peter Teazle should be read with strongly 'aspirated quality' and 'abrupt stress,' while the half-laughing *raillery* of Lady T. should have the 'pure quality' and 'tremulous stress' mingled with the 'compound,' and 'higher pitch' and 'less volume.'

Ludicrous or sarcastic example.

"SIR PETER. Very well, ma'am, very well — so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

LADY T. Authority! No, to be sure: — if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

SIR P. Old enough! — ay, there it is. Well, well. Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

LADY T. My extravagance! Sir Peter, am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

SIR P. Zounds! madam — if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

LADY T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you. Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

SIR P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

LADY T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

SIR P. Ay, there again — taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

LADY T. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

SIR P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there."

Example of bitter irony and sarcasm closing with the impassioned kind.

"I speak not to you, Mr. Renwick, of your own outcast condition; — perhaps you delight in the perils of martyrdom: I speak not to those around us, who, in their persons, their substance, and their families, have endured the torture, poverty, and irremediable dishonor. They may be meek and hallowed men, willing to endure; and as for my wife — what was she to you? Ye cannot be greatly disturbed that she is in her grave. No, ye are quiet, calm, prudent persons; it would be a most indiscreet thing of you, you who have suffered no wrongs yourselves, to stir on her account.

"In truth, friends, Mr. Renwick is quite right. This feeling of indignation against our oppressors is a most imprudent thing. If we desire to enjoy our own contempt, to deserve the derision of men, and to merit the abhorrence of Heaven, let us yield ourselves to all that Charles Stuart and his sect require. We can do nothing better, nothing so meritorious, — nothing by which we can so reasonably hope for punishment here and condemnation hereafter. But if there is one man at this meeting, — I am speaking not of shapes and forms, but of feelings, — if there is one here that feels as men were wont to feel, he will draw his sword, and say with me, Woe to the house of Stuart! woe to the oppressors!"

'Impressioned' pieces, such as the last of the example above and the following, should have 'very loud force,' 'very long slides,' 'very abrupt stress.' Time accelerating as the passion cumulates, from 'moderate' to 'faster,' with 'very long quantity' on the emphatic words, 'middle and higher pitch' and 'quality' (where the passion is not malignant), only slightly 'aspirated.'

Impassioned example.

"'My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone;
 The hand of Douglas is his own,
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp!'
 Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And 'This to me!' he said;
 'An't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here
 E'en in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!'
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
 Fierce he broke forth: 'And dar'st thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No! by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, groom! What, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall!'"

READING LESSONS.

PART I.

I.—SELECT SENTENCES FROM THE BIBLE.

1. THE Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.
2. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.
3. He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.
4. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.
5. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
6. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.
7. The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger and plenteous¹ in mercy.
8. He will not always chide:² neither will He keep his anger forever.
9. He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.³

10. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him.

11. For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust.

12. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

13. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

14. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children;

15. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember His commandments⁴ to do them.

¹ PLĒN'TĒ-OŪS. Abundant.

² CHĪDE. Reprove severely.

³ ĪN-ĪQ'UJ-TĪEŠ. Wicked acts.

⁴ COM-MĀND'MENTS. Commands; precepts or laws.

II. — A PARABLE ON BROTHERLY LOVE.

FRANKLIN.

[Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, in a house on the site of which now stands the granite block, No. 17 Milk Street. He died April 17, 1790. He was apprenticed to one of his brothers, who was a printer, and worked for many years at this trade. In his interesting autobiography he relates in simple and beautiful language the great pains he took to educate himself. In 1729 he became proprietor and editor of a newspaper in Philadelphia, and in 1732 he began to publish an almanac, purporting to be by Richard Saunders, but commonly called Poor Richard's Almanac. In his newspaper and almanac he sought to convey useful knowledge to his countrymen, especially inculcating the virtues of temperance, industry, and frugality. His simple and graceful style was admirably suited for popular instruction, and he soon began to acquire fame and wealth. Long before the American Revolution he had risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country.]

Franklin was equally eminent as a philosopher and a statesman. In philosophy he is immortalized by the important and brilliant discovery of the identity of lightning with the electric fluid. He was a member of the Continental Congress which issued the Declaration of Independence, and one of the committee of five chosen to draft it. In 1776 he was sent as ambassador to the court of France, and he remained in that country till after peace was declared. His high scientific reputation and simple manners made him very popular in Paris, and enabled him to exert an important influence on behalf of his country.

He was remarkable for simplicity of character, strong common sense, and practical philanthropy. The good of mankind was his great aim in life, and he took little interest in subjects which did not promise to yield useful results. He wrote on a variety of questions, and his writings, including his letters, are in a delightful style, instructive from their sound sense, and attractive from their playful humor and warm benevolence of feeling.]

1. IN those days there was no worker of iron in all the land. And the merchants of Midian passed by with their camels, bearing spices, and myrrh, and balm, and wares of iron.

2. And Reuben bought an axe of the Ishmaelite merchants which he prized highly, for there was none in his father's house.

3. And Simeon said unto Reuben, his brother, "Lend me, I pray thee, thine axe." But he refused, and would not.

4. And Levi also said unto him, "My brother, lend me, I pray thee, thine axe." And he refused him also.

5. Then came Judah unto Reuben, and entreated¹ him, saying, "Lo, thou lovest me, and I have always loved thee; do not refuse me the use of thine axe."

6. But Reuben turned from him, and refused him likewise.

7. Now it came to pass that Reuben hewed timber on the bank of the river, and his axe fell therein, and he could by no means find it.

8. But Simeon, Levi, and Judah had sent a messenger after the Ishmaelites, with money, and had bought for themselves each an axe.

9. Then came Reuben unto Simeon, and said, "Lo, I have lost mine axe, and my work is unfinished: lend me thine, I pray thee."

10. And Simeon answered him, saying, "Thou wouldst not lend me thine axe; therefore will I not lend thee mine."

11. Then went he unto Levi, and said unto him, "My brother, thou knowest my loss and my necessity; lend me, I pray thee, thine axe."

12. And Levi reproached him, saying, "Thou wouldst not lend me thine axe when I desired it; but I will be better than thou, and I will lend thee mine."

13. And Reuben was grieved at the rebuke² of Levi, and, being ashamed, turned from him, and took not the axe, but sought his brother Judah.

14. And as he drew near, Judah beheld his countenance as it were covered with grief and shame; and he prevented³ him, saying, "My brother, I know thy loss, but why should it trouble thee? Lo, have I not an axe that will serve both thee and me? Take it, I pray thee, and use it as thine own."

15. And Reuben fell upon his neck, and kissed him, with tears, saying, "Thy kindness is great, but thy goodness in forgiving me is greater. Thou art indeed my brother, and whilst I live will I surely love thee."

16. And Judah said, "Let us also love our other brethren; behold, are we not all of one blood?"

17. And Joseph saw these things, and reported them to his father, Jacob.

18. And Jacob said, "Reuben did wrong, but he repented;⁴ Simeon also did wrong; and Levi was not altogether blameless. But the heart of Judah is princely. Judah has the soul of a king. His father's children shall bow down before him, and he shall rule over his brethren."

¹ EN-TRÉAT'ED. Besought; begged.

² RE-BŪKE'. Reproof.

³ PRE-VĒNT'ED. Anticipated; hindered.

⁴ RE-PĒNT'ED. Was sorry.

III. — KINDNESS.

COLESWORTHY.

1. A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.¹
2. A word — a look — has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.
3. Then deem² it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

¹ SJN-CÈRE'. Real.

|

² DÈÈM. Judge; think.

IV. — PERSEVERANCE.

1. A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary,¹ and 'neath the eaves
Essayed² to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.
2. Day after day she toiled
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.
3. She found the ruin wrought;³
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

‘Animated or joyous’ pieces should have ‘fast time,’ lively, springing ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘long slides,’ ‘high pitch,’ and ‘loud force.’

Joyous example.

“You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow’ll be the happiest time of all the glad New-Year;
Of all the glad New-Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen
o’ the May.

“I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break :
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay,
For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen
o’ the May.”

‘Subdued or pathetic’ pieces should have ‘soft force,’ ‘short (or minor) slides,’ ‘slow time,’ gentle ‘median stress,’ ‘pure quality,’ ‘high pitch,’ and less than ‘moderate volume.’

Subdued or pathetic example.

“If you’re waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-Year.
It is the last New-Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i’ the mould, and think no more
of me.

“To-night I saw the sun set! he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace
of mind,
And the New Year’s coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.”

‘Grave’ pieces should have ‘low pitch,’ ‘slow time,’ with ‘long quantity and pauses,’ ‘full volume,’ ‘soft force’ and ‘short slides’ — also ‘smooth stress’ and ‘pure quality’ when the ideas are *reverential* or *solemn merely* — but more or less ‘abrupt stress’ and ‘aspirated quality’ when

characterized by *fear* or *aversion*, as in ‘dread,’ ‘awe,’ and ‘horror.’

Grave example.

“Come to the bridal chamber, — Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born’s breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in Consumption’s ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
 Come when the heart beats high and warm
 With banquet-song and dance and wine, —
 And thou art terrible! the tear, —
 The groan, — the knell, — the pall, — the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony are thine.”

‘Noble’ pieces should have ‘full-swelling volume’ and ‘median stress,’ with ‘long quantity’ and ‘long slides,’ ‘loud force,’ ‘pure quality,’ and ‘middle pitch.’

Noble example.

“But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet’s word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris! with the storied Brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory’s time,
 Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom’s now and Fame’s, —
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die!”

3. They soon learned the sound of his voice, and seemed to understand the meaning of his simple and kindly words. Little by little, they ventured nearer, close to his rake and hoe, and fluttered, and wrestled, and twittered in the contest for a worm or a fly, sometimes hopping upon the head of his rake in their excitement. Day by day they became more trustful and tame. They watched him in the morning from the trees near his door, and followed him to his work.

4. New birds joined the company daily, and they all acted as if they thought he had no other intent in raking the earth than to find them a breakfast. As the number increased, he began to carry crusts of bread in the great outside pocket of his coat, and to throw a few crumbs for them on the ground. When his walks were all finished, and he used the spade and rake less frequently, the birds looked for their daily rations⁴ of crumbs, and would gather in the tree-tops in the morning, and let him know, with their begging voices, that they were waiting for him.

5. He called them to breakfast with a whistle, and they would come out of the thick, green leaves of the grove, and patter, twitter, and flutter around and above his feet. Sometimes he would put a piece of bread between his lips, when a bright-eyed little thing would pick it out, like a humming-bird taking honey from a deep flower-bell without alighting.

6. They became his constant companions. They learned to know the sound of his step, his walks, and recreations. He leaves his chamber window open at night, and when he awakes early in the morning, he often finds a robin or goldfinch hopping about on the bed-posts, or on the back of a chair close by, try-

ing to say or sing, in such speech as it can, "It is time to get up; come and see the flowers; a dew of pearl is on their leaves, and the sun is above the sea."

7. And what is more beautiful still, these birds follow him to the sanctuary⁵ on Sunday, a distance of more than a mile from his house, as a kind of aerial⁶ escort, singing their Sabbath psalms of gladness and praise by the way. When the service is ended, they meet him on his return, and escort him home with a new set of hymns.

- | | |
|--|---|
| ¹ FÖRT'UNE. The good or ill that befalls man; wealth. | ⁴ RÄ'TIONŞ. Certain allowances of provisions; allowance. |
| ² FÄC'UL-TY. Power of body or mind; ability. | ⁵ SÄNCT'U-Ä-RY. A ho'y place; a church. |
| ³ TRI'ÜMPHS. Victories; conquests. | ⁶ Ä-Ä'RJ-ÄL. Belonging to the air. |

VI.—THE TWO ROADS.

RICHTER.

[Jean Paul Frederic Richter was born in Wunsiedel, in Germany, March 21, 1763, and died November 14, 1825. He wrote a number of works, mostly in the form of novels, which are remarkable for a peculiar combination of imagination, tenderness, quaint humor, philosophic spirit, and curious learning. He is an extremely popular writer among his own countrymen, but much of the flavor of his writings evaporates in a translation. His personal character was generous and amiable. He is frequently called by his first two names, *Jean Paul*.]

1. It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep-blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies, on the surface of a clear, calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal¹—the tomb.

2. Already he had passed sixty of the stages² which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey

nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision³ before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads — *one* leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the *other* leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue,⁴ where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked towards the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights float away over dark marshes, and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem⁵ of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse⁶ struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labor, were now honored and happy on this New Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his

father dwelt; his darkened eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

7. And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

8. Ye who still linger on the threshold⁷ of life, doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly,⁸ but cry in vain, "O youth, return! O, give me back my early days!"

¹ GŌAL. A post or mark set to bound a race; end.

² STĀQ'ĒŞ. Steps or degrees of advance or progress.

³ VĪ''ŞĪŌN. An imaginary appearance, as seen in a dream or in sleep.

⁴ IS'SŪE (ish'shū). Egress; passage out.

⁵ ĒM'BLĒM. A picture or object representing one thing to the eye and another to the understanding.

⁶ RĒ-MŌRSE'. Reproach of conscience.

⁷ THRĒSH'ŌLD. A door-sill; beginning; entrance.

⁸ BĪT'TĒR-LŪ. Sorrowfully.

VII.—THE SNOW.

BEECHER.

[Henry Ward Beecher, son of the celebrated Lyman Beecher, was born in Litchfield, Connecticut. He has been for many years settled over a church in Brooklyn, New York. He is a man of active mind and generous temper, an eloquent preacher, and popular lecturer.]

1. THE recent snow-storms bring back our boyhood experience. Reared among the hills of Western Connecticut, we were brought up in the very school of

the snow. We remember the dreamy snow-falls, when great flakes came down wavering through the air as if they had no errand, and were sauntering for mere laziness. The air thickens. One by one familiar objects are hidden as by a mist. Paths disappear. Voices of teamsters are heard, but nothing in the road can be seen. Like a fog, the snow, fast falling, hides all things. It comes straight down; not a breath of wind disturbs its descent. All day long it falls. The fences are grotesquely¹ muffled; ever-greens bend, being burdened. Even the bare branches of deciduous² trees are clothed as with wool.

2. Still the noiseless flakes fill the sky. The eye is bewildered in looking out upon the weird³ haze — so calm, so still, so full of movement, and yet with a sense of death in it! But as one looks, a change is taking place. The snow-flake has become smaller. It has lost its calm and leisurely motion. It begins to pelt down, as if shot by some force from above. Now and then around the corner comes a puff of wind, which drives the snow off in long, slanting lines; or whirls of wind come, mixing them up in a strange medley.⁴ Night is shutting in. Every moment the air darkens. The wind is coming in earnest. The chimney roars with a hollow and shuddering sound.

3. There is no use of looking out any more: all is black. Drop the curtains. Throw on the logs. The flames fill the whole room with a warm glow. Draw round the table, for now one has the full sense of home security. The wind comes in gusts, and smites the house till it groans; and at times you distinctly feel that it rocks under you. What is that to you?

The blacker the night, the more turbulent⁶ the wind, the wilder the storm, all the more does each one within rejoice in the contrast. No such night at home in the country as a real stormy night!

4. But the young imagination is keen, and summons all its treasures. It hears in the wind voices in distress. Then come stories of wolves and benighted travellers. As the wind comes shrilly through crack or key-hole, one starts, as if a shriek sounded in his very ear. Now and then comes a buffet⁶ against the window — a straining and tugging at the side of the house, as if the night were seeking to storm the castle, and break in all its defences.

5. At length, one by one, we creep off to bed. We cuddle close together, and pull the clothes over our heads to deaden the sounds, as well as to keep out the snow. For no double windows protected the old-fashioned house, and fine snow, sifting in, filled the air; and often the morning found scarfs of snow upon the bed.

6. But what a morning! The sun is up. The wind has not gone down. The snow has ceased to fall, but not to move. It is drifting in every direction. It hangs over the eaves. It has buried the kitchen door. Fences are all gone. It is a new land, a fairy land! Yonder is the top of a haystack, and beyond, the roofs of the sheds. The barn yet towers up in sight. Woe to them who have no wood-sheds, and who now must dig out the unsheltered pile!

7. A way must be cut through the drift that buries the front door! Paths must be opened. Every one in the neighborhood is busy. All intercourse is cut off. It will be late in the day before one can get to

another, and perhaps several days before one village can communicate with another! For the roads are to be "broken out." The people turn out one and all. Men, boys, cattle, all work with a will. Indeed, it is more like play than work.

8. Now, then, we are ready for settled winter! Two or three feet of snow on a level, that will lie for two months! As soon as the snow hardens a little, one can take his own direction across the country. Not a fence can be seen! Swamps can now be entered safely. The streams need no bridges. The woods are full of men getting out the year's fuel. Every one is glad. Snow now is the poor man's friend, and the working man's helper; while all the young people who love frolic are getting ready for sleigh-rides. Winter in the country is the year's holiday.

¹ GRÔ-TÊSQUE'LY. In a fanciful manner.

² DË-CÏD'Û-OÛS. Falling off every season, as leaves; not evergreen.

³ WÊIRD. Skilled in, or using, witchcraft.

⁴ MÊD'LEÿ. A mingled, confused mass.

⁵ TÛR'BU-LËNT. Tumultuous; violent.

⁶ BÛF'FËT. A blow; a slap.

VIII.—ONE BY ONE.

MISS PROCTER.

[Adelaide Anne Procter, daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (better known as Barry Cornwall, under which name his poems were published), was born in London, October 30, 1825, and died February 3, 1864. She published two or three volumes of poems, which were marked by a grave seriousness of thought as well as tenderness of feeling. Her death is said to have been hastened by the self-sacrificing zeal with which she devoted herself to the relief of suffering humanity.]

1. ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall;
 Some are coming, some are going;
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

2. One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate¹ thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.
3. One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,—
Ready, too, to let them go.
4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee—
Shadows passing through the land.
5. Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain :
God will help thee for to-morrow ;
So each day begin again.
6. Every hour, that fleets² so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous³ the crown,⁴ and holy,
When each gem is set with care.
7. Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
8. Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage⁵ be done.

¹ Ë-LÂTE'. Elevate, as with success ;
puff up.

² FLEETS. Passes away.

³ LÛ'MI-NOÛS. Emitting light ; bright

⁴ CRÖWN. Reward ; recompense.

⁵ PIL'GRIM-AGE. A long journey ; particularly, a journey to a place deemed sacred ; journey of life.

IX.—A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

DICKENS.

[Charles Dickens was an English novelist, of great original genius and world-wide popularity. His most striking characteristic is a peculiar and original vein of humor. He also excels in scenes which paint sickness and death, especially of the lovely and young.]

1. THERE was once a child, and he strolled¹ about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and the power of God, who made the lovely world.

2. They used to say to one another, sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die; would the flowers, and the water, and the sky, be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams, that gambol down the hill-sides, are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

3. There was one clear, shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire,² above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the



star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

4. But while she was still very young,—O, very,

very young,—the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and, when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, “I see the star!” and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little, weak voice used to say, “God bless my brother and the star!”

5. And so the time came—all too soon—when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

6. Now, these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and he dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train³ of people taken up that sparkling⁴ road by angels.⁵ And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

7. All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming⁶ eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

8. But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was

glorified⁷ and radiant;⁸ but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

9. His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

10. And he said, "No."

11. She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

12. From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

13. There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

14. Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

15. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

16. And he said, "Not that one, but another."

17. As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him. And the star was shining.

18. He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him, and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing⁹ on her darling son."

19. Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

20. And he said, "Thy mother!"

21. A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "O mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet." And the star was shining.

22. He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed¹⁰ with tears, when the star opened once again.

23. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

24. And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

25. And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial¹¹ creature among those three; and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time, and I can bear the parting from her, God be praised!" And the star was shining.

26. Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

27. They whispered one another, "He is dying."

28. And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

29. And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

¹ STRÖLLED. Wandered; strayed.

² SPĪRE. A structure which tapers to a point at the top; a steeple.

³ TRĀIN. A number of objects in a line; a number of persons in a line; a procession.

⁴ SPĀR'KLING. Glittering; bright, as if emitting sparks.

⁵ AN'ġĒL. An inhabitant of heaven; a good spirit.

⁶ BEAM'ING. Shining; emitting rays or beams of light.

⁷ GLÖ'RĪ-FIED. Made glorious.

⁸ RĀ'DJ-ANT. Shining; effulgent.

⁹ BLESS'ING. Prayer imploring happiness for another.

¹⁰ BE-DEWED' (be-dād'). Wet with dew or as with dew; moistened.

¹¹ ('Ē-LES'TIAL (æ-lēst'yəl). Of heaven; heavenly.

X.—INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1777.

"When it was certain that the 'Declaration' would be adopted and confirmed by the signatures of the delegates in Congress, it was determined to announce the event by ringing the old State House Bell, which bore the inscription, 'Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!' and the old bellman posted his little boy at the door of the hall to await the instruction of the doorkeeper when to ring. At the word, the little patriot scion rushed out, and flinging up his hands, shouted, 'Ring! Ring!! Ring!!!' "

1. THERE was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,*
 And the streets were rife¹ with people
 Pacing restless up and down;
 People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.

* Philadel;hia.

2. As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of chestnuts
Was all turbulent with sound.
3. "Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"O, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then;
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"
4. So they beat against the portal—
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled;
The same sun that saw the Spartan*
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.
5. Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway;

* Leonidas.

So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
Very happy news to tell.

6. See ! see ! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign !
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark ! with deep, clear intonation,²
Breaks his young voice on the air.
7. Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's strong joyous cry !
" *Ring !*" he shouts aloud ; " *RING ! Grandpa !*
Ring ! O, RING for LIBERTY !"
And straightway, at the signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
And sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.
8. How they shouted ! What rejoicing !
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm gliding Delaware !
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phoenix,³
Fair Liberty arose !
9. That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,

But the spirit it awakened
 Still lives — forever young.
 And while we greet the sunlight
 On the FOURTH of each July,
 We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out OUR INDEPENDENCE!
 Which, please GOD, *shall never die!*

¹ RIFE. Plentiful; *here* filled.

² IN-TQ-NĀ'TIŦŦ. Expressive modulation of a voice or an instrument; tone.

³ PHŦE'NIX (fē'njks). A fabled bird sup-

posed to live for a long period, to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes, and hence used as an emblem of immortality.

XI.—THE DINNER OF THE MONTHS.

1. ONCE upon a time the months determined to dine together. They were a long time deciding who should have the honor of being the host¹ upon so solemn an occasion, but the lot fell at last upon December; for although the old gentleman's manners were found to be rather cold upon first acquaintance, yet it was well known that when once you got under his roof, there was not a merrier or more hospitable person in existence. The messenger, too, Christmas-day, whom he sent round with his cards of invitation, won the hearts of all, though he played many mad pranks, and received many a *box* in return.

2. February begged to be excused from coming to the dinner, as she was in very bad spirits, on account of the loss of her youngest child, the twenty-ninth, who had lately left her, and was not expected to return for four years. Her objection, however, was overruled;

and being seated at table between the smiling May and that merry old fellow, October, she appeared to enjoy the evening's entertainment as much as any of the company.

3. The dinner was a very fine one, and admirably served. March and April agreed to furnish all the fish, May to decorate the dishes with flowers, June to supply early strawberries, July and August to present the dessert, September a magnificent course of all sorts of game,² except pheasants, which were supplied by October, who also sent a couple of hampers of fine home-brewed ale, and November engaged that there should be an abundance of ice.

4. A short, squab little fellow, called St. Thomas's Day,* stood behind December's chair, and officiated as toast-master³; and much merriment was excited by the contrast between the diminutive⁴ appearance of this man, and the longest day, who stood behind June, at the other end of the table. Master Thomas, however, was a very useful fellow, and besides performing the high official duty we have mentioned, he drew the curtains, stirred the fire, lighted and snuffed the candles, and seemed to think himself of more importance than anybody else.

5. The pretty, blushing May was the general toast⁵ of the company, and many compliments were passed upon the elegant way in which she had ornamented the dishes. Old January tried to be very agreeable to her, but she received him coldly. January at length ceased to persecute her with his attentions, and transferred them to November, a prim, blue-nosed lady.

* St. Thomas's Day is the 21st of December.

6. July, who was of a desperately hot temper, was every now and then irritated by March, a dry old fellow, as cool as an iceberg, who was ever passing his jokes upon him. At one time July went so far as to threaten him with a prosecution for something he had said; but March, knowing what he was about, managed to keep on the windy side of the law, and to throw dust in the eyes of his accusers.

7. On the retirement of the ladies, February, May, August, and November, the host proposed their - healths,⁶ which were drunk with the usual honors; when April, being a soft-spoken youth, and ambitious of distinction as an orator, began to return thanks for them in a very flowery speech, but was soon coughed down by December and March; and March, by the bye, at length got into such favor with his old enemy, July, that the latter was heard to give him an invitation, saying that if he ever came to his side of the zodiac, he should be most happy to see him.

8. October told the host that, with his leave, he would drink no more wine, but that he should be glad of some home-brewed ale and a pipe. To this December acceded, and said he should be happy to join him, and he thought his friend March would do the same. March having nodded assent, they set to, and a pretty puffing and blowing they made.

9. After repeated summonses⁷ to the drawing-room, they joined the ladies at the tea-table. November drew herself up, and affected to be quite overpowered by the smell of smoke which March, October, and December had brought in with them, although it was well known that the old lady could blow a cloud as well as any of them. August, a grave, stately

matron, of extraordinary beauty, though a little past her prime, officiated as tea-maker.

10. Tea being over, the old folks chose a quiet corner for conversation, and the young ones, including October, who managed to hide his years very successfully, went to the piano-forte. May was the prima donna,⁸ and delighted every one, especially poor April, who was alternately smiles and tears during the whole of her performance. October gave them a hunting song, which caused even the old folks to pause in their talk, and August sang a sweet, melancholy canzonet,⁹ which was rapturously encored.¹⁰

11. The party at length broke up. May went away in her own carriage, and undertook to set June down, who lived very near her. July and August both walked home, each preceded by a dog-day, with a lighted torch. September and October, who were next-door neighbors, went away in the same hackney coach; and March departed, as he came, on the back of a rough Shetland pony.

¹ HÔST. One who entertains another.

² GAME. Sport of any kind; animals pursued in the field or forest.

³ TÔAST'-MÂS-TER. One who announces the toasts at a dinner.

⁴ DÏ-MÏN'Û-TÏVE. Very small.

⁵ TÔAST. A health or sentiment proposed; a lady much complimented.

⁶ HÊALTHS. Wishes of happiness, used in drinking.

⁷ SÛM'MONŞ-EŞ. Calls of authority.

⁸ PRÎ'MA DÔN'NÂ. The principal female singer in an Italian opera.

⁹ CÂN-ZQ-NÊT'. A little song; a composition of some length for a single voice.

¹⁰ EN-CÔRED' (ång-kôrd'). Called for repetition.

XII. — EYES AND NO EYES ; OR, THE ART OF SEEING.

"WELL, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday.

R. I have been, sir, to Broom Heath, and so round by the wind-mill upon Camp Mount, and home through the meadows by the river side.

Mr. A. Well, that's a pleasant round.

R. I thought it very dull, sir; I scarcely met a single person. I had rather by half have gone along the turnpike road.

Mr. A. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

R. We set out together, but he lagged¹ behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Mr. A. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

R. O, he is so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that. I had rather walked alone. I dare say he is not home yet.

Mr. A. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

W. O, sir, the pleasantest walk. I went all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river.

Mr. A. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking; and he complains of its dulness, and prefers the high road.

W. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.

Mr. A. Suppose, then, you give us some account of what amused you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

W. I will, sir. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so I did not mind it much, but made the best of my way. However, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite different from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Mr. A. Ah! this is mistletoe, a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids² of old in their religious rites and incantations.³ It bears a very slimy white berry, of which birdlime may be made. It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled *parasitical*,⁴ as being hangers-on, or dependants. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

W. A little farther on I saw a green woodpecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Mr. A. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which they live. They bore holes with their strong bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

W. What beautiful birds they are!

Mr. A. Yes; they have been called, from their color and size, the English parrot.

W. When I got upon the open heath, how charm-

ing it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There were at least three kinds of heath (I have got them in my handkerchief here), and gorse, and broom, and bell-flower, and many others of all colors, that I will beg you presently to tell me the names of.

Mr. A. That I will, readily.

W. I saw, too, several birds that were new to me. There was a pretty grayish one, of the size of a lark, that was hopping about some great stones; and when he flew, he showed a great deal of white above his tail.

Mr. A. That was a wheat-ear. They are reckoned very delicious birds to eat, and frequent the open downs in Sussex, and some other counties, in great numbers.

W. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that amused me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round just over my head, and crying *pewit* so distinctly, one might almost fancy they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and often tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near, he always made shift⁵ to get away.

Mr. A. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in then! This was all an artifice of the bird's to entice you away from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nests would easily be observed, did they not draw off the attention of intruders by their loud cries and counterfeit⁶ lameness.

W. I wish I had known that, for he led me a long chase, often over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel, and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at. They gave me, too, a creature I never saw before—a young viper, which they had just killed, together with its dam.⁷ I have seen several common snakes, but this is thicker in proportion, and of a darker color than they are.

Mr. A. True. Vipers frequent those turfy, boggy grounds, and I have known several turfcutters bitten by them.

W. They are very venomous⁸—are they not?

Mr. A. Enough so to make their wounds painful and dangerous, though they seldom prove fatal.

W. Well—I then took my course up to the wind-mill on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill in order to get a better view of the country round. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church steeples; and I saw several gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all along the low grounds, till it was lost behind a ridge of hills. But I'll tell you what I mean to do, sir, if you will give me leave.

Mr. A. What is that?

W. I will go again, and take with me Carey's county map, by which I shall probably be able to make out most of the places.

Mr. A. You shall have it, and I will go with you, and take my pocket spy-glass.

W. I shall be very glad of that. Well — a thought struck me, that as the hill is called *Camp Mount*, there might probably be some remains of ditches and mounds, with which I have read that camps were surrounded. And I really believe I discovered something of that sort running round one side of the mount.

Mr. A. Very likely you might. I know antiquaries have described such remains as existing there, which some suppose to be Roman, others Danish. We will examine them further when we go.

¹ LĀGGED. Loitered; lingered.

² DRŪ'IDŌ. Priests of the Celtic inhabitants of ancient Gaul and Britain. They worshipped chiefly in consecrated groves, and offered human sacrifices.

³ IN-CAN-TĀ'TIONŌ. Forms of words pronounced or sung in connection with certain ceremonies, for the purpose of enchantment.

⁴ PĀR-A-SIT'J-CĀL. Growing on, and deriving nutriment from, other plants.

⁵ MĀDE SHĪFT. Contrived for the moment.

⁶ CŌŪN'TER-FEĪT. False; feigned.

⁷ DĀM. A female parent.

⁸ VĒN'QM-OŪS. Poisonous.

XIII.—EYES AND NO EYES.

(Continued)

William. From the hill I went straight down to the meadows below, and walked on the side of a brook that runs into the river. It was all bordered with reeds, and flags, and tall flowering plants, quite different from those I had seen on the heath. As I was getting down the bank to reach one of them, I heard something plunge into the water near me. It was a large water-rat, and I saw it swim over to the other side, and go into its hole. There were a great many large dragon-flies all about the stream. I caught one of the finest, and have got him here in a leaf. But

how I longed to catch a bird that I saw hovering over the water, and every now and then darting down into it! It was all over a mixture of the most beautiful green and blue, with some orange color. It was somewhat less than a thrush, and had a large head and bill, and a short tail.

Mr. A. I can tell you what that bird was — a kingfisher, the celebrated halcyon¹ of the ancients, about which so many tales are told. It lives on fish, which it catches in the manner you saw. It builds in holes in the bank, and is a shy, retiring bird, never to be seen far from the stream it inhabits.

W. I must try to get another sight of him, for I never saw a bird that pleased me so much. Well — I followed this little brook till it entered the river, and then took the path that runs along the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shore, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Mr. A. I suppose they were sand-pipers, one of the numerous family of birds that get their living by wading among the shallows, and picking up worms and insects.

W. There were a great many swallows, too, sporting upon the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quick, that the eye could scarcely follow them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes, with which the bank was bored full.

Mr. A. Those were sand-martins, the smallest of

our species of swallows. They are of a mouse color above and white beneath. They make their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

W. A little farther I saw a man in a boat, who was catching eels in an odd way. He had a long pole with broad iron prongs at the end, just like Neptune's trident,² only there were five, instead of three. This he pushed straight down among the mud in the deepest parts of the river, and brought up the eels sticking between the prongs.

Mr. A. I have seen this method. It is called spear-ing of eels.

W. While I was looking at him, a heron came flying over my head, with his large flapping wings. He lighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept softly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had waded into the water as far as his long legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he darted his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallowed. I saw him catch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Mr. A. Probably his nest was there, for herons build upon the loftiest trees they can find, and sometimes in society together, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking,³ many gentlemen had their *heronries*, and a few still remain.

W. I think they are the largest wild birds we have

Mr. A. They are of a great length and spread of wing, but their bodies are comparatively small.

W. I then turned homeward across the meadows, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all together from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field. After taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundreds of them.

Mr. A. Perhaps so; for in the fenny countries their flocks are so numerous, as to break down whole acres of reeds by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer,⁴ who compares the foe, flying from one of his heroes, to a *cloud* of these birds retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

W. After I had left the meadows, I crossed the corn-fields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit. Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could get there I cannot imagine.

Mr. A. I do not wonder at your surprise, since philosophers used to be much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics of marine animals even in the bowels of high mountains, very remote from the sea. They afford proof that the rocks in which they are found were once covered by the sea.

W. I got to the high field next our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lost. What a glorious sight! The clouds were tinged purple, and crimson, and yellow, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horizon. But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Mr. A. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent enlargement of the moon at its rising.

W. I have; but pray, what is the reason of this?

Mr. A. It is an optical deception, depending upon principles which I cannot well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideas this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing: it has been very instructive too. Do *you* see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

R. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Mr. A. Why not?

R. I don't know. I did not care about them, and I made the best of my way home.

Mr. A. That would have been right if you had been sent to carry a message; but as you only walked for amusement, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sources of it as possible. But so it is — one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge the one acquires above the other. I have known sailors, who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could

tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses they frequented in different ports, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the channel without making some observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant, thoughtless youth is whirled throughout Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.

¹ HÁL'CŸ-QN (hál'shē-yn or hál'sē-yn).

Under the name of *halcyon*, the kingfisher was fabled by the ancients to build its nest on the surface of the sea, and to have the power of calming the troubled waves during its period of incubation; hence the phrase "halcyon days."

² NĒP'TŪNE'S TRIDĒNT. A kind of sceptre, or three-pronged fork, the common attribute of Neptune, the deity of the ocean.

³ HĀWK'ING. The sport of flying hawks at fowls.

⁴ HŌ'MĒR. The great epic poet of Greece.

XIV.—THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

GOULD.

1. "I AM a Pebble, and yield to none!"
 Were the swelling words of a tiny stone;
 "Nor change nor season can alter me;
 I am abiding while ages flee.
 The pelting hail and drizzling rain
 Have tried to soften me long in vain;
 And the tender dew has sought to melt,
 Or to touch my heart,— but it was not felt.

2. "None can tell of the Pebble's birth;
For I am as old as the solid earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world like blades of grass;
And many a foot on me has trod
That's gone from sight and under the sod!
'I am a Pebble! but who art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough?"
3. The Acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed¹ and mute:
And she felt for a while perplexed to know
How to answer a thing so low.
4. But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look or the keen retort,²
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
"Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element, where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,³
Abased⁴ I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time nor season, nor storm nor sun,
Nor the gentler dew nor the grinding wheel,
Has ever subdued or made to feel."
5. And soon in the earth she sunk away
From the comfortless spot where the Pebble lay;
But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the peering head of an infant oak;
And as it arose, and its branches spread,
The Pebble looked up, and, wondering, said,—

6. "A modest Acorn! never to tell
 What was enclosed in her simple shell —
 That the pride of the forest was then shut up
 Within the space of her little cup!
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
 To prove that nothing could hide her worth.
 And, O, how many will tread on me,
 To come and admire that beautiful tree,
 Whose head is towering towards the sky,
 Above such a worthless thing as I!
7. "Useless and vain, a cumberer⁵ here,
 I have been idling from year to year;
 But never from this shall a vaunting⁶ word
 From the humble Pebble again be heard,
 Till something without me, or within,
 Can show the purpose for which I've been!"
 The Pebble could not its vow forget,
 And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

¹ A-BĀSHED' (-bāsht'). Confused.

² RĒ-TÖRT'. Answer.

³ ĀU-GÜST'. Grand; majestic.

⁴ A-BĀSED'. Lowered; humbled.

⁵ CŪM'BĒR-ĒR. Burden.

⁶ VĀUNT'ING. Boasting.

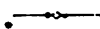
XV.—NOW IS THE TIME.

1. THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed;
 Then seize, O youth! the present hour,—
 Of that thou hast most need.
2. Do thy best always — do it now —
 For, in the present time,

As in the furrows of a plough
Fall seeds of good or crime.

3. The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown —
And every act and word at last
By its own fruit be known.

4. And soon the harvest of thy toil,
Rejoicing, thou shalt reap;
Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
Go forth in shame to weep.



XVI.—THE FOOTPRINT ON THE SHORE.

DE FOE.

[Daniel De Foe was born in London in 1661, and died in 1731. He was a hosier by trade; but being a ready and able writer, and much interested in the political questions of the day, he neglected his business, and finally forsook it. He wrote a great number of works, comprising political pamphlets and fictitious narratives. His style is easy, vigorous, and idiomatic; but his great merit consists in the wonderful air of truth he gives to his works of fiction. This is especially exemplified in his *Robinson Crusoe*, from which the following extract is taken, which is, probably, the most popular book in the English language. It was first published in April, 1719. It was founded on the narrative of Alexander Selkirk, a native of Scotland, who was mate of a vessel called the *Cinque Ports*, on a trading voyage round the world in 1704. Having quarrelled with the captain, he was left, at his own request, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, where he remained, without seeing a human being, for four years and four months, till he was found and brought away by Captain Rogers, commander of a commercial expedition round the world, which sailed in 1709, and returned to Great Britain in 1711.

An account of this expedition was given to the world, in which Selkirk's narrative first appeared. It is only a few pages long, and merely furnished De Foe with a point to start from.]

1. It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thun-

derstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition.¹ I listened, I looked round me. I could hear nothing, nor see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore ; but it was all one, — I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy ; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine.

2. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification. I did not feel, as we say, the ground I went on, but was terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. It is not possible to describe how many various shapes an af-frighted² imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsys³ came into my thoughts by the way.

3. When I came to my castle, — for so I think I called it ever after this, — I fled into it like one pursued : whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember ; for never frightened hare fled to cover,⁴ or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

4. I had no sleep that night : the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions⁵ were ; which is something contrary to the

nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way from it.

5. In my terror, I thought it might be a device⁶ of Satan himself, but a few moments' reflection relieved me of that delusion.⁷ And I then came to the conclusion that it must have been the work of some of the savages of the main land over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but had gone away again to sea, being as loath,⁸ perhaps, to stay on this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

6. While these reflections were rolling in upon my mind, I was very thankful not to have been thereabouts at that time, and that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked⁹ my imagination, about their having found my boat, and thus learned that there were people here; and that, if so, they would certainly come again in greater numbers, and devour me. And if they did not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

7. How strange a checker-work¹⁰ of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present themselves! This was exemplified¹¹

in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, shut in by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life, should now tremble at the very thought of seeing a man, and be ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow, or silent appearance, of a man's having set his foot on the island.

¹ *ἈΓΓΑ-ΡΥΨΙΟΝ*. A ghost; a spectre.

² *ἈΠ-ΦΡΑΪΤΗΤΟΝ*. Frightened; terrified.

³ *ὨΪΜΨΕΥΣ*. Whims; odd fancies.

⁴ *ΚΟΪΤΗΡ*. The retreat of a hare or a fox; shelter.

⁵ *ἈΠ-ΦΡΕ-ΗΕΝΨΙΟΝΣ*. Fears; dread.

⁶ *ΔΕ-ΨΕΪΣ*. An act implying ingenuity or cunning; a contrivance.

⁷ *ΔΕ-ΛΟΨΙΟΝ*. A false belief; an illusion.

⁸ *ΛΟΑΘΗ* (lōth). Unwilling.

⁹ *ΚΑΚΕΤΟΝ*. Tortured; tormented.

¹⁰ *ΧΕΚΕΪΡ-ΨΟΡΟΝ* (-würk). Work having cross stripes of different colors.

¹¹ *ΕΞ-ΕΜΨΕΪΣ*. Illustrated by example.

XVII. — A PARABLE.

1. ONE day in spring, Solomon, then a youth, sat under the palm trees in the garden of the king, his father, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and absorbed² in thought.

2. Nathan, his preceptor, went up to him, and said, "Why sittest thou thus, musing³ under the palm trees?"

3. The youth raised his head, and answered, "Nathan, I am very desirous to behold a miracle."

4. "A wish," said the prophet, with a smile, "that I had myself when I was young."

5. "And was it granted?" hastily asked the prince.

6. "A man of God," answered Nathan, "came to

me, bringing in his hand a pomegranate⁴ seed. Observe, said he, what this seed will turn to ! He then made a hole in the earth, and put the seed into the hole, and covered it. Scarcely had he drawn back his hand, when the earth parted, and I saw two small leaves shoot forth. But no sooner did I perceive them than the leaves separated, and from between them rose a round stem, covered with bark ; and the stem became every moment higher and thicker.

7. "The man of God then said to me, 'Take notice.' And while I was looking, seven shoots issued from the stem, like the seven branches on the candlestick of the altar. I was amazed,⁵ but the man of God bade me be silent, and attend. 'Behold,' said he, 'new creations will soon make their appearance.'

8. "He then brought water in the hollow of his hand, from the stream which flowed past, and lo ! all the branches were covered with green leaves, so that a cooling shade was thrown around us, together with a delicious odor. 'Whence,' said I, 'is this perfume amid the refreshing shade ?' 'Seest thou not,' said the man of God, 'the scarlet blossom, as, shooting forth from among the green leaves, it hangs down in clusters ?'

9. "I was about to answer, when a gentle breeze played in the leaves, and strewed the blossoms around us, as the autumnal blast scatters the withered foliage. No sooner had the blossoms fallen than the red pomegranates appeared suspended among the leaves, like almonds on the staves of Aaron. The man of God then left me in profound⁶ amazement."

10. Nathan ceased speaking. "What is the name

of the godlike man?" asked Solomon, hastily. "Doth he yet live? Where doth he dwell?"

11. "Son of David," replied Nathan; "I have related to thee a vision."

12. When Solomon heard these words, he was troubled in his heart, and said, "How canst thou deceive me thus?"

13. "I have not deceived thee, son of David," rejoined Nathan. "Behold, in thy father's garden thou mayst see all that I have told thee. Doth not the same thing take place with every pomegranate, and with other trees?"

14. "Yes," said Solomon, "but by degrees,⁷ and in a long time."

15. Then Nathan answered, "Is it therefore the less a divine work, because it takes place slowly and silently? There are no miracles that do not proceed from God. When he reveals himself only in the ordinary course of nature, we do not fully realize that he is the sole source of all we witness. It is only when he reveals his power in manifestations not in the ordinary course of nature that we cry, 'A miracle!' If that which is now so familiar because it is so constant, were rare or occasional, we should then see in every manifestation of divine power an actual miracle."

¹ PĀR'Ā-BLE. A short tale or fable designed to illustrate and enforce moral or religious truth.

² ĀB-SÖRBED'. Engaged wholly.

³ MŪṢ'ING. Thinking closely, or intently.

⁴ PÖME-GRĀN'ĀTE. A tree and its fruit

⁵ Ā-MĀZED'. Astonished.

⁶ PRQ-FÖÜND'. Deep.

⁷ Bÿ DE-GRĒĒṢ'. Little by little; step by step.

XVIII. — MUSIC OF LABOR.

ANONYMOUS.

1. THE banging of the hammer,
The whirring of the plane,
The crashing of the busy saw,
The creaking of the crane,
The ringing of the anvil,
The grating of the drill,¹
The clattering of the turning-lathe,
The whirling of the mill,
The buzzing of the spindle,
The rattling of the loom,
The puffing of the engine,
The fan's continual boom,
The clipping of the tailor's shears,
The driving of the awl —
These sounds of honest industry
I love — I love them all.
- The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yardstick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needles
(When no bright cheek it pales),
The humming of the cooking-stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,

The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call —
These sounds of active industry
I love — I love them all.

3. I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout
Spurring his stock along,
The bustle of the market-man
As he hies ² him to the town,
The hallo from the tree-top
As the ripened fruit comes down,
The busy sound of threshers
As they clean the ripened grain,
The husker's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
The kind voice of the drayman,
The shepherd's gentle call —
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love — I love them all.

4. O, there's a good in labor,
If we labor but aright,
That gives vigor ³ to the daytime,
A sweeter sleep at night;
A good that bringeth pleasure
Even to the toiling hours,
For duty cheers the spirit,
As dew revives the flowers.
Then say not that our God
Gave labor as a doom —
No! 'tis the richest mercy
From the cradle to the tomb.

Then let us still be doing
 Whate'er we find to do,
 With cheerful, hopeful spirits,
 And free hand, strong and true.

¹ **DRILL.** An instrument used for piercing or boring holes in any substance. | ² **HIE§.** Goes in haste. | ³ **VIG'OR.** Strength.

XIX.—OUR DOG CARLO.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is the daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., and wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe, of the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts.

The following is the first of a series of sketches published in "Our Young Folks," and which are all marked by the same combination of humor and pathos so conspicuous in her world-renowned novel.]

1. WE are a dog-loving family. We have a warm side towards everything that goes upon four paws; and the consequence has been, that we have been always kept in confusion and under the paw, so to speak, of some honest four-footed tyrant, who would go beyond his privilege, and overrun the whole house. Years ago this began, when our household consisted of a papa, a mamma, and three or four noisy boys and girls. There was also one more of our number, the youngest, dear little bright-eyed Charley, who was king over us all, and rode in a wicker wagon for a chariot, and had a nice little nurse devoted to him; and it was through him that our first dog came.

2. One day Charley's nurse took him quite a way to a neighbor's house, to spend the afternoon; and, he being well amused, they staid till after nightfall. The kind old lady of the mansion was concerned that the little prince, in his little coach, with his little maid, had to travel so far in the twilight shadows,

and so she called a big dog, named Carlo, and gave the establishment into his charge.

3. Carlo was a great, tawny-yellow mastiff, as big as a calf, with great, clear, honest eyes, and stiff, wiry hair; and the good lady called him to the side of the little wagon, and said, "Now, Carlo, you must take good care of Charley, and you mustn't let anything hurt him."

4. Carlo wagged his tail in promise of protection, and away he trotted home with the wicker wagon; and when he arrived, he was received with so much applause by four little folks, who dearly loved the very sight of a dog, he was so stroked, and petted, and caressed, that he concluded that he liked the place better than the home he came from, where were only very grave, elderly people. He tarried¹ all night, and slept at the foot of the boys' bed, who could hardly go to sleep for the things they found to say to him, and who were awake ever so early in the morning, stroking his rough, tawny back, and hugging him.

5. At his own home Carlo had a kennel all to himself, where he was expected to live quite alone, and do duty by watching and guarding the place. Nobody petted him, or stroked his rough hide, or said, "Poor dog!" to him; and so, it appears, he had a feeling that he was not appreciated, and liked our warm-hearted little folks, who told him stories, gave him half of their own supper, and took him to bed with them sociably. Carlo was a dog that had a mind of his own, though he couldn't say much about it, and in his dog-fashion proclaimed his likes and dislikes quite as strongly as if he could speak. When the time came for taking him home, he growled and

showed his teeth dangerously at the man who was sent for him, and it was necessary to drag him back by force, and tie him into his kennel. However, he soon settled that matter by gnawing the rope in two, and padding down again, and appearing among his little friends, quite to their delight.

6. Two or three times was he taken back, and tied or chained; but he howled so dismally, and snapped at people in such a misanthropic² manner, that finally the kind old lady thought it better to have no dog at all than a dog soured by blighted affection. So she loosed his rope, and said, "There, Carlo, go and stay where you like;" and so Carlo came to us, and a joy and delight was he to all in the house. He loved one and all; but he declared himself as more than all the slave and property of our little Prince Charley. He would lie on the floor as still as a door-mat, and let him pull his hair, and roll over him, and examine his eyes with his little fat fingers; and Carlo submitted to all these personal freedoms with as good an understanding as papa himself. When Charley slept, Carlo stretched himself along under the crib; rising now and then, and standing with his broad breast on a level with the slats of the crib, he would look down upon him with an air of grave protection.

7. He also took a great fancy to papa, and would sometimes pat with tiptoe care into his study, and sit quietly down by him when he was busy over his Greek or Latin books, waiting for a word or two of praise or encouragement. If none came, he would lay his rough, horny paw on his knee, and look in his face with such an honest, imploring expression, that the professor was forced to break off to say, "Why, Carlo, you poor, good, honest fellow, — did he want

to be talked to?—so he did. Well, he shall be talked to;—he's a nice, good dog;”—and during all these praises Carlo's transports and the thumps of his rough tail are not to be described.

8. He had great, honest, yellowish-brown eyes,—not remarkable for their beauty, but which used to look as if he longed to speak; and he seemed to have a yearning for praise, and love, and caresses that even all our attentions could scarcely satisfy. His master would say to him sometimes, “Carlo, you poor, good, homely dog—how loving you are!”

9. Carlo was a full-blooded mastiff,—and his beauty, if he had any, consisted in his having all the good points³ of his race. He was a dog of blood, come of real old mastiff lineage;⁴ his stiff, wiry hair, his big, rough paws, and great, brawny chest, were all made for strength rather than beauty; but for all that, he was a dog of tender sentiments. Yet, if any one intruded on his rights and dignities, Carlo showed that he had hot blood in him; his lips would go back, and show a glistening row of ivory teeth that one would not like to encounter, and if any trenchied⁵ on his privileges, he would give a deep warning growl, as much as to say, “I am your slave for love, but you must treat me well, or I shall be dangerous.” A blow he would not bear from any one: the fire would flash from his great yellow eyes, and he would snap like a rifle; yet he would let his own Prince Charley pound on his ribs with both baby fists, and pull his tail till he yelped, without even a show of resistance.

10. At last came a time when the merry voice of little Charley was heard no more, and his little feet no more pattered through the halls; he lay pale and silent in his little crib, with his dear life ebbing

away, and no one knew how to stop its going. Poor old Carlo lay under the crib when they would let him, sometimes rising up to look in with an earnest, sorrowful face; and sometimes he would stretch himself out in the entry before the door of little Charley's room, watching with his great open eyes lest the thief should come in the night to steal away our treasure.

11. But one morning, when the children woke, one little soul had gone in the night, — gone upward to the angels; and then the cold, pale little form, that used to be the life of the house, was laid away tenderly in the yard of a neighboring church.

12. Poor old Carlo would pit-pat silently about the house in those days of grief, looking first into one face and then another; but no one could tell him where his gay little master had gone. The other children had hid the baby-wagon away in the lumber-room, lest their mamma should see it; and so passed a week or two, and Carlo saw no trace of Charley about the house. But then a lady in the neighborhood, who had a sick baby, sent to borrow the wicker wagon, and it was taken from its hiding-place to go to her. Carlo came to the door just as it was being drawn out of the gate into the street. Immediately he sprang, cleared the fence with a great bound, and ran after it. He overtook it, and poked his head between the curtains — there was no one there. Immediately he turned away, and padded dejectedly⁶ home. What words could have spoken plainer of love and memory than this one action?

¹ TAR'RIED. Stayed.

² MIS-AN-THRŌP'IC. Hating mankind.

³ PŌINTS. Qualities or properties in relation to shape, color, appearance, &c.

⁴ LYN'E-AGE. Descent.

⁵ TRĒNCHED. Encroached.

⁶ DE-JĒCT'ED-LY. Sorrowfully.

XX.—COUSIN DEBORAH'S LEGACY.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

1. COUSIN DEBORAH was an old, unmarried lady, who had no other property than a moderate life annuity.¹ The furniture of her house was faded and antique; the linen was well darned; the plate was scanty, and worn thin with use and frequent scouring; the books were few, and in no very good condition. She had no jewels or trinkets; her days were passed in a dreary state of tranquillity, stitching, stitching, stitching forever, with her beloved huge work-box at her elbow. *That* wanted nothing; for it was abundantly fitted up with worsted, cotton, tape, buttons, bodkins, needles, and such a multiplicity of reels and balls that to enumerate them would be a tedious task.

2. Cousin Deborah particularly prided herself on her darning; carpets, house linen, stockings, all bore unimpeachable testimony to this branch of industry. Holes and thin places were hailed with delight by her; and it was whispered—but that might be a mere matter of scandal—that she even went so far as to cut holes in her best table-cloths for the purpose of exercising her skill and ingenuity in repairing the fractures. Be that as it may, the work-box was as much a companion to her as dogs or cats are to many other single ladies. She was lost without it: her conversation always turned on the subject of thread-papers and needle-cases; and never was darning cotton more scientifically rolled into neat balls than by the taper fingers of Cousin Deborah.

3. The contents of that wonderful work-box would have furnished a small shop. As a child, I always regarded it with a species of awe and veneration; and without daring to lay a finger on the treasures it contained, my prying eyes greedily devoured its mysteries when the raised edge revealed its mountains of cotton and forests of pins and needles. And I have no doubt that Cousin Deborah first regarded me with favor in consequence of being asked by my mother to give me a lesson in darning—a most necessary accomplishment in our family, as I was the eldest of many brothers and sisters; and, though very happy among ourselves, the circumstances of our dear parents rendered the strictest industry and frugality absolutely indispensable in order to make “both ends meet.”

4. She was proud of me, on the whole, as a pupil, though she sometimes had occasion to reprove me for idleness and skipping stitches; and between us, it is impossible to say how many pairs of stockings we made whole in the course of the year. Many a time I was invited by Cousin Deborah to take tea with her, and bring my work-bag in my hand, as a matter of course; and we used to sit for long hours without speaking, intent on our needles, the silence unbroken save by the ticking of the eight-day clock.

5. I sometimes found it very dull work, I confess. Not so Cousin Deborah. She needed no other society than that of her work-box; and I do not believe she loved any human being so well. Her whole heart was in it; and the attachment she evinced towards me, as time went on, was fostered and encouraged by our mutual zeal in performing tasks of needle-work.

Not that I shared in *her* devotion: *I* was actuated by a sense of duty alone, and would far rather, could I have done so conscientiously, have been dancing and laughing with companions of my own age. But ply the needle I did, and so did Cousin Deborah; and we two became, with the huge old work-box between us, quite a pair of loving friends; and at least two evenings in every week I went to sit with the lone woman. She would have had me do so *every* evening; but, though there were so many of us at home, our parents could not bear to spare any of us out of their sight oftener than they deemed indispensable.

6. At length Cousin Deborah's quiet and blameless life came to an end. Having shut her work-box, locked it, and put the key in a sealed packet, she turned her face to the wall, and fell asleep.

7. When her will was opened, it was found that she had left her books, furniture, and plate to a family that stood in the same relationship to her as we did, but who were in much more prosperous circumstances than we. To me she devised² the huge old work-box, with all its contents, "in token of the high esteem and affection with which I was regarded" by the deceased. I was to inherit the well-stored work-box only on condition that it was to be daily used by me in preference to all others. "Every ball of darning cotton, as it diminishes, shall bring its blessing," said Cousin Deborah; "for Ada Benwell" (that was my name) "is a good girl, and has darned more holes in the stockings of her little brothers and sisters than any other girl of her age. Therefore I particularly commend the balls of darning cotton to her notice; and I particularly recommend her to use them up as

soon as she can, and she will meet with her reward in due season."

8. My mother was a little disappointed at the contents of our kinswoman's³ will, and expressed her displeasure in a few sharp remarks, for which my father gently reproved her. The subject of the legacies⁴ was never again discussed by us. The work-box was in constant requisition at my side, and the balls of darning cotton rapidly diminished. One day, as I was sitting beside my mother busy with my needle, she remarked, "You have followed our poor cousin's directions, my dear Ada. She particularly recommended you to use up the balls of darning cotton as soon as possible; and look, there is one just done."

9. As my mother spoke, I unrolled a long needleful, and came to the end of that ball. A piece of paper fell to the ground, which had been the nucleus⁵ on which the ball was formed. I stooped to pick it up, and was just about throwing it into the fire, when it caught my mother's eye, and she stretched out her hand and seized it. In a moment she unfolded it before our astonished gaze: it was a bank note of fifty pounds!

10. "O, dear, misjudged Cousin Deborah!" she exclaimed; "*this* is our Ada's reward in due season. It's just like her — kind, queer old soul!"

11. We were not long in using up all the other balls of darning cotton in that marvellous work-box; and such a reward as I found for my industry sure never was met with before or since. Truly, it was a fairy box, and my needle the fairy's wand.

12. No less than ten fifty-pound⁶ notes were thus brought to light; and my father laughingly declared

I had wrought my own dower⁷ with my needle. No persuasions could induce him to appropriate the treasure; he said it was my "reward," and belonged to me alone.

¹ AN-NŪ'I-TŲ. A sum of money paid yearly.

² DĒ-VIŠED'. Gave by a will.

³ KINŠ'WOM-AN (-wŭm-an). A female relative.

⁴ LĒG'A-CŲ. A gift of money or goods by a will.

⁵ NŪ'CLĒ-ŪS. The central part of a body,

or that around which matter is collected.

⁶ PŌUND. A money of account used in England, equivalent to about four dollars and eighty-four cents.

⁷ DŌW'ĒR. The portion or property which a woman brings her husband in marriage; dowry.



XXI.—THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL.

1. THE proudest motto for the young,
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words enfold,¹
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, cheering power—
There's no such word as fail.

2. The sailor, on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land,
And free and fearless though he be,
Wish they were near the strand;²
But when the storm on angry wings
Bears lightning, sleet, and hail,
He climbs the slippery mast, and sings,
There's no such word as fail.

3. The wearied student, bending o'er
 The tomes³ of other days,
 And dwelling on their magic lore,
 For inspiration prays ;
 And though with toil his brain is weak,
 His brow is deadly pale,
 The language of his heart will speak —
 There's no such word as fail.

4. The soldier, on the battle plain,
 When thirsting to be free,
 And throw aside a tyrant's chain,
 Says, " On to Liberty,
 Our households and our native land !
 We must, we will prevail ;
 Then foot to foot and hand to hand ;
 There's no such word as fail."

5. The child of God, though oft beset⁴
 By foes without, within,
 These precious words will ne'er forget
 Amid their dreadful din,
 But upward look with eye of faith,
 Armed with a Christian mail,
 And in the hottest conflict saith —
 There's no such word as fail.

¹ EN-FÖLD'. Enclose.

² STRÄND. Coast.

³ TÖMEŞ. Volumes ; books.

⁴ BË-SËT'. Attacked.

XXII.—SPEECH OF A CANDIDATE FOR THE
OFFICE OF SHERIFF.

[In this imaginary speech the author means to convey the lesson that candidates for public office do not usually speak so honestly and frankly. It will be noticed that the candidate here shows himself to be really fit for the office he seeks, and asks for it on that ground; whereas in real life such posts are apt to be demanded as rewards for services to a political party.]

1. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am a candidate¹ for the office of sheriff, and appear before you to prefer my claims to that responsible office.

2. I am a modest man, which is saying much in these days of impudence and pretension. I am content to be just what I am, and that is more than people in general can say, for this world is so given to flummery² and show that almost everybody is a humbug. But I am not. I can read, write, and cipher, which is more than many a voter can do.

3. I am polite, which is a desirable quality in a sheriff. In a legislator it does not matter so much, and a member of Congress may be a boor³ after he gets into office; but a sheriff should be a polite man, for his duty is none of the pleasantest. To arrest a man for murder, and not hurt his feelings, is the essence⁴ of politeness, and that I think I can do.

4. I am not a married man, and this is a merit in a sheriff; for then he will not fail to do his duty by reason of his feelings. A married man will have too tender a heart for such an office. No one but a bachelor is fit to be sheriff.

5. I am able to pay my own bills. It is the custom, you know, for candidates to call upon their

friends for food and lodging, and for money to carry on the canvass; but I'm not of the beggar tribe. I am able to pay my own way, which fact alone ought to commend me to your confidence.

6. I'll save the public money by charging no more fees than the law allows. I'll rob no man of his estate by levying⁵ on a whole farm to pay a petty debt. This is a great departure, I am aware, from the usual rule; but it is my way of doing business, if I am to be sheriff.

7. You can all do as you please, fellow-citizens, about voting for me. I shall not feel obliged to a voter, and forever bound to favor him, just because he has voted for me. I want no man's support who considers it a great favor to me. I know this is not the usual way for office-seekers to talk, but as I have some self-respect yet left, I propose to exercise it, in and out of office. If I am fit for the trust, elect me; if I am not fit, defeat me. That is all I have to say.

¹ CĀN'DJ-DĀTE. One who proposes himself, or who is proposed, for some office or station.

² FLŪM'MĒR-Y. Flattery.

³ BĀŌR. A rude peasant; a rustic.

⁴ ĒS'SĒNCE. That upon which the qualities of anything depend.

⁵ LĒV'Y-ING. Collecting money.

XXIII.—THE CHILDREN IN THE CLOUDS.

1. ONE pleasant Saturday afternoon, during the summer of 1858, an aeronaut,¹ after a prosperous voyage, descended upon a farm in the neighborhood of a large town, in one of the western states. He was soon surrounded by a curious group of the farmer's family and laborers, all asking eager questions about the voyage, and the management of the



balloon. That, secured by an anchor and a rope in the hand of the aeronaut, its car but a foot or two above the ground, was swaying lazily backward and forward in the evening air.

2. It seemed a sleepy and innocent monster in the eyes of the farmer, who, with the owner's permission, led it up to his house, where, as he said, he could

"hitch" it to his fence. But before he thus secured it, his three children, aged respectively ten, eight, and three, begged him to put them "into that big basket," that they might sit on "those pretty red cushions."

3. While the attention of the aeronaut was diverted² by more curious questioners from a neighboring farm, the rash father put his darlings, one by one, into the car. Chubby little Johnny proved the "ounce too much" for the balloon, and brought it to the ground; and then, unluckily, not the baby, but the eldest hope of the family, was lifted out. The relief was too great for the monster. The volatile³ creature's spirits rose at once; he jerked his halter out of the farmer's hand, and with a wild bound mounted into the air.

4. Vain was the aeronaut's anchor. It caught for a moment in a fence; but it tore away, and was off, dangling uselessly after the runaway balloon, which so swiftly and steadily rose that in a few minutes those two little white faces, peering over the edge of the car, grew indistinct, and those piteous cries of "Father!" "Mother!" grew faint and fainter, up in the air.

5. When distance and twilight mists had swallowed up voices and faces, and nothing could be seen but that dark, cruel shape, sailing triumphantly away, with its precious booty,⁴ like an aerial privateer,⁵ the poor father sank down helpless and speechless; but the mother, frantic with grief, still stretched her yearning arms towards the pitiless heavens, and called wildly up into the unanswering void.⁶

6. The aeronaut strove to console the wretched parents with assurances that the balloon would de-

scend within thirty miles of the town, and that all might be well with the children, provided it did not come down in water or in deep woods. In the event of its descending in a favorable spot, there was but one danger to be apprehended: the elder child might step out, leaving the younger in the balloon. Then it might rise again, and continue its voyage.

7. "Ah, no," replied the mother; "Jennie would never stir from the car without Johnnie in her arms."

8. The balloon passed directly over the town, and the children, seeing many persons in the streets, stretched out their hands, and cried loudly for help. But the towns-people, though they saw the bright little heads, heard no call.

9. Amazed at the strange sight, they might almost have thought the little creatures small angel navigators on some voyage of discovery, as, heading towards the rosy cloud-lands and purple islands of sunset splendor, they sailed deeper and deeper into the west, and faded away.

10. Some company they had, poor little sky-waifs.⁷ Something comforted them, and allayed⁸ their wild terrors; something whispered them that below the night and the clouds was their home; and that above was God; that wherever they might drift, living or dead, they would still be in his domain, and under his care.

11. When the sunlight all went away, and little Johnnie complained of the chill night air, Jennie took off her apron, and wrapped it about the child, saying tenderly, "This is all sister has to make you warm, darling; but she'll hug you close in her arms, and we will say our prayers, and you shall go to sleep."

12. "Why, how can I say my prayers before I have my supper?" asked little Johnnie.

13. "Sister hasn't any supper for you, or for herself; but we must pray all the harder," solemnly responded⁹ Jennie.

14. So the two baby wanderers, alone in the wide heavens, lifted up their little clasped hands, and said their prayers, as they were wont. "There! God heard that easy, for we are close to him, up here," said innocent little Johnnie.

15. Doubtless Divine Love stooped to the little ones, and folded them in perfect peace. Soon the younger, sitting on the bottom of the car, with his head leaning against his sister's knee, slept as soundly as though he were lying in his little bed at home. In the mean while the elder watched quietly through the long, long hours, and the car floated gently on in the still night air, till it began to sway and rock on the fresh morning wind.

16. At length, a happy chance, or Providence,—we will say Providence,—guided the little girl's wandering hand to a cord connected with the valve.¹⁰ Something told her to pull it. At once the balloon began to sink, slowly and gently, as though let down by tender hands, not into lake or river, lofty wood or lonely swamp, but causing it to descend, as softly as a bird alights, on a spot where human care and pity awaited it.

17. The sun had not yet risen, but the morning twilight had come, when the little girl, looking over the edge of the car, saw the dear old earth coming nearer,— "rising towards them," she said. But when the car stopped, to her great disappointment, it was

not on the ground, but caught fast in the topmost branches of a tree. Yet she saw they were near a house whence help might soon come ; so she awakened her brother, and told him the good news, and together they watched and waited for rescue, hugging each other for joy and for warmth, for they were very cold.

18. Farmer Barton, who lived in a lonely house, on the edge of his own private prairie, was awake and abroad earlier than usual that particular morning. No sooner did he step from his house, than his eyes fell upon a strange object hanging in a large pear tree, about twenty yards distant. He had never seen anything like it before, and in his fright and perplexity, he did what every wise man would do in a like extremity :¹¹ he called on his valiant¹² wife. Re-enforced¹³ by her, he drew near the tree, slowly and cautiously. Surely never pear tree bore such fruit !

19. Suddenly there was heard from the thing a plaintive, trembling little voice — “ Please take us down. We are very cold.”

20. Then a second little voice — “ And hungry too. Please take us down.”

21. “ Why, who are you, and where are you ? ”

22. The first little voice said, “ We are Mr. Harwood’s little boy and girl, and we are lost in a balloon.”

23. The second little voice said, “ It’s us, and we runned away in a balloon. Please take us down.”

24. Dimly comprehending the situation, the farmer, getting hold of a dangling¹⁴ rope, succeeded in pulling down the balloon. He first lifted out little Johnnie, who ran rapidly a few yards towards the house, then turned round, and stood for a few moments curiously surveying the balloon. The faithful

little sister was so chilled and exhausted, that she had to be carried into the house, where, trembling and sobbing, she told her wonderful story.

25. A mounted messenger was at once despatched to the Harwood house, with glad tidings of great joy. He reached it in the afternoon, and a few hours later the children themselves arrived in state, with music and banners, in a covered hay-wagon and four. Joy-bells were rung in the neighboring town, and in the farmer's brown house the happiest family on the continent thanked God that night.

1 *Ā'ĒR-Q-NĀUT*. One who sails through the air in a balloon.

2 *DĪ-VĒRT'ĒD*. Drawn away.

3 *VÖL'Ā-TĪLE*. Having power to fly; lively.

4 *BÖÖ'TŸ*. Spoil taken in war.

5 *PRĪ-VA-TĒĒR'*. An armed private vessel.

6 *VÖID*. Empty space.

7 *WĀIFS*. Things found astray without owners.

8 *ĀL-LĀYED'*. Quieted; soothed.

9 *RĒ-SPÖND'ĒD*. Answered.

10 *VĀLVE*. A lid closing an aperture so as to allow a passage in one way only.

11 *ĒX-TRĒM'Ī-TŸ*. Necessity; distress.

12 *VĀL'ĪANT* (*väl'yant*). Brave.

13 *RĒ-ĒN-FORCED'*. Strengthened with new assistance.

14 *DĀN'GLING*. Hanging loose.

XXIV.—TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

1. IF Fortune, with a smiling face,
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up? —
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must? —
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.
2. If those who've wronged us own their faults,
 And kindly pity pray,

When shall we listen and forgive? —
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from memory borrow,
 When shall we chide, if chide we dare? —
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

3. For virtuous acts and harmless joys
 The minutes will not stay;
 We've always time to welcome them
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But care, resentment,¹ angry words,
 And unavailing² sorrow,
 Come far too soon, if they appear
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

¹ RE-SÉNT'MENT. Deep sense of injury; | ² UN-A-VAIL'ING. Useless; vain.
 indignation.



XXV.—SUMMER RAIN.

1. THE mountain streams are silent,
 Or whisper faint and low;
 The earth is grateful to the dews
 For moisture which the clouds refuse;
 Blow, west wind, blow!
 And fall, O gentle rain!
 Awake the music of the bowers,
 Unfold the beauty of the flowers;
 The cornfields long to hear thy voice,
 And woods and orchards will rejoice
 To see thee, gentle rain!

2. It comes ! The gushing wealth descends !
 Hark ! how it patters on the leaves !
 Hark ! how it drips from cottage-eaves !
 The pastures and the clouds are friends :
 Drop gently, gentle rain !
 The fainting cornstalk lifts its head,
 The grass grows greener at thy tread,
 The woods are musical again ;
 And from the hill-side springing,
 Down comes the torrent, singing,
 With grateful nature in accord,¹
 A full-voiced anthem² to the Lord,
 To thank him for the rain.

¹ AC-CÖRD'. Union ; harmony of sounds. | ² AN'THEM. A sacred song or hymn.



XXVI.—LOST IN THE SNOW.

WILSON.

[John Wilson was born 1785, at Paisley, Scotland, and died in 1854. His *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life* are touching and life-like, and all his prose writings are marked by a rare union of pathos and simplicity.]

1. LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house as soon as the rim¹ of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain tops ; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still, as she kept ascending and descending the knolls² that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost ; and ever and anon³ she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations⁴ that she knew, and called

them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice or see her smiles but the ear and eye of Providence.

2. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside ; her parents waiting for her arrival ; the Bible opened for worship ; her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light ; her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand ; the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow ; old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes ; the pony and the cow — friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid⁵ pearls round her forehead.

3. She had now reached the edge of the Black Moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears ; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black Moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter⁶ darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably⁷ intermingled and furiously wafted in the air close to her

head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

4. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland⁸ cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep?" thought she; but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly⁹ of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of the sheep-track, or the footprint of a wild fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted, and, shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow.

5. It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow; of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor; and in a moment she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her; so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep, happy in the kirk¹⁰ on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child, and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through, in some quiet nook among the

pastoral¹¹ hills. But now there was to be an end of all this; she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come, and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.

6. The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed, and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss.¹² "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail: ¹³ eye could not see her, ear could not hear her in that howling wilderness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity, and that little sinless child was lying in the snow beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

7. The maiden, having prayed to her Father in Heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated. The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he, too, had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart, blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There

they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable¹⁴ barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

¹ RIM. Edge.

² KNÖLLS. Hills.

³ EV'ER AND A-NÖN'. Now and then.

⁴ CÖN-STEL-LÄ'TIÖNS. Clusters of fixed stars.

⁵ LÜ'CJD. Clear.

⁶ ÜT'TER. Complete; total.

⁷ IN-TËR'MJ-NA-BLY. Without end.

⁸ MÔÖR'LAND. Flat ground covered with heath.

⁹ BË-NIGN'LY (bë-nin'lë). Kindly.

¹⁰ KIRK. Church.

¹¹ PÄS'TÖ-RÄL. Of, or pertaining to, shepherds.

¹² MÖSS. A morass or boggy place.

¹³ Ä-VÄIL'. Use; service.

¹⁴ IN SÛR-MÖÖNT'Ä-BLE. That cannot be ascended; unconquerable.

XXVII.—NIGHT AND DAY.

1. In old times, long, long ago, when Night and Day were young and foolish, and had not discovered how necessary they were to each other's happiness and well-being, they chased each other round the world in a state of angry disdain,¹ each thinking that he alone was doing good, and that therefore the other, so totally² unlike himself in all respects, must be doing harm, and ought to be got rid of altogether, if possible.

2. Old northern tales say that they rode, each of them, in a car with a horse to it; but the horse of Night had a frosty mane, while that of Day had a shiny one. Moreover, foam fell from Frosty-mane's bit as he went along, which dropped on the earth as dew; and Shiny-mane's mane was so radiant that it scattered light through the air at every step. And thus they drove on, bringing darkness and light over the earth in turn — each pursuing and pursued; but

knowing so little of this simple fact, that one of their chief causes of dispute was, which was going first. For, of course, if they had been able to settle that, it would have been known which was the more important of the two; but as they drove in a circle, the point could not be decided, since what was first on the one side was sure to be last on the other, as anybody may see who tries to draw their journey.

3. They never gave this a thought, however, and there were no schoolmasters about just then to teach them. So round and round the world they went, without even knowing that it was round, still less that there was no such thing as first and last in a circle. And they never succeeded in overtaking, so as to pass, each other, though they sometimes came up very close, and then there was twilight.

4. Of the two, one grumbled and the other scolded, and it is easy to guess which did which. Night was gloomy by nature, especially when clouds hid the moon and the stars; so her complaints took a serious and melancholy tone. She was really broken-hearted at the exhaustion produced all over the world by the labors and pleasures which were carried on under the light of Day, and used to receive the earth back as if it was a sick child, and she a nurse, who had a right to be angry with what had been done to it.

5. Day, on the contrary, was amazingly cheerful, particularly when the sun shone; never troubled his head about what was to happen when his fun was over; on the contrary, thought his fun ought to last forever, because it was pleasant; was quite vexed when it was put a stop to, and had no scruple³ in

railing⁴ at his rival; whose only object, as it seemed to him, was to overshadow and put an end to all the happiness that was to be found.

6. "Cruel Night," he exclaimed, "what a life you lead me! How you thwart⁵ me at every turn! What trouble I have to take to keep your mischief in check! Look at the mists and shadows I must drive on one side before I can make the world bright with my beautiful light! And no sooner have I done so, than I feel your cold, unwholesome breath trying to come up to me behind! But you shall never overtake me if I can help it, though I know that is what you want. You want to throw your hateful black shadow over my bright and pleasant world."

7. "I doing mischief which you have to keep in check!" groaned Night, quite confused by the accusation.⁶ "I, whose whole time is spent in trying to repair the mischief other people do: *your* mischief, in fact, you wasteful consumer of life and power! Every twelve hours I get back from you a half worn-out world, and this I am expected to restore and make as good as new again; but how is it possible? Something I can do, I know. Some wear and tear I can renew and refresh; but some, alas! I cannot; and thus creep in destruction and death."

8. "Hear her," cried Day, in contempt, "taunting⁷ me with the damage I do, and the death and destruction I cause! I, the life-giver, at whose word the whole world awakes, which else might lie asleep forever. She, the grim likeness of the death she talks about, and bringing death's twin sister in her bosom."

9. "You are Day, the destroyer, I, Night, the restorer," persisted Night, evading⁸ the argument.

10. "I am Day, the life-giver, you, Night, the desolater,"⁹ replied Day, bitterly.

11. "I am Night, the restorer, you, Day, the destroyer," repeated Night.

12. "You are to me what death is to life," shouted Day.

13. "Then death is a restorer, as I am," exclaimed Night.

14. And so they went on, like all other ignorant and obstinate arguers, each full of his own one idea, and taking no heed of what the other might say. How could the truth be got at by such means? Of course it could not, and of course, therefore, they persisted¹⁰ in their rudeness. And there were certain seasons, particularly, when they became more impertinent¹¹ to each other than ever.

15. For instance, whenever it was summer, Day's horse, Shiny-mane, got so strong and frisky that Night had much ado¹² to keep her place at all, so closely was she pressed in the chase. Indeed, sometimes there was so little of her to be seen, that people might have doubted whether she had passed by at all, had it not been for the dew Frosty-mane scattered, and which those saw who got up early enough in the morning.

16. O, the boasting of Day at these times! And really he believed what he said. He really thought that it would be the greatest possible blessing if he were to go on forever, and there were to be no Night. Perhaps he had the excuse of having heard a whisper of some old tradition to that effect; but the principal cause of the mistake was, that he thought too much about himself and too little about his neighbor.

17. "Fortunate world," cried he; "it must be clear to every one, now, what it is that brings blessings and does good to you and your inhabitants. Good old earth, you become more and more lovely and fruitful,¹³ the more and more I shorten the hours of Night and lengthen my own. We can do tolerably well without her restoring power, it would seem! If we could be rid of her altogether, therefore, what a Paradise there would be! Then the foliage, the flowers, the fruits, the precious crops of this my special season would last forever. Would that it could remain uninterrupted!"

¹ DĪṢ-DĀIN'. Scorn; contempt.

² TŌ'TAL-LY. Wholly; entirely.

³ SCRŪ'PLE. Inquietude of conscience.

⁴ RĀIL'ING. Reproaching.

⁵ THWĀRT. Hinder; oppose.

⁶ AC-CU-ŠĀ'TIŌN. Charge.

⁷ TAUNT'ING (tānt'ing or tāwnt'ing).

Reproaching with insulting words.

⁸ Ē-VĀD'ING. Avoiding by artifice.

⁹ DES'Q-LĀT-ĒR. One who causes desolation.

¹⁰ PĒR-SĪST'ĒD. Continued; fixed.

¹¹ IM-PĒR'TI-NĒNT. Rude; *unmanly*.

¹² Ā-DŌ'. Trouble; difficulty.

¹³ FRŪIT'FŪL. Productive.

XXVIII. — SEA-SHORE.

1. HARK to the roar,
On the rocky shore,
Of the blue waves, bounding high;
How they foam and dash,
With a mighty crash,
Where the tangled sea-weeds lie!
2. Rising and dancing,
Like a war-steed prancing,
And hurriedly rushing on,

The briny deep
Doth its roaring keep
The frothy shore along.

3. When the full moon pale,
Through a cloudy veil,
O'er the ocean sheds her light,
And the glittering star
Shineth afar,
'Midst the starry hosts of night,
4. And many a sail,
That has weathered¹ the gale,
Is bathed in the pale moon-rays,—
On such a night
'Tis a glorious sight
O'er the boundless sea to gaze.²

¹ WEATH'ERED. Borne up against; | ² GAZE. To look intently and earnest
endured. ly.

XXIX.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

WHITTIER.

1. BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —
Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

2. O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude¹
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine ;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans !²
For, eschewing³ books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,

Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

3. O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for !
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !⁴
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex⁵ Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

4. O for festal⁶ dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread. . .
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude !
O'er me, like a regal⁷ tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,

Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
 Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
 While for music came the play
 Of the pied⁸ frogs' orchestra;
 And, to light the noisy choir,
 Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
 I was monarch: pomp and joy
 Waited on the barefoot boy!

5. Cheerily, then, my little man,
 Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
 Though the flinty slopes be hard,
 Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
 Every morn shall lead thee through
 Fresh baptisms of the dew;
 Every evening from thy feet
 Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
 All too soon these feet must hide
 In the prison cells of pride,
 Lose the freedom of the sod,
 Like a colt's for work be shod,
 Made to tread the mills of toil,
 Up and down in ceaseless moil;⁹
 Happy if their track be found
 Never on forbidden ground;
 Happy if they sink not in
 Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
 Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy,
 Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

¹ HĀB'Ī-TŪDE. Customary mode of life.

² AR'TI-ŠANŠ. Mechanics.

³ ŠS-CHEW'ING. Fleeing from; avoiding.

⁴ HĒS-PĒR'Ī-DEŠ. Three sisters who possessed a garden with golden apples.

⁵ CŌM'PLĒX. Consisting of many parts.

⁶ FĒS'TAL. Suitable to a feast.

⁷ RE'GAL. Kingly; royal.

⁸ PĪED. Of different colors; variegated.

⁹ MŌIL. Labor; drudgery.

XXX. — BABBY JOHN.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

1. BABBY¹ JOHN was not a baby at all, but the Caffre corruption of the Dutch word similar to the English baboon. Babby John — “a fellow of infinite jest, of a most excellent fancy” — was my tame baboon.

2. When I became possessed of this treasure, I was living in the colony of Port Natal, South Africa, and cultivating the acquaintance of the brute creation, of which I had a collection which made gardening out of the question. I laid out, or rather left alone, my little domain² to be a miniature menagerie, and of all living things to grace it I coveted a baboon. Now, Babby John was an established favorite at a hotel in the town; but the proprietor became bankrupt, and on the sale of his property I became the delighted purchaser of his pet.

3. Arrived at home, my first care was to lodge my new inmate for the night, till I could secure him properly in the morning. Among his native wilds, his genius might have found a thousand ways of diverting itself; but being in captivity, Babby John was wont³ to employ the whole powers of his mind in the devising,⁴ and the whole powers of his body in the perpetration,⁵ of mischief. For the first night, I tied him to a post in the veranda. He had a bit of bread and half a cup of coffee, then curled himself up and went to sleep, as I thought, for the night.

4. Early in the morning I was awaked by loud cries from my Caffre servant, and on proceeding to learn

the cause, discovered Babby John, though it was barely light, at work with a zeal worthy of a better cause. He had pulled up all the tiles, forming the pavement of the veranda, within his reach, broken all he could, and thrown the rest away. When I came to interrupt his pastime, he was hard at work on the house-wall, picking out the mortar with his long, lean forefinger. He had already removed two or three bricks, and bade fair to make a considerable excavation⁶ in an hour or two. Without stopping for a moment in his work, he was making most hideous grimaces⁷ whenever the Caffre approached him.

5. Next I tied him up in a grove of *Syringa* trees, where he made war against all passengers. Threatening, chattering, screaming, showing his teeth, wrinking his brows, and exhibiting his white eyebrows till he seemed as if he was moved by a string inside, in the manner of a doll, he effectually stopped all passage. Once or twice he laid ambuscades⁸ by concealing himself on a bough, and suddenly dropping on the head of any one passing beneath.

6. Next I fastened him to a tree in a hedge where he could do no possible harm. But here again his talent for ambuscades was so conspicuous that I heard screams all day long. His custom "of an afternoon" was to lie snugly concealed at the top of the hedge, and when any one approached unsuspectingly on the road, Babby John would launch himself at his or her head; and though always brought up by his chain, still, to say the least of it, the totally unexpected apparition of a flying baboon was trying to the nerves.

7. I soon began to feel that I had a most trouble-

some pet in Babby John, and to think that if those ancient mariners of Solomon, who, in company with the navy of Hiram, went to Tarshish for apes and peacocks,* returned with a cargo of Babby Johns, they had but a wearisome passage home.

8. He showed a decided taste for natural history. It was clear that all insect life was to be inquired into and banished; and accordingly very few beetles or small insects of any kind escaped a strict investigation. He was afraid of lizards, and, when he met one, screamed and made faces at it till it retired. All the frogs and toads he saw, he chased, caught, and then threw away.

9. But on removing a thick tuft of grass, he discovered a snake. Then his terror knew no bounds: it was by turns abject and frantic. He flew round his pole till it resembled a fire-work, and tugged at his chain till it snapped. When free, he rushed into the house, and sought shelter under my bed. Extracted⁹ from this hiding-place by the tail, he clung with the most suffocating fondness to my neck; nor till he was satisfied that the snake was really gone, could he be induced to return to his pole.

10. Babby John frequently broke loose from his chain. It was to no purpose that I bought new and stronger chains: some part would in time yield to the efforts prompted by the thoughts of freedom which throbbed in that little hairy bosom. When he did get free, one was not kept long in ignorance of the fact; shrieks of chattering joy from the escaped prisoner, yells from the Caffres, screams from passers-by, and

* 2 Chronicles ix. 21.

the clash of chains over neighboring roofs, proclaimed the glad news.

11. At times he contented himself with taking possession of my own roof, where his favorite pastime was to pull off the tiles, and throw them down the chimney. The only way to get him down from "that bad eminence" was by the offer of a glass of gin and water. This was a treat he, like many of his human brethren, could not resist. It cost him a pang, to be sure: he knew that he would be seized by the tail, and consigned¹⁰ again to captivity, if he descended to obtain the refreshment; but the temptation was generally too strong.

12. At times, however, he would rush off at once to neighboring premises. He seemed to know that his career of freedom would be short, and therefore, on these excursions, endeavored—and I must do him the justice to say generally with success—to eat the greatest quantity of fruit, and do the greatest amount of mischief, in the shortest given time. In upsetting anything, his talents came out very strong. Once I caught him on my dinner-table, busily employed in mixing the vinegar with the mustard—an operation which he effected with the air of a philosopher performing a chemical experiment.

13. The end of Babby John was tragic,¹¹ though strictly in keeping with the tenor¹² of his life. I gave him to a pastry cook; and after a week's residence in his new quarters, one night he broke loose, entered into the shop, and the next morning, was found stiff and stark on the floor, having, to say the truth, eaten himself to death with tarts. His white, closed eyelids showed ghastly in his swarthy

visage, and his little black hands were clasped, in the pangs of indigestion, over his distended ¹³ stomach.

¹ BĪB'BY.

² DQ-MĀIN'. Estate.

³ WŌNT (wūnt). Accustomed.

⁴ DĒ-VĪŖ'ING. Contriving; inventing.

⁵ PĒR-PĒ-TRĀ'TIŌN. Commission, as of a crime; doing.

⁶ EX-CA-VĀ'TIŌN. Cavity.

⁷ GRĪ-MĀ'CEŖ. Distortions of the countenance from habit, affectation, or insolence.

⁸ ĀM-BUS-CĀDEŖ'. Secret stations in which men lie to surprise others.

⁹ ĒX-TRĀCT'ED. Drawn out.

¹⁰ CON-SIGNED'. Committed.

¹¹ TRĀQ'IC. Shocking; mournful.

¹² TEN'OR. Course; constant mode.

¹³ DJS-TĒND'ED. Expanded; enlarged.

XXXI.—LITTLE NELL'S GARDEN.

DICKENS.

1. THE old sexton soon got better, and was about again. He was not able to work; but, one day, there was a grave to be made, and he came to overlook the man who dug it. He was in a talkative mood;¹ and Nelly, at first standing by his side, and afterwards sitting on the grass at his feet, with her thoughtful face raised towards him, began to converse with him.

2. "You were telling me," she said, "about your gardening. Do you ever plant things here?"

3. "In the churchyard?" returned the sexton. "Not I."

4. "I have seen some flowers and little shrubs about," the child rejoined; "there are some over there, you see. I thought they were of your rearing; though, indeed, they grow but poorly."

5. "They grow as Heaven wills," said the old man; "and it kindly ordains² that they never shall flourish here."

6. "I don't understand you."

7. "Why, this it is," said the sexton; "they mark the graves of those who had very tender, loving friends."

8. "I was sure they did!" the child exclaimed. "I am very glad to know they do!"

9. "Ay," returned the old man; "but stay. Look at them. See how they hang their heads, and droop, and wither. Do you guess the reason?"

10. "No," the child replied.

11. "Because the memory of those who lie below passes away so soon. At first they tend them, morning, noon, and night; they soon begin to come less frequently; from once a week, to once a month; then at long and uncertain intervals;³ then not at all. Such tokens seldom flourish long. I have known the briefest summer flowers outlive them."

12. "I grieve to hear it," said the child.

13. "Ah! so say the gentlefolks who come down here to look about them," returned the old man, shaking his head; "but I say otherwise. 'It's a pretty custom you have in this part of the country,' they say to me sometimes, 'to plant the graves; but it's melancholy to see these things all withering or dead.' I crave⁴ their pardon, and tell them that—as I take it—'tis a good sign for the happiness of the living. And so it is. It's nature."

14. "Perhaps the mourners learn to look to the blue sky by day, and to the stars by night, and to think that the dead are there, and not in graves," said the child, in an earnest voice.

15. "Perhaps so," replied the old man, doubtfully. "It may be."

16. "Whether it be as I believe it is, or not,"

thought the child within herself, "I'll make this place my garden. It will be no harm, at least, to work here day by day; and pleasant thoughts will come of it, I'm sure."

¹ MÔÔD. Temper or state of mind.

² QÛ-DĀINS'. Orders.

³ IN'TËR-VĀLS. Spaces of time.

⁴ CRĀVE. Beg.

XXXII.—KILLED AT THE FORD.

LONGFELLOW.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He has resided in Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1836, having been professor of modern languages from that year till 1854. Of living poets, writing in English, he is the most popular and widely known. His poetry is marked by tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, and healthy moral tone.]

The following poem commemorates one of the many sad incidents of the recent civil war in our country. A young man, perhaps the only son of a widowed mother, is shot by a rebel scout. The mother, on hearing the news, dies suddenly of a broken heart; and the poet imagines her to have been struck and slain by the same fatal bullet as her child.]

1. HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of truth,
He the life and soul of us all,
Whose voice was blithe¹ as a bugle-call,
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant
word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.
2. Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song—
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

3. Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still:
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he speaks
In a room when some one is lying dead,
But he made no answer to what I said.
4. We lifted him to his saddle again
And through the mire and the mist and the rain,
Carried him back to the silent camp
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses on his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood red.
5. And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal² bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant north,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

¹ BLISSFUL. Joyous.

² FATAL. Deadly.

XXXIII.—THY WILL BE DONE.

1. MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
O, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will be done."
2. If Thou shouldst call me to resign¹
What most I prize, — it ne'er was mine, —
I only yield Thee what was thine.
 "Thy will be done."
3. Renew my will from day to day;
Blend² it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
 "Thy will be done."
4. E'en if again I ne'er should see
Those who're more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee.
 "Thy will be done."
5. Then, when on earth I breathe no more,
The prayer oft mixed with tears before
I'll sing upon a happier shore —
 "Thy will be done."

¹ RE-SIGN'. To give up.² BLEND. Mingle.

XXXIV. — DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

DICKENS.

1. PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; ¹ not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him, with observing eyes.

2. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency² to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars — and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

3. As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it — to stem it with his childish hands, or choke its way with sand; and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was

always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

4. When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church-towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, “I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you. Tell papa so.”

5. By little and little, he got tired of the bustle³ of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing, and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. “Why will it never stop, Floy?” he would sometimes ask her. “It is bearing me away, I think.” . . .

6. But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

.

7. “Now lay me down,” he said; “and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you.”

8. Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together

9. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

10. Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

11. He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

12. "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs, at school, is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go."

13. The golden ripple⁴ on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll.⁵ The old, old fashion — Death!

14. O, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality!⁶ And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged,⁷ when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

¹ TRÂN'QUIL-LY. Quietly.

² TÊN'DEN-CY. Inclination.

³ BŨS'TLE (bũs'sl) Tumult; stir.

⁴ RIP'PLE. A little wave.

⁵ SCRÖLL (skröl). A writing formed into a roll.

⁶ IM-MÖR-TÄL'I-TY. Endless life.

⁷ ẼS-TRÄNGED'. Withdrawn; alienated.

XXXV.—“I HAVE NO CHANCE.”

1. Don't say that, young man. You have five chances on each hand. Then you have thirty-six at least in your head. Every faculty you have will vote you into office, if you only enfranchise¹ it, and form a confederation² between the freemen in your brain and the freemen at the ends of your arms.

2. Chances, plenty of them, fall under our eyes, if we have only eyes to see them and hands to pick them up.

3. The falling of an apple was the opportunity for Newton to solve the secret of the skies.

4. A floating sea-weed, drifting by the vessel when the crew were uttering mutinous threats, was the chance seized by Columbus to pacify an incipient³ rebellion, and to inspire his men with the promise of a new continent and a new world of enterprise.

5. The picking up of a pin in a street of Paris by a poor boy, as he was going from a great bank, saddened at the denial of his application for a place, was the founding of the success and prosperity of one of the greatest bankers of the queen city of the world.* That simple act, illustrative of the economical spirit asserting itself over present grief, was observed from the window; the lad was recalled, and the refusal recalled at the same moment. Industry, patience, and honesty did the rest.

6. A chance remark from a peasant girl, in an obscure country district, falling upon the ear of the

* This story is told of Jaques Laffitte, a celebrated banker and statesman of Paris.

young, observing thinker, Dr. Jenner, gave vaccination to the world, and saves hundreds of lives annually.*

7. A pewter plate founded the Peel family. Robert, in the poor country about Blackburn, seeing a large family growing up about him, felt that some source of income must be added to the meagre⁴ products of his little farm. He quietly conducted experiments in calico printing in his own home. One day, thoughtfully handling a pewter plate, from which one of the children had just dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring matter, he was delighted to find that the impression could be accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire; and Sir Robert Peel, to this day, is called, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel."

8. Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child, in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters, gave his successful spinning model to the world, and put a sceptre in England's right hand such as the queen never wielded.

9. A jumping tea-kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head who gave us the great giant of modern industry.†

* Dr. Jenner was studying his profession at Sodbury, near Bristol, in England, when a young woman came to seek advice. The subject of small-pox being mentioned in her presence, she observed, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This remark led to a series of observations and experiments which resulted in the discovery of vaccination.

† James Watt.

10. A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grand-parents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions applying electricity.

11. Don't say you have no chance, young man! You have the same chance, and better, than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. "Men uniformly overrate riches and underrate their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more."

12. "The longer I live," says one of earth's noble sons, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy — invincible⁴ determination — a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!" That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will be worth much without it.

¹ EN-FRÂN'CHISE. Make free.

² ÇON-FÊD-ÊR-Â'TIÛN. A league; an alliance.

³ ÎN-CÏP'Ï-ÊNT. Beginning; commencing.

⁴ MÊA'GRE (mê'gyr). Poor; small.

⁵ ÎN-VÎN'CÏ-BLE. That cannot be overcome; unconquerable.

XXXVI.—OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

[William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He has resided for many years in or near the city of New York. His poetry is distinguished for high finish, lofty moral tone, and admirable descriptions of American scenery.]

1. LAY down the axe; fling by the spade;
 Leave in its track the toiling plough;
 The rifle and the bayonet blade
 For arms like yours were fitter now;

And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield¹
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

2. Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts — see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.
3. Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,²
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried³ ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.
4. And ye, who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark⁴ that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defence;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons⁵ bear ye thence.
5. And ye, whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;

As terrible as when the rains
 Have swelled them over bank and bourn,
 With sudden floods to drown the plains
 And sweep along the woods upturn.

6. And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
 Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
 In number like the waves that leap
 On his long, murmuring marge of sand,
 Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim
 He rises, all his floods to pour,
 And flings the proudest barks that swim,
 A helpless wreck, against his shore.

7. Few, few were they whose swords of old
 Won the fair land in which we dwell;
 But we are many, we who hold
 The grim resolve to guard it well.
 Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
 Blow after blow, till men shall see
 That Might and Right move hand in hand,
 And glorious must their triumph be.

¹ **WIËLD.** To handle.

² **CLĒAVE.** Split.

³ **SĒR'RĪED.** Close; crowded.

⁴ **BŪL'WĀRK.** A fortification or other
 means of defence.

⁵ **SQUAD'RŌNŞ** (skwōd'rŏnz). Bodies
 of troops drawn up in squares.

XXXVII. — GLORIES OF THE HEAVENS.

Hymn from part of the Nineteenth Psalm.

ADDISON.

1. THE spacious¹ firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal² sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm³ the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What though nor real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

¹ SPĀ'CIOUS (spā'shūs). Extensive; extended.

² E-THERĒ-ĀL. Formed of ether, an element rarer and purer than air.

³ CON-FYRM'. Put past doubt by additional evidence.

XXXVIII. ~ ADVENTURE WITH A MOOSE.

G. H. DEVEREUX.

The following narrative is from a work entitled "Sam Shirk: a Tale of the Woods of Maine." The scene is laid in a small sea-coast town in the eastern part of Maine. James Butler, a young man, is the leading character of the village in wealth and influence. Sam Shirk, his companion, who gives his name to the book, is a man who has been reclaimed from a useless and vagabond life by the influence of Butler and his mother. They are in the woods, upon a hunting expedition.

1. THEY now proceeded cautiously¹ forward, dodging from cover to cover, till Sam, who was slightly in advance, halted and signed to Butler to come up where he stood, behind a huge pine. "There they are!" whispered he.

2. The horns of one of the stately animals, though not yet full grown,—for the moose, like other deer, sheds his horns annually² about the month of November,—could be seen above a thicket of low birches in their front. They soon saw that a number of them were moving about in the same neighborhood. The large head and heavy muzzle³ of a male were perfectly visible through an opening among the bushes; and Shirk levelled⁴ his gun and fired.

3. The head of the animal disappearing at the report, he rushed through the copse-wood, exulting in his supposed success. Butler followed him directly, hoping to obtain a shot at another before the herd had dispersed; but, as he emerged from the thicket, his attention was occupied in an unexpected manner.

4. The moose was standing at bay⁵ in one of the paths trodden out by the herd, the blood dropping from a flesh-wound through the neck, with his eye flashing, and his fore-foot pawing the ground. Rage

and pain had converted the inoffensive and timid creature into a furious belligerent.⁶ As he saw Butler come up, he dropped his head, made a dash at Shirk, and, taking him up fairly on his horns, started off at full speed. Astonished and alarmed, Butler paused a moment in perplexity.⁷

5. "Shirk must be fatally bruised and crippled among the trees, if that furious beast does not gore¹ or trample him to death," thought he. "I must try a nice shot; and Heaven help my aim this time!"

6. James then dropped upon his knee, and took a careful aim along the barrel of his rifle. The moose had already attained a distance of more than a hundred yards. Still Butler hesitated to pull the trigger. Although his heavy burden did not seem to diminish the speed of the animal in the least, it compelled him to carry his head horizontally, instead of thrown upward and back, as is their wont. The body of Sam and the head and body of the deer offered, therefore, one straight line, when seen from behind.

7. The fearful proximity⁹ of the human form to the range of his rifle appalled¹⁰ Butler, and his hand shook with agitation. The moose was now rushing directly for a close and heavy growth of large trees, among which it was apparent that a person in Sam's situation must be almost immediately maimed,¹¹ if not destroyed by a hideous and painful death. "Better be shot than that," said Butler to himself. "I must do my best, and trust it to Providence."

8. Steadying himself by a severe effort, he took a quick, but careful aim, and fired. His ball struck precisely as he wished, under the fore-shoulder of the moose, and brought him to the ground. Sam was

pitched off several yards in the fall, while the moose lay disabled and helpless.

9. James hardly dared look through the smoke to see the effect of his shot; but as he perceived the fortunate result, "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "I have done it." Before he could rise and get fairly on his way, he was relieved from all anxiety, by seeing Sam upon his feet and approaching his fallen enemy from the other side. When Butler came up, Sam had cut the animal's throat, and then, at his leisure, shaking his fist at his huge head, apostrophized¹² him in the following speech:—

10. "You good-for-nothing scamp you, who told you I wanted a ride, free gratis, for nothing?"

11. "Why, Sam, I think you have no reason to complain. You've got no harm but a fright; and this poor beast is paying dearly enough for that."

12. "No, I won't grumble. But for that handsome shot of yours, I might have been pounded into a jelly, or torn into shoe-strings by this time."

13. "What sort of a cradle did the old fellow's horns make, Sam?"

14. "Why, not so very bad. It would have been worse if they had been full grown. A pillow or two would have improved it, any how."

¹ CĀU'TIOUS-LY. Watchfully; carefully.

² AN'NU-AL-LY. Every year.

³ MŪZ'ZLE (mūz'zl). The nose and mouth of an animal.

⁴ LĒV'ĒLLED. Aimed.

⁵ BĀY. The state of being pursued by enemies, and obliged to stop and face them through impossibility of escape.

⁶ BĒL-LĪQ'ĒR-ENT. A party carrying on war.

⁷ PER-PLĒX'J-TY. Anxiety; confusion.

⁸ GÖRE. Stab; pierce with a horn.

⁹ PRŌX-IM'J-TY. Nearness.

¹⁰ AP-PĀLLED'. Frightened; terrified.

¹¹ MĀIMED. Mutilated; crippled.

¹² A-PŌS'TRŌ-PHIZED. Addressed by an apostrophe, or a digressive address of a speaker to a person or thing, present or absent.

XXXIX.—LION, THE FIRE DOG.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

1. LION came into the possession of the superintendent of the London fire brigade when he was but twelve months old. His first retreat was in the engine-house, where, on some old hose and sacking, he made himself as comfortable as he could, and coiled¹ himself up, like the tubing on which he lay. Considering that he was thus placed in charge of the engine-house, he resented the first occasion on which a fire occurred at night. The fire bell rang, and the firemen crowded to the spot, prepared to draw forth the engine, when a decided opposition was made on the part of Lion, who showed a determination to fasten himself on the first fireman who dared to enter the house. In this way the faithful dog kept them all at bay until the arrival of his master, whom he instantly recognized and obeyed.

2. As soon as the horses were harnessed, and the engine was in motion, Lion bounded along in company, and was present at his first fire. After that time, he attended no less than three hundred and thirty-two fires, and not only attended, but assisted at them, always useful, and sometimes doing work and saving life, which, but for him, would have been lost.

3. His chief friends, the firemen, say it would take a long while to tell all his acts of daring and sagacity;² but we must, in justice to his memory, record some of the most notable.³

4. Whenever the fire bell rang, Lion was immediately on the alert,⁴ barking loudly, as if to spread



the dire⁵ alarm. Then, as soon as his master had taken his place on the engine, and before the horses were off, he led the way, clearing the road and warning every one of the approach of the engine, and spreading the news of the fire by his loud voice.

5. On one occasion, when the horses were tearing along the streets as fire-engine horses alone can, a little child was seen just in front of the engine. To

stop the horses in time was impossible, though the driver did his best. The brave hearts of the firemen sank within them as they felt they must drive over the little body. Bystanders raised their arms and shrieked as they witnessed an impending catastrophe⁶ which they could do nothing to avert.⁷ No human help could avail, and it must needs be that the engine of mercy, on its way to save life, must sacrifice the life of an innocent, helpless child!

6. But stay! Human eyes were not the only ones that took in that sad scene, and that saw the impending⁸ doom of the little one. Brave, sagacious, and fleet, Lion saw at a glance the danger that threatened the child, and springing forward, he knocked him down; then seizing him firmly in his jaws, he made for the pavement obliquely, and gently deposited his charge in the gutter just as the engine went tearing by.

7. But this was only an incident by the way; Lion's real work began when the scene of the fire was reached. As soon as the door was opened, or dashing through the window if there was a delay in opening the door, the noble animal would run all over the burning house, barking, so as to arouse the inmates if they were unaware of the danger; and never would he leave the fire until he had either aroused them or had drawn the attention of the firemen to them.

8. Once the firemen could not account for his conduct. Darting into the burning house, — the ceilings of which had given way, — and then out again to the firemen, he howled and yelled most loudly. It was believed that no one was in the house, but Lion's conduct made his master feel uneasy.

9. Still nothing could be done by way of entering the house, as the fire was raging fiercely, and the house would soon fall in. Finding that his entreaties were not regarded, and suffering from burns and injuries, the noble animal discontinued his efforts, but ran uneasily round the engine, howling in a piteous manner; nor would he leave the spot after the fire was put out until search was made, when beneath the still smouldering embers, the firemen discovered the charred body of an old man, whom he had done his utmost to save.

10. Lion's noble efforts, however, were often crowned with success; and many a one has to bless the wondrous qualities with which God had endowed him.

11. At one fire, after the inmates had made their escape, a cry was raised that "the baby had been left behind in the cradle up stairs," though no one seemed to be able to indicate the room. The fire had so far got hold of the dwelling, such dense volumes of flame and smoke were issuing from every opening, that it was impossible for any fireman to enter, and the crowd stood horror-stricken at the thought of the perishing babe.

12. The crisis was a terrible one; an effort was made, an entry was effected, and some of the men ventured some distance within the burning pile, only to retrace their steps. At this emergency,⁹ Lion dashed past the men, disappeared amid the flames, but returned in a minute into the street with the empty cradle in his powerful jaws. The consequence of this almost incredible¹⁰ feat—which was witnessed by many—may be better imagined than described.

13. The fact that Lion did not re-enter the house

— which, though badly burned, he would doubtless have done had he left the child behind — was sufficient to convince the dullest intellect that the child was secure; and it was very soon ascertained that the object of search was safe in a neighboring house. No wonder, then, that this noble animal endeared himself to all who knew him; and those who knew him best loved him the most. For fourteen years Lion continued his noble and useful career as public benefactor, as friend and companion to the firemen, and as mourner at their graves; for he attended the funerals of no less than eleven of them.

14. Death came to him at length; for last year he died from injuries received in the discharge of his self-imposed duties. There are few of our readers who would not have liked to pat that brave old dog; there are fewer still who may not learn useful and valuable lessons from the speaking testimony of that dumb animal.

¹ CÖLED. Wound.

² SA-GÄÇ'I-TY. Quick discernment.

³ NÖT'Ä-BLE. Remarkable.

⁴ Ä-LËRT'. Lookout.

⁵ DÏRE. Dreadful.

⁶ ÇÄ-TÄS'TEQ-PHE. Calamity.

⁷ Ä-VËRT'. Turn away.

⁸ IM-PEND'ING. Hanging over; near at hand.

⁹ E-MËR'QEN-CY. Sudden occasion.

¹⁰ IN-CRED'J-BLE. That cannot be credited or believed.

XL. — THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

BRYANT.

1. It was a hundred years ago,
 When, by the woodland ways,
 The traveller saw the wild deer drink,
 Or crop the birchen sprays.

2. Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
 O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
 A deer was wont to feed.
3. She only came when on the cliffs
 The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
 In which she walked by day.
4. White were her feet, her forehead showed
 A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
 In autumn's hazy night.
5. And here, when sang the whip-poor-will,
 She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
 On still October eves.
6. But when the broad midsummer moon
 Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
 There grazed a spotted fawn.
7. The cottage dame forbade her son
 To aim the rifle here ;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
 Or fright that friendly deer.
8. "This spot has been my pleasant home
 Ten peaceful years and more ;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
 She feeds before our door.

9. "The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.
10. "I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."
11. The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where, deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.
12. But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.
13. The crescent¹ moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingled light;
The deer, upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.
14. He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.
15. Away, into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

16. Next evening shone the waxing² moon
 As sweetly as before ;
 The deer upon the grassy mead
 Was seen again no more.
17. But ere that crescent moon was old,
 By night the red men came,
 And burnt the cottage to the ground,
 And slew the youth and dame.
18. Now woods have overgrown the mead,
 And hid the cliffs from sight ;
 There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon
 And prowls³ the fox at night.

¹ CRÉS'CÉNT. Increasing ; growing.
 Applied to the new moon.

² WAX'ING. Becoming larger or more full.

³ PRÖWL§. Roves about for plunder or prey.

XLI. — HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

[Extracts from a sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, at Roxbury, Mass., from the text, "And in the name of our God we will set up our banners."]

1. THE history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white saltier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12, 1700, these two crosses were joined together

upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

2. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis¹ of our American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined "Stars and Stripes." It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that, January 2, 1776, he unfolded before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army.

3. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever² the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital³ and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied.⁴ Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union *also* of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and opposition.

4. On the 14th day of June, 1776, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3, 1776, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance⁵ of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the union of the states.

5. In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly admitted state. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent⁶ return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

6. Thus the flag would symbolize⁷ the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon

that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance,⁸ and justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a Union that must be “one and inseparable.”⁹

7. What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy’s Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, —“Don’t give up the ship,”—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs,¹⁰ and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant west.

8. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation’s glory,

received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty¹¹ to their country!

9. What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "O, the flag! the Stars and Stripes!" And, wherever that flag has gone, it has been a herald of a better day — it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled¹² it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness, love and salute it.

¹ BĀ'SJS. Foundation.

² SEV'ER. To separate violently; to rend in twain.

³ VĪ'TAL. Living.

⁴ IM-PLĪED'. Meant; signified.

⁵ PUR-SŪ'ANCE. The act of pursuing or following out.

⁶ PĒR'MA-NENT. Lasting; enduring.

⁷ SŪM'BOL-IZE. Represent by a symbol or sign.

⁸ VĪQ'IL-ANCE. Watchfulness.

⁹ IN-SEP'A-RA-BLE. That cannot be separated or disjoined.

¹⁰ ĀZ'TECS. One of the early races in Mexico, inhabiting the great plateau of that country at the time of the Spanish conquest.

¹¹ FĒ'AL-TY. Fidelity; loyalty.

¹² TRĀM'PLED. Trodden under foot in contempt or scorn; crushed.

XLII.—FILIAL TRUST.

1. THE curling waves, with awful roar,
A little bark assailed,
And pallid¹ Fear's distracting power
O'er all on board prevailed,—
2. Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm,
And, cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.
3. "And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied;
"My father's at the helm!"
4. So when our worldly all is reft,²
Our earthly helpers gone,
We still have one sure anchor left,—
God helps, and he alone.
5. He to our prayers will lend his ear,
He give our pangs relief,
He turn to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each torturing grief.
6. Then turn to him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm,
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm!

¹ PALLID. Pale.² REFT. Taken away.

XLIII.—JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

BRET HARTE.

[Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany in 1837. He went to California while yet a lad, and, after a few years of varied and adventurous life, assumed the editorial charge of *The Overland Monthly*, a magazine published in San Francisco. Here he became widely and favorably known by a series of papers, describing life and manners upon the Pacific Coast, which were remarkable for vigor of style and a certain quaint and original combination of humor and pathos. These sketches have been published in Boston in volume entitled *The Luck of Roaring Camp and other Sketches*. He has published a humorous work called *Condensed Novels*, and also a volume of poems. His poems are marked by the same vein of peculiar humor as his prose writings. In his sudden rise to extensive popularity Mr. Harte presents a parallel to Dickens, between whose genius and his own there is also some resemblance.]

1. HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:—
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
2. I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood !
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folk say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

3. Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron, — but his best ;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called “ swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “ quiltings ” long ago.
4. Close at his elbows all that day,
Veterans of the Peninsula,

Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,¹
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire*.²
“ How are you, White Hat ! ” “ Put her through ! ”
“ Your head’s level,” and “ Lucky for you ! ”
Called him “ Daddy,” — begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer³ and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

5. ’Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand ;
And his corded throat, and the lurking⁴ frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique⁵ vestments⁶ and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,⁷
That day was their oriflamme⁸ of war.
6. So raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,

Broke at the final charge, and ran,
 At which John Burns — a practical man —
 Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
 And then went back to his bees and cows.
 That is the story of old John Burns;
 This is the moral the reader learns :
 In fighting the battle, the question's whether
 You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather !

¹ LÖRE. Learning.

² REPERTOIRE (rā-pēr-twär). Repertory ; repository.

³ JĒÉR. Railing language ; sneer.

⁴ LÜRK'ING. Lying in wait.

⁵ AN-TIQUE' (än-tëk'). Ancient ; not modern.

⁶ VĒST'MENTS. Garments.

⁷ NA VÄRRE'. Henry IV. of France was also king of Navarre.

⁸ ÖR'J-FLÄMME (ör'j-fläm). A little banner of red silk with many points streaming like flames, borne on a gilt staff, the ancient royal standard of France.

XLIV. — BEHIND TIME.

FREEMAN HUNT.

1. A RAILROAD train was rushing along at almost lightning speed. A curve was just ahead, beyond which was a station at which the cars usually passed each other. The conductor was late, so late that the period during which the down train was to wait had nearly elapsed ; but he hoped yet to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight right ahead. In an instant there was a collision. A shriek, a shock, and fifty souls were in eternity ; and all because an engineer had been *behind time*.

2. A great battle was going on. Column¹ after column had been precipitated for eight mortal hours on the enemy posted along the ridge of a hill. The summer sun was sinking to the west ; reënforcements² for the obstinate defenders were already in sight ; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge, or everything would be lost.

3. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country, and if it came up in season all would yet be well. The great conqueror, confident in its arrival, formed his reserve³ into an attacking column, and ordered them to charge the enemy. The whole world knows the result. Grouchy * failed to appear; the imperial guard was beaten back; Waterloo was lost. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his marshals was *behind time*.

4. A leading firm in commercial circles had long struggled against bankruptcy. As it had enormous assets⁴ in California, it expected remittances by a certain day, and if the sums promised arrived, its credit, its honor, and its future prosperity would be preserved. But week after week elapsed without bringing the gold. At last came the fatal day on which the firm had bills maturing⁵ to enormous amounts. The steamer was telegraphed at day-break; but it was found, on inquiry, that she brought no funds, and the house failed. The next arrival brought nearly half a million to the insolvents,⁶ but it was too late; they were ruined because their agent, in remitting, had been *behind time*.

5. A condemned man was led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation, and public sympathy was active in his behalf. Thousands had signed petitions for a reprieve,⁷ a favorable answer had been expected the night before, and though it had not come, even the sheriff felt confident that it would yet arrive in season. Thus the morning passed without the ap-

* Napoleon Bonaparte, emperor of France, was defeated by the Allies under the Duke of Wellington, at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Marshal Grouchy (*pronounced Grô-shê'*) was expected to aid the emperor with a body of troops, but failed to appear.

pearance of the messenger. The last moment was up. The prisoner took his place on the drop, the cap was drawn over his eyes, the bolt was drawn, and a lifeless body swung revolving in the wind. Just at that moment a horseman came into sight, galloping down hill, his steed covered with foam. He carried a packet in his right hand, which he waved rapidly to the crowd. He was the express rider with the reprieve.⁷ But he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death, because a watch had been five minutes too slow, making its bearer arrive *behind time*.

6. It is continually so in life. The best laid plans, the most important affairs, the fortunes of individuals, the weal of nations, honor, happiness, life itself, are daily sacrificed because somebody is "behind time." There are men who always fail in whatever they undertake, simply because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them, and they perish unrepentant, because forever "behind time." Five minutes in a crisis is worth years. It is but a little period, yet it has often saved a fortune or redeemed a people. If there is one virtue that should be cultivated more than another by him who would succeed in life, it is punctuality; if there is one error that should be avoided, it is being *behind time*.

¹ CÖL'VMN. A body of troops in deep files, with narrow front.

² RE-ËN-FÖRCE'MENTS. Supplies of additional troops.

³ RE-SËRVE'. A select body of troops kept in the rear of an army in action, to give support when required.

⁴ ÄS'SETS. Property or effects.

⁵ MÄ-TÛR'ING. Ripening; coming to a perfected state. Bills or notes mature when they become due.

⁶ ÆN-SÖL'VENT. One who cannot pay his debts.

⁷ RE-PRIËVE'. A suspension of a sentence of death.

XLV.—JOYS AND SORROWS OF EGGS.

BRECHER.

1. BORN in the country, our amusements were few and simple ; but what they lacked in themselves we supplied from a buoyant¹ and overflowing spirit of enjoyment. A string and a stick went further with us, and afforded more hearty enjoyment, than forty dollars' worth of trinkets to our own children. Indeed, it would seem as if the enjoying part of our nature depended very much upon the necessity of providing its own pleasures. There are not many of our earlier experiences which we should particularly care to renew. We are content to renew our wading and grubbing after sweet flagroot only in memory. The nuttings were excellent in their way, the gathering of berries, the building of snow-houses, and the various games of summer and winter, on land, ice, or snow. We keep them as a pleasant background of recollection, without any special wish to advance them again into the foreground.

2. One thing we shall never get over. We shall never lose enthusiasm for hens' nests. The sudden cackling outcry of a faithful old hen, proclaiming the wonder of her eggs, we shall never hear without the old flush and wish to seek and bring in the vaunted trophy.² The old barn was very large. It abounded in nooks, sheds, compartments, and what-nots, admirably suited to a hen's love of egg-secretiveness.³ And no lover ever sought the post-office for an expected letter with half the alacrity⁴ with which we used to search for eggs.

3. Every barrel, every manger and bin, every pile of straw or stack of cornstalks, every mow and grain-room, was inspected. And there was always the delightful hope that a new nest would suddenly open up to us. For every one properly born and well brought up knows that hens' nests are fortuitous,⁵ and are always happening in the most surprising manner, and in the most unexpected places. And though you bring all your great human brain to bear upon the matter, a silly old hen will tuck away a dozen eggs, right under your eyes, and will walk forth daily after each instalment with a most domestic air and tone of taunting, saying, as plain as inarticulate sounds can proclaim it, "I've laid an egg! I've laid an egg! I've laid another! You can't find it! You won't find it! I know you won't!"

4. And sure enough we can't find it, and don't find it, until, after a due time, the gratified old fuss leads forth all her eggs with infinite cluckings responsive to endless peepings! Behold, there was a nest in a clump of grass not a yard from a familiar path.

5. The knowledge that a nest might dawn upon us at any time kept our youthful zeal more alert than ever Columbus was to discover this little nest of a continent. Sometimes we detected the sly treasure in the box of a chaise; sometimes an old hat held more in it when cast into a corner than in its palmy⁶ days. The ash-bin was an excellent spot. The fireplace under an old, abandoned Dutch oven was a favorite haunt. We have crept, flat as a serpent, under the whole barn, fearless of all the imaginary monsters which, to a boy's imagination, populate dark holes, and have come forth flaxed from head to foot

with spiders' webs, well rewarded if only a few eggs were found.

6. Now, it sometimes happened that, when busy about the "chores," foddering the horse, throwing down hay to the cows, we discovered a nest brimming full of hidden eggs. The hat was the bonded-warehouse,⁷ of course. But sometimes it was a cap not of suitable capacity. Then the pocket came into play, and chiefly the skirt pockets. Of course we intended to transfer them immediately after getting into the house, for eggs are as dangerous in the pocket, though for different reasons, as powder would be in a forgerman's pocket. And so, having finished the evening's work, and put the pin into the stable door, we sauntered towards the house, behind which, and right over Chestnut Hill, the broad moon stood showering all the east with silver twilight.

7. All earthly cares and treasures were forgot in the dreamy pleasure; and at length, entering the house,—supper already delayed for us,—we drew up the chair, and peacefully sank into it with a suppressed and indescribable crunch and liquid crackle underneath us, which brought us up again in the liveliest manner, and with outcries which seemed made up of all the hens' cackles of all the eggs which were now holding carnival⁸ in our pockets! It is easy to put eggs into your pocket; but how to get them out again, that's the question. Such a hand-dripping business,—such a scene when the slightly angry mother and the disgusted maid turned the pockets inside out!

8. We were very penitent! It should never happen again! And it did not—for a month or two.

Then a sudden nest, very full, tempted us, and we fortified our courage, as, of course, the same accident could not happen twice. The memory of the old disaster would certainly prevent any such second ridiculous experience!

9. But it chanced there was company in the house, — cousins and gladly-received neighbors. And amidst the congratulations, and the laugh, and the handshakings, they began to sit down; and we also sat quietly down, but rose up a great deal quicker! Our disgrace was total!

10. Three times within our melancholy remembrance did we perform this shameful act, until a hen's nest affected us with peculiar horror.

11. Are we the only man that sits down on eggs? Is not the whole world hunting nests, and laying up their treasures in pockets behind them, and sitting down on all their spoils, when it is too late? Are there not other things besides eggs, which are very fair on the outside, and very clean if tenderly handled, which, when broken, are most foul to the raiment and the touch? Are there no men filling their pockets with thin-shelled, golden eggs, which Fortune lays, and which they mean to carry home, and employ for all domestic uses, but which in the end are crushed, and only soil their pockets?

12. We said we performed the feat three times. Why should we conceal the fact that we have understated the number? Let us make a clean pocket of the matter, and confess that it happened oftener, and even after we were grown up and married! The wife's admirable conduct on the occasion established her reputation. And if any one, before venturing

upon the untried navigation of matrimony, would test the patience and gentleness of any angelic person, we would advise him to sit down on a dozen eggs in her presence, and witness then the developments of her disposition in the disaster.

¹ BUÖŸ'ANT. Cheerful.

² TRÖ'PHY. A monument or memorial of victory.

³ SE-CRĒ'TIVE-NĒSS. Disposition to secrecy or concealment.

⁴ A-LĀC'Rİ-TY. Cheerfulness; readiness.

⁵ FÖR-TÜ'İ-TOÜS. Happening by chance; accidental.

⁶ PĀLM'Y (pām'e). Prosperous.

⁷ BÖND'ĒD-WĀRE'NÖÖSE. A ware-

house in which imported goods are kept by officers of the customs for security of the duties chargeable on them.

⁸ CĀR'NI-VĀL. A feast or season of festivity celebrated with much merriment in Catholic countries, and especially at Rome and Venice, during the week preceding Lent.



XLVI.—CITY AND COUNTRY.

O. W. HOLMES.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D., was born in Cambridge, in 1809, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He is one of the most brilliant and popular of American writers. He is a professor in the medical department of Harvard College, and distinguished as a man of science. The following poem was read by him at a festival gathering of the sons of Berkshire, Mass.]

1. COME back to your Mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered, like truants, for riches and
fame!

With a smile on her face, and a sprig in her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

2. Come out from your alleys, your courts, and your
lanes,

And breathe, like your eagles, the air of our plains;
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent
wives

Will declare 'tis all nonsense insuring your lives.

3. Come, you of the law, who can talk, if you
 please,
 Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
 And leave "the old lady, that never tells lies,"
 To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.
4. Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
 Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac¹ line;
 While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors
 can go
 The old roundabout road to the regions below.
5. You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
 And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens,
 Though Plato* denies you, we welcome you
 still —
 As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.
6. Poor drudge of the city! how happy he feels
 With the burs on his legs and the grass at his
 heels!
 No *dodger*² behind his bandannas³ to share, —
 No constable grumbling, "You musn't walk
 there!"
7. In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
 He slaps a mosquito, and brushes a tear;
 The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms and
 shoots;
 He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his
 boots.

* PLATO. A celebrated Greek philosopher, born about four hundred and thirty years before Christ. His reported definition of *man* — a biped without feathers — is alluded to here.

8. There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church ;
That tree by its side had the flavor of birch ;
O, sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many " big
licks " !
9. By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps ;
The boots fill with water, as if they were pumps ;
Till, sated ⁴ with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart, and a cold in his head.
10. 'Tis past, — he is dreaming, — I see him again ;
The ledger returns as by legerdmain ; ⁵
His mustache is damp with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus ⁶ straw.
11. He dreams the chill gust is a blossoming gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale ;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
" A 1. ⁷ — Extra super. — Ah ! isn't it prime ! "
12. O, what are the prizes we perish to win,
To the first little " shiner " we caught with
a pin !
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial ⁸ pies !

13. Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast;
 Though not at the "Astor,"* we'll give you at least
 A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
 And the best of old — water — at nothing a glass !

¹ IP'Ē-CĀC. A contraction of *ipeca-*
uanha, a South American plant used
 as an emetic.

² DŌDQ'ĒR. One guilty of sly, mean
 tricks; *here*, a sly thief.

³ BĀN-DĀN'NA. A kind of pocket hand-
 kerchief.

⁴ SĀT'ĒD. Filled or gratified to the ex-
 tent of desire; gluttoned.

⁵ LĒQ-ĒR-DE-MĀIN'. Sleight of hand;

the art of performing tricks which
 depend chiefly on nimbleness of hand;
 a juggle.

⁶ ŌM'NĪ-BŪS. A large public carriage
 used in cities.

⁷ A 1. Signs used in insuring a vessel to
 denote that it is of the first class;
hence, colloquially applied to anything
 of the best quality.

⁸ TĒR-RĒS'TRĪ-ĀL. Earthy, or earthly.

XLVII.—TWILIGHT.

LONGFELLOW.

1. THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.
2. But in the fisherman's cottago
 There shines a sudden light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers¹ out into the night.
3. Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

* A large hotel in New York city.

4. And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.
5. What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy¹ casement,
Tell to that little child?
6. And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

¹ PEERS Looks narrowly.² CRA'ZY. Broken.

XLVIII.—THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

W. W. FOSDICK.

1. LET sailors sing the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor;
But in my heart this toast I'll keep,
The Independent Farmer.
When first the rose, in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining,
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honeysuckle twining,—
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,—
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

2. The blackbird clucks behind his plough,
The quail pipes loud and clearly;
You orchard hides behind its bough
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn, whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands —
The Independent Farmer.
3. To him the Spring comes dancing gay,
To him the Summer blushes,
The Autumn smiles with mellow ray,
His sleep old Winter hushes.
He cares not how the world may move;
No doubts or fears confound him;
His little flock are linked in love,
And household angels round him;
He trusts in God and loves his wife;
Nor grief nor ill may harm her;
He's nature's nobleman in life —
The Independent Farmer.

XLIX.—THE STAGE-COACH.

IRVING.

[Washington Irving, author of "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Astoria," "Life of Columbus," "Life of Washington," and various other well-known works, was born in the city of New York, April 8, 1783, and died November 28, 1859. Of all our writers, no one is so generally popular; and the universal favor with which his works are received is due, not merely to their great literary merits, their graceful style, rich humor, and unaffected pathos, but also to the fact that they are so strongly marked by the genial and amiable traits of the writer, which were conspicuous in his life, and made him beloved by all who knew him. The following extract is a portion of a paper in the Sketch Book.]

1. IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom¹ of book, birch, and pedagogue.

2. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog, and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! How he could run! And then such

leaps as he would take ! There was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

3. They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world.

4. Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity² that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends ; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls.

5. Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order ; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows.

6. I was roused from a fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home ; and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John ! and there's

old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

7. At the end of a lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated³ pointer, and by the redoubtable⁴ Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road-side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

8. I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

9. Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated,⁵ for I was reminded of those days, when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity.

10. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John,

trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

¹ THRÁL'DQM. Bondage ; slavery.

² SẼ-RẼN'Í-TÝ. Calmness ; peace.

³ SŪ-PẼR-ẼN'NU-ĀT-ẼD. Disqualified or enfeebled by age.

⁴ RẼ-DÖÖBT'Ā-BLE. Formidable ; terrible.

⁵ PRẼ-DÖM'Í-NĀT-ẼD. Prevailed.

L. — A FOREST ON FIRE.

AUDUBON.

[John James Audubon, more celebrated as an ornithologist and a painter than as a writer, was born of French parentage, in Louisiana, in May, 1780. He was educated in France, and was a pupil of the celebrated painter David. In 1839 he completed the publication of his celebrated "Birds of America," a work issued in eighty-seven numbers, giving four hundred and thirty-five colored engravings, representing the objects the size of life. This work has been truly said to contain the most life-like and wonderful specimens of bird-painting that have ever been produced. He was also the author of an Ornithological Biography, a text-book accompanying his plates, and of an octavo edition of his Birds of America, in seven volumes, combining both text and plates. Assisted by Rev. Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., he also published an illustrated work on the quadrupeds of North America. He died in 1851. The following narrative is taken from the Ornithological Biography.]

1. WE were sound asleep one night, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of horses and lowing of our cattle which were ranging in the woods, suddenly awoke us. I took my rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them in great consternation.¹

2. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far-

extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle two of the best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I felt that every moment was precious to us.

3. We then mounted our horses, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; and my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, I looked back, and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran, as if mad, through the woods; and that was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable,² ran after the deer, that in great numbers sprang before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

4. We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament.³ Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires, that advanced with a broad front upon us.

5. By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop down every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us.

6. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shore, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee-side.⁴ There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged, by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burned or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

7. On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a night may we never again see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened; for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds and smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching; and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

8. The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water

beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering⁵ fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burned cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell; for about some of it I remember nothing.

9. When morning came, all was calm; but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past; so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us; but this was soon remedied. Several deer were standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted, and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

10. By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burned trees. After resting a while, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted⁶ in the best manner we could, we at last reached the hard woods, which had been free from the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly

treated. Since then, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberman; and, thanks to God, we are safe, sound, and happy!

¹ CŌN-STĒR-NĀ'TION. Terror; fright.

² TRĀC'TĀ-BLE. Docile; manageable.

³ PRĒ-DĪC'Ā-MĒNT. Situation; plight.

⁴ LĒĒ-SĪDE. The side of a ship or boat farthest from the point whence the wind blows; *lee*, sheltered side.

⁵ SMŌUL'DĒR-ING. Burning and smoking without vent.

⁶ SHĪFT'ĒD. Resorted to expedients; managed.

EXAMPLE.

JOHN KEBLE.

1. WE scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.
2. The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air they seem to fleet;
We count them ever past;
But they shall last —
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!
3. I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

READING LESSONS.

PART II.

LI. — TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER OF JOB.

NOYES'S TRANSLATION.

1. TRULY there is a vein for silver,
And a place for gold, which men refine.
2. Iron is obtained from earth,
And stone is melted into copper.
3. Man putteth an end to darkness;
He searcheth to the lowest depths
For the stone of darkness and the shadow of death.
4. From the place where they dwell they open a shaft;¹
Forgotten by the feet,
They hang down, they swing away from men.
5. The earth, out of which cometh bread,
Is torn up underneath, as it were by fire.
6. Her stones are the place of sapphires,
And she hath clods of gold for man.
7. The path thereto no bird knoweth,
And the vulture's eye hath not seen it;

8. The fierce wild beast hath not trodden it;
The lion hath not passed over it.
9. Man layeth his hand upon the rock;
He upturneth mountains from their roots;
10. He cleaveth out streams in the rocks,
And his eye seeth every precious thing;
11. He bindeth up the streams, that they trickle ² not,
And bringeth hidden things to light.
12. But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
13. Man knoweth not the price thereof,
Nor can it be found in the land of the living.
14. The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
15. It cannot be gotten for gold,
Nor shall silver be weighed out as the price
thereof.
16. It cannot be bought with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx or the sapphire.
17. Gold and crystal are not to be compared with it;
Nor can it be purchased with jewels of fine gold.
18. No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal;
For wisdom is more precious than pearls.
19. The topaz of Ethiopia cannot equal it,
Nor can it be purchased with pure gold.

20. Whence, then, cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
21. Since it is hidden from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
22. Destruction and Death say,
We have heard a rumor³ of it with our ears.
23. God knoweth the way to it;
He knoweth its dwelling-place.
24. For he seeth to the ends of the earth,
And surveyeth all things under the whole heaven.
25. When he gave the winds their weight,
And meted⁴ out the waters by measure,—
26. When he prescribed⁵ a law to the rain,
And a path to the thunder-flash,—
27. Then did he see it, and make it known;
He established it, and searched it out.
28. But he said unto man,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding.

¹ SHAFT. A long pit or opening made in the earth, as into a mine.

² TRICKLE. Fall or run down in drops.

³ RUMOR. Flying or popular report.

⁴ MET'ED. Measured.

⁵ PRE-SCRIBED'. Set down; dictated; appointed.

LII. — MORNING.

KEBLE.

[John Keble, an English clergyman and poet, was born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, April 25, 1792, and died in March, 1866. He was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford in 1833, and in 1835 became vicar of Hursley, where he lived during the remainder of his life, discharging faithfully the modest duties of an English country clergyman. He was an admirable scholar and a man of fine genius, but was most of all remarkable for his deep religious faith and the singular purity of his life and conversation. A volume of poems by him, called "The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year," obtained unprecedented popularity both in England and America, having passed through more than fifty editions. He is the author of a poetical work of a similar kind, entitled "Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and Privileges." He also published several sermons and theological tracts, a Life of Bishop Wilson, and a volume of lectures on poetry, in the Latin language, and edited the works of Richard Hooker.]

1. NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.
2. New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
3. If on our daily course our mind
Be set, to hallow ¹ all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
4. O, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise !
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk !

5. Seek we no more ; content with these,
Let present rapture,² comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go —
The secret this of rest below.

6. Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

¹ HÄL'LÖW. Consecrate ; make holy. | ² RÄPT'URE. Extreme delight.

LIII. — NIGHT.

1. THE sun rests on the brink¹ of the western horizon, sparkling over the ever-restless surface of the ocean. Dazzled by the excess of light, I turn my eyes from the brilliant orb, and look down upon the strand at my feet, where the tide wave rolls upwards in broad sheets of foam, and then again falls back in a thousand little rills, and with a thousand delightful murmurs.

2. My eye has rested, and once more wishes to enjoy the aspect of the setting sun ; but the fiery globe has already sunk below the margin of the waters, to cast its streams of light over other lands and seas — to awaken millions to the labors and enjoyments of a new-born day. A gorgeous canopy² of clouds, glowing in every tint of gold, scarlet, and purple, alone remains to bear witness to the vanished sun's magnificence — as after the death of a hero the memory of his deeds still lingers behind in many

a glorious tradition,³ and spreads a halo⁴ over his tomb.

3. At length even the last faint glimmerings of light have disappeared; night has fully vanquished⁵ day, and an increasing gloom seems about to cover all nature with a funereal⁶ pall. But this triumph of death is only apparent⁷ and of short duration, for as the darkness deepens, new worlds blaze forth from the dark heavens, and open the portals⁸ of the Infinite to our astonished gaze. Thus night, far from contracting our horizon, withdraws in reality the veil which hid from us the wonders of a boundless universe.

4. Who can describe the splendor of the starry heavens? With vivid colors the painter imitates the blushing morn or the moonbeam dancing on the lake: the forest, the sea, the mountains appear on his canvas like reality itself; but the wonders of the starry heavens mock the weakness of his art, for how could he confine the boundless fields of ether within the narrow limits of a painting?

5. In all times, in all zones the aspect of the nocturnal⁹ firmament has awakened feelings of pious awe in the breast of man; and surely the idea of a single and omnipotent¹⁰ God first dawned in his soul while his eye was plunging into the depths of the skies, and star after star shone down upon him from that amazing dome whose cupola is everywhere extended, and whose pillars are nowhere to be found.

¹ BRINK. The edge of any place.

² CÂN'Q-PY. A covering over the head.

³ TRĀ-DI'TIŌN. The delivery of facts to posterity by oral report, not in writing.

⁴ HĀ'LŌ. A bright circle round the sun or moon; a glory.

⁵ VĀN'QUISHED. Conquered.

⁶ FŪ-NĒ'RE-ĀL. Suiting a funeral; dark.

⁷ ĀP-PĀR'ĒNT. Visible; not real.

⁸ PÖR'TĀLS. Gates; entrances.

⁹ NŌC-TŪR'NĀL. Relating to night.

¹⁰ QM-NIP'Q-TĒNT. All-powerful.

LIV.—THE RESCUE.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON.

[Edward Bulwer Lytton, Lord Lytton, was born in 1805. He has written a great number of novels, which have been generally read in England and America. He is also the author of several plays, of poems, pamphlets, and political speeches. He is generally known by the name of Bulwer, under which his earlier works were written. In 1866 he was made a peer, and assumed the title of Lord Lytton, having for some years previously added Lytton to his original name of Bulwer; Lytton having been that of his mother.]

The following is from the drama of "The Rightful Heir." Vyvyan is by birth heir to a title and an inheritance, of which he has been deprived with the connivance of his mother, Lady Montreville, who has recognized in him her wronged son, but is not known to him.]

Vyvyan. In truth we made a scurvy¹ figure
After our shipwreck.

Lady Montreville. You jest merrily
On your misfortunes.

Vyvyan. 'Tis the way with sailors:
Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.

Lady M. That sigh, in truth, speaks sadness.
Sir, if I

In aught could serve you, trust me.

Eveline. Trust her, Vyvyan.
Methinks the mournful tale of thy young years
Would raise thee up a friend wherever pity
Lives in the heart of woman.

Vyvyan. Gentle lady,
The key of some charmed music in your voice
Unlocks a haunted chamber in my soul;
And — would you listen to an outcast's tale —
'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year,
Beneath the roof of a poor village priest,
Not far from hence, my childhood wore away;
Then stirred within me restless thoughts and deep: —

Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature
Something seemed absent, — what I scarcely knew,
Till one calm night, when over slumbering seas
Watched the still heaven, and down on every wave
Looked some soft lulling star — the instinctive² want
Learned what it pined for ; and I asked the priest
With a quick sigh, Why I was motherless ?

Lady M. And he ?

Vyvyan. Replied that — I was nobly born,
And that the cloud which dimmed a dawning sun
Oft but foretold its splendor at the noon.

As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came —
Faint as the things some former life hath known.

Lady M. Of what ?

Vyvyan. A face sweet with a stately sorrow,
And lips which breathed the words that mothers
murmur.

Lady M. (*Aside.*) Back, tell-tale tears ! —

Vyvyan. About that time, a stranger
Came to our hamlet ; rough, yet, some said, well born ;
Roisterer, and comrade, such as youth delights in.
Sailor he called himself, and nought belied
The sailor's metal ringing in his talk
Of El Dorados,³ and Enchanted Isles,
Of hardy Raleigh, and of fearless Drake,
And great Columbus with prophetic eyes
Fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me —
And, from the deep whose billows washed our walls,
Th' alluring wave called with a Siren's⁴ music,
And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

Lady M. The priest, consenting, still divulged not
more ?

Vyvyan. No ; nor rebuked mine ardor. “ Go,” he
said,

"The noblest of all nobles are the men
In whom their country feels herself ennobled."

Lady M. (Aside.) I breathe again. — Well, thus
you left these shores —

Vyryan. Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled
our sails,

When the false traitor who had lured my trust
Cast me to chains and darkness. Days went by.
At length — one belt of desolate waters round,
And on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows
(A hideous crew, the refuse of all shores) —
Under the flapping of his raven flag
The pirate stood revealed, and called his captive.
Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings,
And grimly smiled in answering, "I, like thee,
Cast off, and disinherited, and desperate,
Had but one choice — death or the pirate's flag.
Choose *thou*. I am more gracious than thy kindred.
I proffer life; the gold *they* gave me paid
Thy grave in ocean!"

Lady M. Hold! The demon lied!

Vyryan. Swift, as I answered so, his blade flashed
forth;

But self-defence is swifter still than slaughter;
I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me,
And smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all
That human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel
lightened;

When in the death swoon of the caitiff^s chief,
The pirate next in rank forced back the swarm,
And — in that superstition of the sea
Which makes the sole religion of its outlaws —
Forbade my doom by bloodshed; gripped and bound me

To a slight plank ; spread to the winds the sail,
And left me on the waves alone with God.

Eveline. Pause. Let my hand take thine — feel
its warm life,
And, shuddering less, thank Him whose eye was o'er
thee.

Vyryan. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Tossed the frail barrier between life and death ;
Heaven lulled the gales ; and when the stars came
forth,

All looked so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recalled that wretch's words, and murmured, " All,
Even wave and wind, are kinder than my kindred !"
But — nay, sweet lady —

Lady M. Heed me not.

Vyryan. Night passed —
Day dawned ; and, glittering in the sun, behold,
A sail — a flag !

Eveline. Well, well ?

Vyryan. Like Hope, it vanished !
Noon glaring came — with noon came thirst and
famine,

And with parched lips I called on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep :

And then the clear wave trembled, and below
I saw a dark, swift-moving, shapeless thing,
With watchful, glassy eyes ; the ghastly shark
Swam hungering round its prey — then life once
more

Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent⁶ gaze
And lifted hair I floated on, till sense
Grew dim, and dimmer ; and a terrible sleep

(In which still — still — those livid⁷ eyes met mine)

Fell on me — and —

Eveline.

Quick, quick !

Vyryan.

I awoke, and heard

My native tongue ! Kind looks were bent upon me.

I lay on deck — escaped the ravening death —
For God had watched the sleeper.

Eveline.

O, such memories

Make earth, forever after, nearer heaven,
And each new hour an altar for thanksgiving.

Lady M. Break not the tale my ear yet strains to listen.

Vyryan. True lion of the ocean was the chief
Of that good ship. Beneath his fostering eyes,
Nor all ungraced by Drake's illustrious praise,
And the frank clasp of Raleigh's kingly hand,
I fought my way to manhood. At his death
The veteran left me a more absolute throne
Than Cæsar filled — his war-ship ; for my realm
Add to the ocean, hope — and measure it !
Nameless, I took his name. My tale is done —
And each past sorrow, like a wave on shore,
Dies on this golden hour. (*Turns to Eveline.*)

Lady M. (*Observing them.*) He loves my ward,
Whom Clarence, too — that thought piles fear on fear ;

Yet, hold — that very rivalship gives safety —
Affords pretext to urge the secret nuptials,
And the prompt parting, ere he meet with Alton.
I — but till Nature sobs itself to peace,
Here's that which chokes all reason. — Will ye not

Taste summer air, cooled through yon shadowy
alleys?

Anon I'll join you. (*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.)

Vyryan. We will wait your leisure.

A most compassionate and courteous lady —

How couldst thou call her proud?

Eveline.

Nay, ever henceforth,

For the soft pity she hath shown to thee,

I'll love her as a mother.

¹ SCÜR'VY. Bad; sorry.

² [N-STINC'TIVE. Natural; involuntary.

³ EL DQ-RÄ'DÖ. A proverbial term for an imaginary country abounding in gold or other rich products of nature.

⁴ ST'RĒN. One of the three sea-nymphs who were believed to have the power

of enchanting and charming by their song any one who heard them.

⁵ CÄI'TJFF. Base.

⁶ HÖR'RĒNT. Pointed outwards; standing out like bristles.

⁷ LIV'ID. Discolored; black and blue.



LV—A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.¹

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

1. GIRT² round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!
2. And Bregenz, that quaint³ city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.



Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend⁴ know,
Of how the town was saved one night,
Three hundred years ago.

3. Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread ;

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change ;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange.

4. She spoke no more of Bregenz
With longing and with tears ;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years ;
But when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.
5. And so she dwelt, the valley
More peaceful year by year,
When suddenly strange portents⁵
Of some great deed seemed near.
The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground ;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round.
6. One day out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down ;
Yet now and then seemed watching
A strange, uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.
7. At eve they all assembled ;
Then care and doubt were fled ;

With jovial laugh they feasted ;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, " We drink the downfall
Of an accurséd land !

8. " The night is growing darker ;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own ! "
The women shrank in terror
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.
9. Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again) ;
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture and the plain ;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, " Go forth ; save Bregenz ;
And then, if need be, die ! "
10. With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped ;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed ;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand ;
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

11. Out — out into the darkness —
Faster, and still more fast ;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past ;
She looks up ; clouds are heavy ;
Why is her steed so slow ?
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go .
12. “ Faster ! ” she cries, “ O, faster ! ”
Eleven the church-bells chime :
“ O God,” she cries, “ help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time ! ”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.
13. Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check ?
The steed draws back in terror ;
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness ;
The bank is high and steep ;
One pause — he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.
14. She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein ;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam !

And see — in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home !

15. Up the steep bank, he bears her,
And now they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf⁶ and soldier
To meet the news she brings.
16. Bregenz is saved ! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned ;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.
17. Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see, in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.
18. And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder⁷ paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour,

“Nine,” “Ten,” “Eleven,” he cries aloud,
 And then (O, crown of Fame !)
 When midnight pauses in the skies,
 He calls the maiden’s name !

¹ BREGENZ or BREGENTS (brä'ghěnts).

² GÏRT. Surrounded ; enclosed.

³ QUĀINT (kwānt). Strange ; curious.

⁴ LĒ'QĒND. A fictitious or doubtful narrative.

⁵ PŌR-TĒNTS'. Omens of ill. *Here*, accent the first syllable.

⁶ SĒRF. A slave attached to the soil

⁷ WĀRD'ĒR. Guard ; keeper.

LVI.—LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.*

BEECHER.

1. It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages ;¹—from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature ; from the sides of the Switzer’s mountains ; from the capitals of various nations ; all of them saying in their hearts, We will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial² fury, and then we will embark ; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and in the gorgeous month of October we will greet our longed-for native land and our heart-loved homes.

2. And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging³ upon London, still hastening towards the welcome ship, and narrowing, every day, the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

* The steamer Arctic was lost by a collision with another vessel, in a voyage from Liverpool to New York, in September, 1854, and a great many persons perished.

3. The hour was come. The signal ball fell at Greenwich.* It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along the shore, and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey,† and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

4. And so hope was effulgent, and lithe⁴ gayety disported⁵ itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—"Home is not far away." And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland.‡ Boldly they made it; and plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came, noiselessly stealing from the north, that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were hold-

* At the observatory in Greenwich (*pronounced* Grēn'ij), England, a signal ball falls every day precisely at noon.

† *Pronounced* Mēr'ze.

‡ *Pronounced* Nū'fynd-lānd.

ing their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

5. At a league's distance unconscious, and at nearer approach unwarned,—within hail, and bearing right towards each other, unseen, unfelt,—till in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the stranger had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, O that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved"!

6. They departed, and with them the hope of the ship; for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and, rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. O, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind,—had he stood to execute efficiently the commander's will,—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy⁶ of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But apparently each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours there were from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of SINKING!

7. O, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hollowed earth. Down, down they sank, and the quick returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as placid as before.

¹ PIL'GRIM-AG-ĒŞ. Journeys undertaken to some hallowed place, or for devotional purposes.

² Ē-QUĪ-NŌC'TIAL. Pertaining to the time of the equinox.

³ CON-VĒRQ'ING. Tending towards the same point or place.

⁴ LITHE. Mild; gentle.

⁵ DIS-PŌRT ED. Diverted; amused.

⁶ REC'RE-AN-CY. Faithlessness.

LVII. — IMMORTALITY.

BARBAULD

[Mrs. Anna Letitia Barbauld was born in Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, England, June 20, 1743. She was the daughter of the Rev. John Aikin. In 1774 she married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a clergyman of French extraction. For many years she and her husband kept a boarding school for boys, which had great success. She was an admirable writer, both in prose and verse. The works she prepared for children are especially excellent. The following extract is from her Hymns in Prose. She died March 9, 1825.]

1. I HAVE seen the flower withering on the stalk, and its bright leaves spread on the ground. I looked again: it sprang forth afresh; its stem was crowned with new buds, and its sweetness filled the air.

2. I have seen the sun set in the west, and the shades of night shut in the wide horizon: there was no color, nor shape, nor beauty, nor music; gloom and darkness brooded around. I looked: the sun broke forth again in the east, and gilded the mountain-

tops; the lark rose to meet him from her low nest, and the shades of darkness fled away.

3. I have seen the insect being, come to its full size, languish,¹ and refuse to eat; it spun itself a tomb, and was shrouded² in the silken cone; it lay without feet, or shape, or power to move. I looked again: it had burst its tomb; it was full of life, and sailed on colored wings through the soft air; it rejoiced in its new being.

4. Thus shall it be with thee, O man! and so shall thy life be renewed. Beauty shall spring up out of ashes, and life out of the dust. A little while shalt thou lie in the ground, as the seed lies in the bosom of the earth; but thou shalt be raised again; and thou shalt never die any more.

5. Who is He that comes to burst open the prison doors of the tomb; to bid the dead awake, and to gather his redeemed³ from the four winds of heaven? He descends on a fiery cloud; the sound of a trumpet goes before him; thousands of angels are on his right hand. It is Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of men, the friend of the good. He comes in the glory of his Father; he has received power from on high.

6. Mourn not, therefore, child of immortality! for the spoiler, the cruel spoiler, that laid waste the works of God, is subdued. Jesus has conquered death. Child of immortality, mourn no longer.

¹ LĀN'GUISH. Grow weak or feeble.

² SHRŪD'ĒD. Dressed for the grave.

³ RĒ-DĒĒMED'. Ransomed; saved.

LVIII.—SONG OF THE UNION.

CUMMINGS.

[Rev. Dr. Cummings, a Catholic clergyman, was pastor of St. Stephen's Church, New York. He died January 4, 1866.]

1. ERE Peace and Freedom, hand in hand,
Went forth to bless this happy land,
And make it their abode,
It was the footstool of a throne;
But now no master here is known,
No king is feared but God.
2. Americans uprose in might,
And triumphed in th' unequal fight,
For union made them strong;
Union! the magic battle-cry
That hurled the tyrant from on high,
And crushed his hireling throng!
3. That word since then hath shone on high,
In starry letters, to the sky.
It is our country's name!
What impious hand shall rashly dare
Down from its lofty peak to tear
The banner of her fame?
4. The spirits of th' heroic dead,
Who for Columbia fought and bled,
Would curse the dastard son
Who should betray their noble trust,
And madly trample in the dust
The charter¹ which they won.

5. From vast Niagara's gurgling roar
To Sacramento's golden shore,
From east to western wave,
The blended vows of millions rise,
Their voice reëchoes to the skies —
"The Union we must save!"
6. The God of nations, in whose name
The sacred laws obedience claim,
Will bless our fond endeavor
To dwell as brethren here below;
The Union, then, come weal,² come woe,
We will preserve forever!

¹ CHÄR'TER. A written instrument bestowing rights or privileges. | ² WĒAL. Happiness; prosperity.



LIX. — THE RAINBOW.

[Mrs. Amelia B. Welby was born in Maryland, in 1821, and was the wife of Mr. George Welby, of Louisville, Kentucky. She is the author of a volume of short poems, much admired for their beauty of thought and expression.]

1. I SOMETIMES have thoughts, in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a ramble I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June:
The green earth was moist with the late-fallen
showers,
The breeze fluttered down and blew open the
flowers,
While a single white cloud to its haven¹ of rest,
On the white wing of Peace, floated off in the
west.

2. As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool
 breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the
 seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold.
'Twas born in a moment, yet quick as its birth
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the
 earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated as free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.
3. How calm was the ocean ! how gentle its swell !
With what beautiful movement it rose and it
 fell !
While its light-sparkling waves, stealing laughingly
 o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow, knelt down on
 the shore.
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer ;
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.
4. How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings !
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings !
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended ² in air ;
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there ;
Thus forming a girdle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my
 soul.
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud, and encircled the world.

5. There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a
rose.
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the
sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul, like the wing of a dove,
All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with
love.
6. I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the
wave,
Must pass from the earth, and lie cold in the
grave;
Yet, O, when Death's shadows my bosom encloud,
When I shrink at the thought of the coffin and
shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit enfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold!

¹ HĀ'VEN. A port; a place of safety. | ² SUS-PEND'ED. Hung.

LX. — A SWINDLER EXPOSED.

The following dialogue is taken from "Still Waters run Deep," an English comedy written by Tom Taylor, and played for the first time in London, in 1855. The scene is laid in London and its neighborhood. Mildmay is a retired merchant, concealing under a quiet manner a great amount of energy and courage. Hawksley is a swindler and adventurer, who had persuaded Potter, Mildmay's father-in-law, to take shares in a worthless company. He has also in his possession some letters written to him, many years before, by Mrs. Sternhold, aunt of Mildmay's wife, which, if published, would injure her. Mildmay had learned this last fact by overhearing a conversation between Mrs. Sternhold and Hawksley.

Hawksley. A thousand pardons, my dear fellow; one gets so absorbed in these figures! Take a chair. You'll allow me to finish what I was about.

Mildmay. Don't mind me. I'm in no hurry.

Hawk. By the way, if you'll look on that table, you'll find a plan of our Inexplosive Galvanic Boat somewhere. Just glance your eye over it, while I knock off this calculation; it will give you an idea of the machinery. (*Aft r a minute or two of pretended work, putting away his papers, and rising.*) And now, my dear Mildmay, I am at your service. But before we come to business, how are all at Brompton? The ladies all well?

Mild. Mrs. Sternhold's a little out of sorts this morning.

Hawk. Ah! Had a bad night?

Mild. I should think so.

Hawk. Well, I had a note from Potter. He tells me you had some thoughts of taking shares in our Galvanics. I've mislaid his note; but he mentioned your wanting something like two hundred shares — wasn't it?

Mild. I beg your pardon; not exactly, I think.

Hawk. Why, wasn't that the figure you put it at yourself, last night?

Mild. Last night — yes.

Hawk. You haven't changed your mind?

Mild. No.

Hawk. Then let us understand one another. Do you want more than two hundred, or fewer?

Mild. Neither more, nor fewer.

Hawk. What do you mean?

Mild. I mean I don't want any at all.

Hawk. Indeed! You surprise me. I suppose you've slept upon it.

Mild. Exactly. I have slept upon it.

Hawk. Perhaps Mrs. Sternhold's advice may have had something to do with your sudden change of intentions.

Mild. Mrs. Sternhold knows nothing of my sudden change of intention.¹

Hawk. Well, as you don't know your own mind for four and twenty hours together, there's nothing more to be said. But as you don't want these shares, may I ask what has procured me the pleasure of seeing you this morning?

Mild. Certainly. I had two objects in coming. In the first place, about two months ago, my father-in-law, Mr. Potter, took twenty shares in your company. Those shares have come into my hands this morning, by Mr. Potter's indorsement.² Now, as I don't care about them myself, and as there seems such a rush for them in the market, I suppose you'll have no objection to take them off my hands at par.

Hawk. Eh! Take them off your hands at par? Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, that's rather too good! My

dear Mr. Mildmay, I know you're the most amiable of men, but I had no idea how great you were at a practical joke.

Mild. Very well. We'll drop the shares for the present, and come to motive³ number two.

Hawk. Pray do; and if it's better fun than motive number one, I shall have to thank you for two of the heartiest laughs I've enjoyed for many a day.

Mild. We shall see. You have in your possession thirteen letters, addressed to you by Mrs. Sternhold. The second motive for my visit was to ask you to give up those letters.

Hawk. (*Aside.*) So! the murder's out! She prefers war! She shall have it. — (*Aloud.*) Mr. John Mildmay, your first demand was a good joke. I laughed at it accordingly. But your second you may find no joke, and I would recommend you to be careful how you persist in executing this commission of Mrs. Sternhold.

Mild. I beg your pardon. I have no commission from Mrs. Sternhold.

Hawk. It was not she who told you of those letters?

Mild. Certainly not.

Hawk. Who did?

Mild. You must excuse my answering that question.

Hawk. Then you are acting now on your own responsibility?

Mild. Entirely.

Hawk. Very well; then this is my answer. Though you have married Mrs. Sternhold's niece, I do not admit your right to interfere, without authority from Mrs. Sternhold herself, in an affair in which she alone

is interested. I refuse to give up her letters. As to your first request, my business is to sell shares, not to buy them.

Mild. I was prepared for both refusals; so I have taken my measures for compelling you to grant both demands.

Hawk. Indeed you have! Do let me hear what they are. I am all impatience to know how you propose to make Harry Hawksley say *yes*, when he has begun by saying *no*.

Mild. When you explained to me, a little while ago, the theory⁴ of your speculation,⁵ you thought you were speaking to a greenhorn in such matters. You were under a mistake. Some four years ago I was a partner in a house in the city which did a good deal in discounting⁶ paper,⁷—the house of Dalrymple Brothers, in Broad Street. You may have heard of it. One day — it was the 30th of April, 1850 — a bill was presented for payment at our counting-house, purporting to be drawn on us by our correspondents, Watson & Wright, of Buenos Ayres. Though we had no advices⁸ of it, it was paid at once, for it seemed all regular and right; but it turned out to be a forgery. Our correspondents' suspicions fell at once upon a clerk who had just been dismissed from their employment for some errors in his accounts. His name *then* was Burgess. The body of the bill was apparently in the same handwriting as the signature of the firm; but a careful examination showed it to be that of the discharged clerk; and in a blotting-book left accidentally behind him were found various tracings of the signature of the firm. The detectives were at once put on his track; but he

had disappeared, and no trace of him could ever be discovered. Well, this money was repaid, and the affair forgotten. It so happened that when the bill was presented for payment, only one person was in the counting-house — the clerk who paid the money, and who is since dead. But in the private room of the firm, which was separated from the counting-house by a glazed door, was the junior partner, who, through the door, saw the bill presented, and observed the face of the person who presented it. I was that junior partner. The person who presented the bill, Burgess, as he was then called, the forger, was *you*.

Hawk. It is an infamous calumny,⁹ an abominable lie! Your life shall answer for this insult.

Mild. I don't think that quite. But allow me to conclude. How you have passed your time since that 30th of April, 1850, I have not the advantage of knowing; but I know that soon after my marriage, and retirement from business, I met you as a visitor at my father-in-law's house. I have a wonderful memory for faces: I remembered yours at once.

Hawk. It is a lie, I tell you.

Mild. No, it isn't. I resolved not to speak till I could back¹⁰ my words by proofs. I applied to my late partners for the forged bill. One of them was dead, the other absent in South America; so that for ten months I found myself obliged to receive, as a guest at my own table, as the intimate and trusted friend of my wife's family, a person whom I knew to be a swindler and a forger. The letter I had been so long waiting for, containing the forged bill, arrived yesterday. That bill is in my pocket. If I do not deliver it into your hands before I leave the room,

it goes at once into those of the nearest police magistrate.

Hawk. (*After a pause, gloomily.*) What are your terms?

Mild. The price of those shares at par, and Mrs. Sternhold's letters.

Hawk. Here's the money.

Mild. You'll excuse my counting. It is a mercantile habit I learned in the house of Dalrymple Brothers. Quite correct. Here are the scrip¹¹ certificates. And now, if your please, the letters.

Hawk. Here they are.

Mild. You'll excuse my counting them too. Thirteen, exactly! Here is the forged bill. And now, Captain Burgess, — I mean Hawksley, — I have the honor to wish you a very good morning.

¹ IN-TEN'TION. Purpose.

² IN-DORS'E'MENT. The act of writing his name by the payee, or holder of a bill, note, or check, on or across it, by which the property in it is assigned or transferred.

³ MÔ'TIVE. Cause; reason.

⁴ THÊ/Q-RY. Plan, scheme, or system existing only in the mind.

⁵ SPÊC-Û-LĀ'TION. The act of investing money, or of incurring extensive risks, with a view to more than usual success in trade.

⁶ DIS-CÖUNT'ING. Lending or advancing money upon, with deduction of discount.

⁷ PĀ'PËR. Bills of exchange, promissory notes, &c.

⁸ AD-VI'CËŞ. Intelligence; information.

⁹ CĀL'ÛM-NÛ. A false accusation maliciously made; slander.

¹⁰ BĀCK. Support.

¹¹ SCRIP. A small piece of paper containing a writing.

LXI.—SAN FRANCISCO.

JAMES F. WATKINS.

1. DAYBREAK, after a chilly night. A faint band of light—too cold and gray to be called a flush—has appeared in the east, and shows beneath it, in sharp outline, the black profile of a line of hills. In the zenith¹ the stars yet twinkle frostily. A thin mist hangs like a ghostly pall over a lifeless earth. Through it looms a vast black shadow, towering like a spectral mountain into the night. The earth is moist and slippery, and eaves drip. There is no stir in the air, or this raw damp would nip shrewdly.

2. On every hand, and for many a mile, stretches away the faint, floating veil of mist. It is not a fog; it is too thin and light—rather as the ghost of a fog, or as a dew made visible. Through it are also seen the blinking lights of a sleeping city. A muffled rumbling of wheels comes up now and again on the still, wet air; the early market-wagons are rolling in from along the foot of that blacker patch of night which stretches away in uncertain outline, as of another crest of hills.

3. From far out into the night two flaming red eyes turn upon the land a drunken and blood-shot glare, even while they dart seaward the kind, strong beams which warn anxious sailors off the lurking² death. The fierce eyes show where iron-hearted rocks have hid themselves beneath confederate waves, and lie stealthily in wait to give the sailor a landsman's welcome—only too like that which lies in wait for him on shore.

4. The light in the east now flushes, and grows warm, and drives back the night—battling more feebly for the field, breaking and giving way throughout the long, wavering skirmish-line. The lights in the human hive are pale and sick; the two great, red eyes begin to lack lustre and grow old. The distant roll of wheels is become a steadier roar, and with it mingles a sharper rattle as the lighter wagons join in the early round. But the city still slumbers heavily. And again the glow in the east has deepened. The gray, misty pall, which had seemed so dank and chill, lights up in the glow of heaven, and floats—a fairy bridal veil—lending a tenderness to charms it cannot conceal.

5. Now, the eye may range over the fair picture, which lies unrolled, stretching wide and far on every hand. A broad expanse of water reaches away for many a mile, until closed in by an intruding headland—far beyond which, again, dim and faint in the blue distance, sweep the hills which bound the water's farther shore. The ghostly mountain now stands forth, reposing in quiet majesty, the chieftain of these hills.

6. Following the broad sweep of the picture, the waters are seen to stretch away on the other hand until they mark a sharp horizon against the brightening skies. Beneath her bridal veil, the Bay of San Francisco seems to lie yet sleeping. At once, all the scene is flooded with a sudden glory; the curtains are thrown back; and, glittering, sparkling, flashing in the beams which bathe her beauties with celestial³ light, smiling half dreamily in the face of heaven's own god, the majestic

bay lies before us—awake; and at her side sits—San Francisco!

7. There is a familiar picture of an American Indian, standing upon a headland washed by the Pacific Ocean, and shading his eyes with one hand as he gazes steadfastly upon the sinking sun. The picture needs amending; for already the Indian has disappeared from this Pacific shore, and the white man stands in his stead—his last westward conquest already achieved. From ocean to ocean, the continent is his own—in his hand its destiny for good or ill.

8. We may stand upon the summit of that hill which keeps watch over the young and wayward⁴ city of San Francisco, and looking out over the waste of waters that circles half a world, see a dense bank of vapor—murky and dark below, but rolling its surface billows onward in the setting sunlight as a heaving sea of molten gold—move landward from the ocean. Standing out cold, and sharp, and bleak against the coming tide, rises Lone Mountain—the city of the dead.

9. There repose the bones of those who have gone before, and there will rest the dust, honored or dishonored, of the thousands now toiling in the city at our feet; fighting the battle whose reward is—there. What is to be the story of that battle and these toilers? Is wealth alone their confessed, as well as secret idol? Is it to suffice⁵ to gild every vice, and condone⁶ every crime? Do they know *no* test of merit or excellence, save that of their own mountain's touchstone,⁷ which shows by the fraction of a tint the proportion of pure gold?

10. If these latter questions are to be answered to the disadvantage of this generation, what measure of derision⁸ and contempt will be poured out over its gravestones by the men who shall blush to own them ancestors? Is life worth living, if this is to be the reward? Is work worth working, if a gibe⁹ or a sneer at the dead man is to be the legend of his monument?

11. The fog has rolled up in mighty mass against Lone Mountain, towering in huge, fleecy billows above it, still black beneath, while its summit glows as if it might be the throne of a pagan god. The gravestones show as glistening specks against the dark lining of the cloud. An instant more, and the vast pile will topple over, rolling majestically down in solemn silence, wrapping hill and valley in a fleecy winding-sheet, swallowing up, as into the resistless current of oblivion,¹⁰ the City of the Dead, and all its monuments, whether of honor or of shame.

12. The San Franciscan of to-day may look out towards that resting-place which is to be his own—may see the fleecy but impenetrable bank, as it overhangs and threatens to engulf¹¹ it. Let him ask himself if he has earned such place in the life of his city as may be for him a monument of honor when the head-stones of Lone Mountain lie buried in a forgotten past. If he has not, then may he here see the type of his own memory—the poor lesson of his life—swallowed into the tide of the Forgotten. And, even as we gaze, the vast bank topples over, and rolls down; and of

the memory of the pioneers of San Francisco not a trace remains.

¹ ZĒ'NĪTH. The vertical point of the heavens, or the point overhead.

² LŪRK'ING. Lying in wait.

³ CĒ-LĒST'IAL (cē-lĕst'yāl). Heavenly.

⁴ WĀY'WARD. Liking one's own way ; wilful.

⁵ SŪF-FĪCE' (suf-fiz'). To be sufficient.

⁶ CŌN-DŌNE'. To pardon.

⁷ TŪCH'STŌNE. A stone used as a test for metals, &c. ; a test.

⁸ DĒ-RĪ''ŠTON (dē-rĭzh'yŋn). Scorn ; ridicule.

⁹ ĠIBE. Expression of scorn ; scoff.

¹⁰ QĒ-LIV'Ī-QŌN. Forgetfulness.

¹¹ ĠN-GŪLF'. To swallow up.

LXII. — THE SEWING MACHINE.

1. "Got one? Don't say so! Which did you get?
One of the kind to open and shut?
Own it, or hire it? How much did you pay?
Does it go with a crank,¹ or a treadle?² Say.
I'm a single man, and somewhat green:
Tell me about your sewing machine."
2. "Listen, my boy, and hear all about it —
I don't know what I could do without it;
I've owned one now for more than a year,
And like it so well, I call it 'my dear ;'
'Tis the cleverest thing that ever was seen,
This wonderful family sewing machine.
3. "It's none of your angular³ Wheeler things,
With steel-shod beak and cast-iron wings ;
Its work would bother a hundred of his,
And worth a thousand! Indeed it is ;
And has a way — you needn't stare —
Of combing and braiding its own back hair!

4. " Mine is not one of those stupid affairs
That stands in a corner, with what-nots and chairs,
And makes that dismal, head-achy noise,
Which all the comfort of sewing destroys;
No rigid⁴ contrivance of lumber and steel,
But one with a natural spring in the heel.
5. " Mine is one of the kind to love,
And wear a shawl and a soft kid glove;
None of your patent machines for me,
Unless Dame Nature is the patentee;⁵
I like the sort that can laugh and talk,
And take my arm for an evening walk.
6. " One that can love, and will not flirt,
And make a pudding, as well as a shirt;
Ready to give the sagest⁶ advice,
Or do up your collars and things so nice.
What do you think of my machine?
Ain't it the best that ever was seen?
7. " Tut, tut — don't talk. I see it all:
You needn't keep winking so hard at the wall:
I know what your fidgety fumbings mean;
You would like, yourself, a sewing machine!
Well, get one, then, of the same design;
There were plenty left when I got mine!"

¹ CRANK. A contrivance for turning.

² TREAD'LE (trəd'dl). The part of a loom, lathe, or other machine which is moved by the tread or foot.

³ ANG'V-LAR. Having angles or corners.

⁴ RIG'ID. Stiff.

⁵ PAT-EN-TÉE'. One to whom a patent is granted.

⁶ SĀG'EST. Wisest.

LXIII. — MAUD MULLER.

WHITTIER.

[John Greenleaf Whittier was born in Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1808, and now resides at Amesbury, in the same state. He is a well-known and popular writer in prose and verse, especially the latter. His poetry is distinguished for its humane and generous spirit, as well as for the fidelity with which it depicts the scenery of New England and the peculiar habits of its people.]

1. MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
2. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
3. Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
4. But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
5. The sweet song died, and a vague¹ unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—
6. A wish that she hardly dared to own
For something better than she had known.
7. The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
8. He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,
9. And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

10. She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
11. And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
12. "Thanks !" said the Judge ; " a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed." ²
13. He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,
14. Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
15. And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
16. And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
17. At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
18. Maud Muller looked and sighed, " Ah me,
That I the Judge's bride might be !
19. " He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine !
20. " My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.
21. " I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

22. "And I'd feed the hungry, and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."
23. The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
24. "A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
25. "And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.
26. "Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay ;
27. "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
28. "But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."
29. But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.
30. So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.
31. But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune.
32. And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.'
33. He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

34. Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;
35. And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
36. Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,
37. And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
38. And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain ;
" Ah ! that I were free again !
39. " Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
40. She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
41. And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
42. And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
43. In the shade of the apple tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,
44. And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
45. Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

46. The weary wheel to a spinet³ turned,
The tallow candle an astral⁴ burned.
47. And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
48. A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.
49. Then she took up her burden of life again
Saying only, "It might have been."
50. Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner⁵ and household drudge!
51. God pity them both, and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
52. For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
53. Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
54. And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

¹ VAGUE. Unsettled; doubtful.

² QUAFFED. Drank.

³ SPIN'ET. A stringed musical instrument.

⁴ AS/TRAL. Astral lamp, a large, standing parlor lamp.

⁵ RE-PIN'ER. One who murmurs or complains.

LXIV.—EXTRACT FROM EMMET'S SPEECH.

[Robert Emmet was born at Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1780. Even in his boyhood he became prominent as an advocate of the independence of his native country. After the failure of the revolution of 1798, he escaped to France, but returned in 1803, and took an active part in an attack upon the castle and arsenals of Dublin. The effort was unsuccessful. Emmet was arrested, tried, and convicted of high treason. The following extract is from the speech delivered by him in reply to the question, "What have you, therefore, now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you, according to law?"

He was executed on the gallows, September 20, 1803. The eloquence and pathos evinced by his speech, as well as the courage with which he met his fate, won general admiration.]

1. MY LORDS: What have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation¹ of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have much to say which interests me more than that life which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

2. Were I *orly* to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by *your tribunal*,² I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy,³ for there must be guilt somewhere; whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

3. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more

friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and virtue, — this is my hope: I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High.

4. My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating⁴ himself, in the eyes of the community, from an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why, then, insult me? or, rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced?

5. I am charged with being an emissary⁵ of France! An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country; not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement!

6. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it for a change of masters? No, but for ambition! O my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and

fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself among the proudest of my oppressors? My country was my idol; to it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life.

7. No, my lord; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny; and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the parricide,⁶ whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly-riveted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth; I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world.

8. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain⁷ my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion⁸ of power in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen.

9. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant: in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights.—am I to be loaded with calumny, and

not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No: God forbid!

10. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father! look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

11. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom.

12. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dares now vindicate them, let not prejudice⁹ or ignorance asperse¹⁰ them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of

the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written !

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| <p>¹ MĪT-J-GĀ'TIŌN. Abatement of anything painful or severe ; a rendering less severe.</p> <p>² TRĪ-BŪ'NĀL. Judgment-seat ; court of justice.</p> <p>³ ÖB'LO-QUY. Censorious speech ; blame ; disgrace.</p> <p>⁴ ẸX-CŪL'PĀT-JNG. Clearing from guilt ; excusing.</p> <p>⁵ ẸM'JS-SĀ-RY. One sent on a mission ; a private or secret agent.</p> | <p>⁶ PĀR'RĪ-CĪDE. The murder or the murderer of a parent.</p> <p>⁷ ĀT-TĀINT'. Cloud with infamy ; stain ; disgrace.</p> <p>⁸ MIN'ION. A favorite in an ill sense ; a low, base dependant.</p> <p>⁹ PREJ'V-DICE. A leaning in favor of one side of a cause, for some reason other than its justice ; previous bias or judgment.</p> <p>¹⁰ ĀS-PĒRSE'. Slander ; defame.</p> |
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LXV.—FULTON'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.

STORY.

[Joseph Story was born in Marblehead, Massachusetts, September 18, 1779, and died in Cambridge, September 10, 1845. He was a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1811 till his death. He was eminent as a judge, a juridical writer, and a teacher of law.]

1. It was in reference to the astonishing impulse given to mechanical pursuits, that Dr. Darwin, more than forty years ago, broke out in strains equally remarkable for their poetical enthusiasm and prophetic truth, and predicted the future triumph of the steam engine.

“Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam, afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car ;
 Or on wide waving wing expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air :
 Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move,
 Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And arm es shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.”

2. What would he have said, if he had but lived to witness the immortal invention of Fulton, which seems almost to move in the air, and to fly on the

wings of the wind? And yet how slowly did this enterprise obtain the public favor! I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. "When," said he, "I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary¹ scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity² on their countenance. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet, --

'Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All shun, none aid you, and few understand.'

3. "As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered, unknown, near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of 'the Fulton Folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches.

4. "At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a

matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware that, in my case, there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts.

5. "The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so. It is a foolish scheme. I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment³ of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated.⁴

6. "The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None

seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the Highlands; we descried⁵ the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted if it could be done again; or, if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

7. Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is mournful to say that attempts were made to rob him, in the first place, of the merits of his invention, and next of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both.

¹ VI'ŒION-Å-RY. Imaginary; not real.

² IN-CRE-DŪ'LI-TY. Unbelief.

³ MÅL-ÅD-JŪST'MENT. A wrong arrangement.

⁴ ŒB'VI-ÅT-ED. Removed.

⁵ DE-SCRIED'. Perceived by the eye; discovered.

LXVI. — THE VALLEY BROOK.

JOHN HOWARD BRYANT.

1. FRESH from the fountains of the wood
 A rivulet of the valley came,
 And glided on for many a rood,
 Flushed with the morning's ruddy flame.
2. The air was fresh, and soft, and sweet;
 The slopes in spring's new verdure lay,

And wet with dew-drops at my feet
Bloomed the young violets of May.

3. No sound of busy life was heard
Amid those pastures, lone and still,
Save the faint chirp of early bird,
Or bleat of flocks along the hill.
4. I traced that rivulet's winding way;
New scenes of beauty opened round,
Where meads of brighter verdure lay,
And lovelier blossoms tinged the ground.
5. "Ah, happy valley stream!" I said,
"Calm glides thy wave amid the flowers,
Whose fragrance round thy path is shed,
Through all the joyous summer hours.
6. "O, could my years, like thine, be passed
In some remote and silent glen,
Where I could dwell, and sleep at last
Far from the bustling haunts of men!"
7. But what new echoes greet my ear?
The village school-boy's merry call;
And 'mid the village hum I hear
The murmur of the waterfall.
8. I looked; the widening vale betrayed
A pool that shone like burnished ¹ steel,
Where that bright valley stream was stayed,
To turn the miller's ponderous ² wheel.
9. Ah, why should I, I thought with shame,
Sigh for a life of solitude?

When e'en this stream, without a name,
Is laboring for the common good.

10. No longer let me shun my part
Amid the busy scenes of life,
But with a warm and generous heart
Press onward in the glorious strife.

1 BŪR'NĪSHED. Polished. | PŌN'DĒR-OŪS. Heavy.



LXVII. — A LITTLE SERMON.

1. WHATSOE'ER you find to do,
Do it then with all your might;
Never be a *little* true,
Or a *little* in the right.
Trifles even
Lead to heaven,
Trifles make the life of man;
So in all things,
Great or small things,
Be as thorough as you can.
2. If you think a word would please,
Say it, if it is but true;
Words may give delight with ease,
When no act is asked from you.
Words may often
Soothe and soften,
Gild a joy or heal a pain;
They are treasures
Yielding pleasures
It is wicked to retain!

LXVIII. — THE SISTERS.

WHITTIER.

1. ANNIE and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,
2. The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.
3. Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.
4. "Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear;
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"
5. "I hear the sea, and the splash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.
6. "Get thee back to the bed so warm;
No good comes of watching a storm.
7. "What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring and wild winds blow?
8. "No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."
9. "But I heard a voice cry out my name;
Up from the sea on the wind it came.
10. "Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

11. On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.
12. "In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam ;
13. "And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee shore rocks, would he call on thee ?"
14. But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried,
15. "O sister Rhoda, there's something wrong :
I hear it again, so loud and long.
16. "'Annie ! Annie !' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall !"
17. Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame ;
"Thou liest ! He never would call thy name !
18. "If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me !"
19. Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast ;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.
20. The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone —
21. The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

22. "Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.
23. "The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.
24. "My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.
25. "Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven, and I on earth!"
26. She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.
27. "The wind and the waves their work have done;
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.
28. "Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.
29. "I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and broider thy bridal gear,
30. "Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.
31. "But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

LXIX.—THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF
THE ORIGIN OF NEW ENGLAND.

WEBSTER.

[Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782. He was one of the greatest men our country has ever produced, having been equally eminent as a statesman, a lawyer, and a writer. His style is remarkable for strength, dignity, simplicity, and manly eloquence. He died October 24, 1852.

The following extract is the closing part of a discourse pronounced by him at Plymouth, December 22, 1820, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims.]

1. OUR fathers were brought hither by their high veneration for the Christian religion. They journeyed by its light and labored in its hope. They sought to incorporate¹ its principles with the elements of their society, and to diffuse its influence through all their institutions, civil, political, or literary.

2. Let us cherish these sentiments,² and extend this influence still more widely, in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceful spirit of Christianity.

3. The hours of this day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we nor our children can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity, they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here a hundred years hence, to trace, through us, their descent from the Pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country during the lapse³ of a century.

4. We would anticipate⁴ their concurrence⁵ with us in our sentiments of deep regard for our common

ancestors. We would anticipate and partake the pleasure with which they will then recount the steps of New England's advancement.

5. On the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation⁶ and gratitude, commencing on the rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted⁷ through millions of the sons of the Pilgrims, till it loses itself in the murmurs of the Pacific Seas.

6. We would leave, for the consideration of those who shall then occupy our places, some proof that we hold the blessings transmitted from our fathers in just estimation; some proof of our attachment to the cause of good government, and of civil and religious liberty; some proof of a sincere and ardent desire to promote everything which may enlarge the understandings and improve the hearts of men.

7. And when, from the long distance of a hundred years, they shall look back upon us, they shall know, at least, that we possessed affections, which, running backward, and warming with gratitude for what our ancestors have done for our happiness, run forward, also, to our posterity, and meet them with cordial salutation,⁸ ere yet they have arrived on the shore of being.

8. Advance, then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise, in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed our own human duration.

9. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We

greet your accession⁹ to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty.

10. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent¹⁰ sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational¹¹ existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.

¹ IN-CÖR'PO-RÄTE. To unite; to embody.

² SĒN'TI-MĒNTS. Thoughts prompted by the feelings; opinion.

³ LÄPSE. Gliding.

⁴ ÄN-TIC'I-PÄTE. To take, possess, enjoy, or suffer beforehand; to foretaste.

⁵ CON-CÜR'RENCE. Agreement; union.

⁶ ÄC-CLÄ-MÄ'TIÖN. A shout of applause; applause.

⁷ TRÄNS-MIT'TED. Sent from one person or place to another.

⁸ SÄL-V-TÄ'TIÖN. Greeting.

⁹ ÄC-CES'SIÖN. Act of coming to.

¹⁰ TRÄN-SCĒND'ĒNT. Supremely excellent; surpassing.

¹¹ RÄ''TIÖN-ÄL (rääh'yn-äl). Endowed with reason.

LXX. — UNVEILING OF FRANKLIN'S STATUE AT BOSTON.

WINTHROP.

[Robert Charles Winthrop is a native of Boston, a graduate of Harvard College in 1828, and has always resided in Boston or its immediate neighborhood. He was for many years a member of the House of Representatives in Washington, and Speaker of the House from December, 1847, to March, 1849. He is an accomplished scholar and an elegant and vigorous writer.

The following extract is from a discourse at the unveiling of a bronze statue of Franklin. The statue stands in front of the City Hall in Boston, and was erected by the citizens of Boston in honor of their illustrious townsman. It was kept covered till the close of the second paragraph, when the drapery was removed, amid the exulting shouts of an immense audience.]

1. THE calm, dispassionate¹ Muse of History has pronounced her unequivocal² and irrevocable³ award, not only assigning to Franklin no second place among

the greatest and worthiest who have adorned the annals of New England, but enrolling him forever among the illustrious benefactors of mankind; and we are here, this day, to accept, confirm, and ratify⁴ that award, for ourselves and our posterity, by a substantial and enduring token, which shall no longer be withheld from your view!

2. Let it be unveiled! Let the Stars and Stripes no longer conceal the form of one who was always faithful to his country's flag, and who did so much to promote the glorious cause in which it was first unfurled!

3. And now behold him, by the magic power of native genius, once more restored to our sight! Behold him in the enjoyment of his cherished wish—"revisiting his native town, and the grounds he used to frequent when a boy." Behold him reappearing on the old school-house green, which was the play-place of his early days.

4. Behold the man to whom Washington himself wrote for the consolation of his declining strength—a consolation more precious than all the compliments and distinctions which were ever showered upon him by philosophers or princes.

5. Other honors may grow cheap, other laurels may fade and wither, other eulogiums⁵ may be forgotten; the solid bronze before us may moulder and crumble; but the man of whom it may be said that he enjoyed the sincere friendship, and secured the respect, veneration, and affection of Washington, has won a title to the world's remembrance which the lapse of ages will only strengthen and brighten.

6. Behold him, children of the schools, boys and



girls of Boston, bending to bestow the reward* of merit upon each one of you that shall strive to improve the inestimable advantages of our noble free schools! Behold him, mechanics and mechanics' apprentices, holding out to you an example of diligence, economy, and virtue, and personifying the

* Franklin medals.

triumphant success which may await those who follow it!

7. Behold him, ye that are humblest and poorest in present condition or in future prospect; lift up your heads, and look at the image of a man who rose from nothing; who owed nothing to parentage or patronage;⁶ who enjoyed no advantages of early education which are not open — a hundred fold open — to yourselves; who performed the most menial⁷ offices in the business in which his early life was employed; but who lived to stand before kings, and died to leave a name which the world will never forget.

8. Lift up your heads, and your hearts with them, and learn a lesson of confidence and courage which shall never again suffer you to despair, not merely of securing the means of an honest and honorable support for yourselves, but even of doing something worthy of being done for your country and for mankind!

9. Behold him, ye that are highest and most honorable in the world's regard, judges and senators, governors and presidents, and emulate⁸ each other in copying something of the firmness and fidelity, something of the patient endurance, and persevering zeal, and comprehensive patriotism, and imperturbable⁹ kind feeling and good nature, of one who was never dizzied by elevation or debauched¹⁰ by flattery, or soured by disappointment, or daunted¹¹ by opposition, or corrupted by ambition, and who knew how to stand humbly and happily alike on the lowest round of obscurity and on the loftiest pinnacle¹² of fame.

10. Behold him and listen to him, one and all, citizens, freemen, patriots, friends of liberty and of law, lovers of the Constitution and the Union, as he recalls the services which he gladly performed, and the sacrifices which he generously made, in company with his great associates, in procuring for you those glorious institutions which you are now so richly enjoying.

11. And may the visible presence of the great Bostonian, restored once more to our sight, by something more than a fortunate coincidence,¹³ in this hour of our country's peril, serve not merely to ornament our streets, or to commemorate his services, or even to signalize¹⁴ our own gratitude, but to impress afresh, day by day, and hour by hour, upon the heart of every man, and woman, and child who shall gaze upon it, a deeper sense of the value of that liberty, that independence, that union, and that constitution, for all of which he was so early, so constant, and so successful a laborer.

¹ DĪS-PĀS'SIŌN-ĀTE. Free from passion ; unexcited ; impartial.

² ŪN-Ē-QUĪV'Q-CĀL. Not doubtful.

³ IR-RĒV'Q-CĀ-BLE. Unalterable.

⁴ RĀT'Ī-FŶ. To establish.

⁵ EŪ-LŌ/QĪ-ŪMŞ. Praises ; eulogies.

⁶ PĀT'RŌN-ĀQE. Protection ; favor.

⁷ MĒ/NĪ-ĀL. Low with respect to employment or office.

⁸ ĒM'Ū-LĀTE. Strive to equal or to excel.

⁹ IM-PĒR-TŪRB'Ā-BLE. That cannot be disturbed ; immovable.

¹⁰ DĒ-BĀUCHED'. Corrupted.

¹¹ DĀUNT'ĒD. Discouraged ; frightened.

¹² PĪN'NĀ-CLE. A turret ; the highest point.

¹³ CŌ-IN'CI-DĒNCE. Agreement.

¹⁴ SIG'NAL-ĪZE. Make eminent or remarkable ; celebrate.

LXXI.—THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

PARAPHRASE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

ADDISON.

[Joseph Addison was born at Milston, Wiltshire, England, May 1, 1672. He has a high rank in English literature, which rests mainly upon his essays contributed to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. He also wrote plays, travels, and miscellaneous poems. He died June 17, 1719.]

1. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe¹ I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast² heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious,³ lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,⁴
The barren wilderness shall smile

With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

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| <p>¹ GLĒBE. Ground ; land belonging to a parish church or to a benefice ; <i>here</i>, it seems to mean field.</p> <p>² STĒAD'FAST. Fixed ; constant.</p> | <p>³ DE'VI-OTUS. Out of the common way.</p> <p>⁴ BE-GUÏLE'. Cause to be unnoticed or forgotten.</p> |
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LXXII. — THE LIVE-OAK.

JACKSON.

[Henry R. Jackson, a native of Georgia, was born in 1820. He was educated for the bar, and at one time held the office of United States district attorney. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, and in 1853 was appointed resident minister to Vienna. He is author of a volume of poems distinguished for their spirit and animation.]

The live-oak is an evergreen tree peculiar to the Southern States. It attains a great age, though it never grows to more than fifty feet in height, and, owing to the durability and strength of its wood, is of great value for the timber of ships. The long, pendent, gray moss, also peculiar to the forests of the south, is often found growing upon and hanging from its branches, and, contrasting with the remarkable foliage of this tree, imparts to it a strikingly picturesque appearance, giving to it somewhat of the effect of an aged person.]

1. WITH his gnarled ¹ old arms, and his iron form,
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood.
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.
2. And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.

- But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long-since dead and gone.
3. For the Indian hunter, beneath his shade,
Has rested from the chase;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid —
The dark-eyed of her race;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore,
As the wild deer panting dies;
But the maid is gone, and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.
4. In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave!
But they all are gone,— the bold and free, —
And he moans above their grave.
5. And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies!
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free;
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea!
6. When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
Booms o'er the shuddering deep,

Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
 The waves, with bounding leap.
 O, may those hearts be as firm and true,
 When the war-clouds gather dun,²
 As the glorious oak that proudly grew
 Beneath our southern sun.

GNÄRL'ĒD (närl'ēd; *here*, nārlid). | ² DŪN. Dark; gloomy.
 Knotty; twisted.

LXXIII. — CHARACTER OF GENERAL THOMAS.

GARFIELD.

[James A. Garfield was born in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, in 1831. He was chosen to Congress in 1862, entered the army as a volunteer, and rose to the rank of major-general. He was again chosen to Congress in 1866, and has since been a leading member of the House of Representatives.]

1. THERE are now living not less than two hundred thousand men who have served under the eye of General Thomas. They have seen him in sunshine and in storm — on the march, in the fight, and on the field where the victory had been won. Enshrined¹ in the hearts of all these are enduring images and precious memories of their commander and friend. Who can collect and unite into one worthy picture the bold outlines, the many lights and shades, that make up the life and character of this great leader?

2. Who can condense into a single hour the record of a life which forms so large a chapter of the nation's history, and whose fame fills a hemisphere? Not one line can be omitted, not one false stroke made, no imperfect sketching done, which his soldiers will not instantly detect and deplore. We see him in memory at this moment, as we have often seen him in life, erect and strong, like a tower of solid masonry; his

broad, square shoulders, and massive head; his abundant hair and full beard, of light brown sprinkled with silver; his broad forehead, full face, and features that would have appeared colossal² but for their perfect harmony of proportion; his clear complexion, with just enough of color to mark his robust health and well-regulated life; his face lighted up by an eye that was cold gray to the enemies of his country, but of a warm deep-blue to her friends.

3. His attitude, form, and features, all attested the inflexible³ firmness and the invincible strength of his character. Yet his smile of welcome set every feature aglow with a kindness that won the manliest affection of all. While thus in memory we can recall his form and features, even more vividly do we treasure the remembrance of his qualities of mind and heart. His body was the fitting type of his intellect and his character. We have seen that intellect and that character tried again and again in the fiery furnace of war, and by other tests not less searching.

4. The career of George Henry Thomas was not only great and complete, but it was in an eminent degree the work of his own hand. His whole life was a remarkable illustration of the virtue and power of hard work; and in the last and best analysis of character the power successfully to accomplish hard work is but another name for talent. One of his instructors at West Point has said of him in his student life, "He never allowed anything to escape the most thorough examination, and left nothing behind him that he did not comprehend."

5. He knew full well that the elements and forces which bring victory are not created on the battle-

field, but must be patiently elaborated⁴ in the quiet of the camp by the perfect organization of his army. His instructions to a captain of artillery, "Keep everything in order, for the fate of a battle may turn on a buckle or a linchpin," exhibits his theory of success. So well did he understand the condition of his army, that, when the hour of trial came, he knew how great a pressure it could withstand, and how hard a blow it could strike.

6. His character was as grand and simple as a colossal pillar of chiselled granite. Every step of his career as a soldier was marked by the most loyal and unhesitating obedience to law. That obedience which he rendered promptly to those above him he rigidly required of those under his command. His influence over his troops grew steadily and constantly. He won his ascendancy⁵ over them neither by artifice nor by any single act of special daring. He gradually filled them with his own spirit, until their confidence in him knew no bounds. His power as a commander grew steadily and silently, not as a volcanic land is lifted from the sea by a sudden and violent upheaval, but rather like a coral island, where each increment⁶ is a growth, an act of life and work.

7. In subduing our great rebellion, the republic called to its aid men who represented many forms of excellence and of power. Few possessed more force than General Thomas, more genius for planning and executing bold and daring enterprises, and no one was so complete an embodiment of strength, that strength which resists, maintains, and endures. His was the power, not of the cataract which leaps with foaming fury down the chasm, but it was rather that of the

river, broad and deep, and whose current is steady and silent, but irresistible.

8. It was most natural that such a man should be ever placed in the centre of each movement. To advance steadily, to stay, to occupy, and to hold, were, from the first to the last, the mission of the army of the Cumberland. It is a significant fact, that from Bowling Green to Atlanta, whether in command of a division, a corps, or an army, the position of General Thomas on the march, and his post in battle, were ever the centre. Whenever his command occupied the centre, that centre never was and never could be broken. At Stone River, he was the immovable pivot around which swung our repulsed left wing and our routed right. As the eye of General Rosecrans, our daring and brilliant commander, swept over that terrible field, it always rested on General Thomas, as the centre of his hopes. For five whole days did his command stand, fighting in their bloody tracks, until the enemy retreated, but not till after more than twenty per cent. of our soldiers had been killed or wounded.

9. But it was reserved for the last day at Chickamauga to exhibit, in one supreme example, his vast resources and his prodigious strength. After a day of terrible fighting, followed by a night of the most anxious preparations, General Rosecrans had so established his lines as to hold the road to Chattanooga. That road was to be the prize of that day's battle. If our army failed to hold it, our campaign would be a failure, and inevitable destruction awaited the army itself. Thomas was in command of the left and centre. His line covered the Chattanooga road.

10. From early morning till afternoon he withstood the steady and repeated attacks of the enemy, who constantly reënforced their assaults upon our left. At noon the whole right wing was broken, and driven in hopeless confusion from the field. Even the commander of our army was himself swept away in that tide of retreat. The forces of General Longstreet, that had broken our right, desisting from the pursuit, formed in heavy columns, and assaulted the right flank of General Thomas with unexampled fury. Aware of the approaching danger, he threw back his exposed flank towards the base of the mountain, and unflinchingly met the new peril.

11. So long as men shall read the history of battles, so long will they not cease to read with admiration the heroic deeds of General Thomas during that afternoon. With only twenty-five thousand men, formed in a compact semicircle, of which he himself was the omnipresent centre and soul, for more than five terrible hours did he successfully resist and beat back the repeated assaults of an army of eighty thousand men flushed with victory, and confidently bent upon his annihilation. As the day closed, his ammunition began to fail; one by one his division commanders reported but ten rounds, five rounds, or two rounds left. His calm and quiet answer was, "Save your fire for close quarters, and when the last shot is fired, use the bayonet."

12. Along a portion of his line the last assault of the enemy was repulsed with the bayonet; and when night closed over the combatants, the last sounds of that terrible battle were the triumphant boomings of General Thomas's shells bursting among the dis-

ordered ranks of his baffled⁸ and retreating assailants. He was indeed the "Rock of Chickamauga," around and against which the wild waves of battle dashed in vain. It will stand forever written in the annals of his country, that then and there General Thomas saved from total destruction the army of the Cumberland.

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| <p>¹ ẼN-SHRINED'. Preserved as a thing sacred.</p> <p>² CQ-LÖS'SAL. Gigantic; huge.</p> <p>³ ẼN-FLẼX'Ï-BLE. Immovable; unyielding.</p> <p>⁴ Ẽ-LẼB'Q-RÄT-ẼD. Produced with labor.</p> | <p>⁵ ÄS-CẼN'DẼN-CY. Controlling influence; power.</p> <p>⁶ ẼN'CRE-MẼNT. Increase.</p> <p>⁷ PRQ-DİQ'IOVS. Enormous; wonderful.</p> <p>⁸ BÄF'FLED. Defeated by perplexing.</p> |
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LXXIV.—TOM BROWN'S VISIT TO DR. ARNOLD'S TOMB.

HUGHES.

[The following piece is taken from Tom Brown at Oxford, written by Thomas Hughes, an English barrister and member of Parliament. He is also the author of Tom Brown's School Days, and of The Scouring of the White Horse. All these works have been republished and extensively read in the United States. Mr. Hughes is a man of liberal spirit and generous sympathies. He has always been a warm friend to America. He visited this country in the autumn of 1870, and was everywhere received with a welcome due to his high character and literary eminence.

Tom Brown, the hero of the two works first above named, is described as a manly English lad who goes first to Rugby School, under Dr. Arnold, and afterwards to Oxford, is exposed to many temptations, but comes out well by the help of religious principle and firm resolution. After leaving Oxford, and after Dr. Arnold's death, he goes to Rugby, and in describing his visit to his teacher's tomb, the author expresses the affectionate reverence and gratitude with which the memory of that great and good man is cherished by all his pupils.]

1. THERE was no flag flying on the round tower; the school-house windows were all shuttered up; and when the flag went up again, and the shutters came down, it would be to welcome a stranger. All that was left on earth of him whom he had honored was lying cold and still under the chapel floor. He would go in and see the place once more, and then leave it

once for all. New men and new methods might do for other people; let those who would worship the rising star, he, at least, would be faithful to the sun which had set. And so he got up, and walked to the chapel door and unlocked it, fancying himself the only mourner in all the broad land, and feeding on his own selfish sorrow.

2. He passed through the vestibule, and then paused for a moment to glance over the empty benches. His heart was still proud and high, and he walked up to the seat which he had last occupied as a sixth form boy, and sat himself down there to collect his thoughts.

3. And, truth to tell, they needed collecting and setting in order not a little. The memories of eight years were all dancing through his brain and carrying him about whither they would; while, beneath them all, his heart was throbbing with the dull sense of a loss that could never be made up to him.

4. The rays of the evening sun came solemnly through the painted windows above his head, and fell in gorgeous colors on the opposite wall, and the perfect stillness soothed his spirit by little and little. And he turned to the pulpit, and looked at it, and then, leaning forward, with his head on his hands, groaned aloud. "If he could only have seen the doctor again for one five minutes; have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and revered him, and would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all, was too much to bear." "But am I sure that he does not

know it all?" The thought made him start. "May he not even now be near me, in this very chapel? If he be, am I sorrowing as he would have me sorrow—as I should wish to have sorrowed when I shall meet him again?"

5. He raised himself up and looked round, and, after a minute, rose and walked humbly down to the lowest bench, and sat down on the very seat which he had occupied on his first Sunday at Rugby. And then the old memories rushed back again, but softened and subdued, and soothing him, as he let himself be carried away by them. And he looked up at the great painted window above the altar, and remembered how, when a little boy, he used to try not to look through it at the elm trees and the rooks, before the painted glass came, and the subscription for the painted glass, and the letter he wrote home for money to give to it. And there, down below, was the very name of the boy who sat on his right hand on that first day, scratched rudely in the oak panelling.

6. And then came the thought of all his old school-fellows; and form after form of boys, nobler, and braver, and purer than he, rose up and seemed to rebuke him. Could he not think of them, and what they had felt and were feeling—they who had honored and loved from the first, the man whom he had taken years to know and love? Could he not think of those yet dearer to him who was gone, who bore his name and shared his blood, and were now without a husband or a father? Then the grief which he began to share with others became gentle and holy, and he rose up once more, and walked up

the steps to the altar, and, while the tears flowed freely down his cheeks, knelt down humbly and hopefully, to lay down there his share of a burden which had proved itself too heavy for him to bear in his own strength.

7. Here let us leave him — where better could we leave him, than at the altar, before which he had first caught a glimpse of the glory of his birthright, and felt the drawing of the bond which links all living souls together in one brotherhood? — at the grave beneath the altar of him who had opened his eyes to see that glory, and softened his heart till it could feel that bond.

LXXV. — MORNING.

WEBSTER.

1. It is morning, and a morning sweet, and fresh, and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the “morning of life.” Of a lovely young woman we say, she is “bright as the morning;” and no one doubts why Lucifer is called “son of the morning.” But the morning itself, few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all our good people, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once in a year. They know nothing of the morning; their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast.

2. With them morning is not a new issuing of

light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life from a sort of temporary¹ death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth ; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, regent² of the day," — this they never enjoy, for they never see it.

3. Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages ; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in the East, where the sun is often an object of worship. King David speaks of taking to himself the "wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The wings of the morning are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings" — a rising Sun that shall scatter life, health, and joy through the universe. Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakspeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful imagery, all founded on the glory of morning, might be filled.

4. I never thought that Adam had much the advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestations of the power of God, like his mercies, are "new every morning," and fresh every moment. We see as fine risings of the sun as ever Adam saw ; and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a

good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle, that for thousands and thousands of years he has come to his appointed time without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be.

5. I know the morning — I am acquainted with it, and I love it. I love it fresh and sweet as it is — a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being to new adoration, new enjoyments, and new gratitude.

1 TĒM'PO-RA-RY. Lasting only for a | 2 RĒ'QĒNT. Ruler, governor.
limited time.



LXXVI. — KING'S MOUNTAIN.

A BALLAD OF THE CAROLINAS.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

[William Gilmore Simms was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1806, and died in June, 1870. He wrote numerous novels illustrative of southern life and manners, also a number of poetical pieces, a History of South Carolina, a Life of Marion, and other biographical works.

The battle of King's Mountain took place in South Carolina, a short distance from the North Carolina line, October 7, 1780. The British and Tories under the lead of Colonel Ferguson were signally defeated. The Tory leaders taken during the conflict were executed soon after the battle.]

1. HARK ! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
Who compassed its summits and died !
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clambered the height !
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,¹
They hunted them down for the fight !

2. Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
 'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
 And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunters who hear of the panther,
 Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,²
 With the knife and the rifle at need.
3. From a thousand deep gorges they gather —
 From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
 'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
 Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,³
 When his bugle gives tongue to the air.
4. Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
 For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons⁴ tremble
 'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
 As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
 The keen scout delivers his tale: —
5. "The British — the Tories are on us;
 And now is the moment to prove,
To the women whose virtues have won us,
 That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
 With fire, to the hills from the sea;

And here would they seek to o'erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free !”

5. No war-council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed ;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed ;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.
7. Grim dashed they away as they bounded, —
The hunters to hem in the prey, —
And with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray ;⁵
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life !
8. 'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
Born freemen 'gainst sycophant⁶ slaves :
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
With its “ touch me who dare !” and he dies :
9. An hour, and the battle is over ;
The eagles are rending the prey ;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
But the terror still stands in the way :

More dreadful the doom that on treason
 Avenges the wrongs of the state;
 And the oak tree for many a season
 Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

¹ BEA'GLEŞ. Small hounds for hunting
 hares.

² ǺN'TRE (Ǻn'ter). A cave.

³ GLŌAM'ING. Twilight.

⁴ MȲR/MĪ-DŌNŞ. Rough soldiers; ruffians.

⁵ FRĀY. Battle; fight.

⁶ SȲC'Ō-PHĀNT (sȲk'ŏ-fǺnt). A mean
 flatterer; *here*, fawning.

LXXVII.—THE CROW.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[The following humorous defence of the crow appeared in response to a letter written from Baltimore, asking the writer's views as to the comparative usefulness or destructiveness of that bird. His reply has many of the peculiar characteristics of its author, and its bold defence of one so generally unpopular is creditable both to his intelligence and his moral courage. It was originally published in the New York Ledger.]

1. OUR Baltimore friend must know very well that a word in favor of the crow will set thousands of people to peck at us. Enraged farmers will deride,¹ every boy big enough to throw a stone will hoot, and whole neighborhoods will rise up against a man who dares to befriend a bird that state legislatures have set apart for slaughter, and for whose scalp towns and counties vote a bounty.

2. Almost every scrape into which we ever fell has been in consequence of attempting to befriend some unpopular cause, or some unfortunate man; and now, our sly friend has set another trap, and baited it with a crow, hoping that we shall put our foot into it. Well, we never mean to be wise, if wisdom means holding back from the miserable and the unfriended.

3. And what bird is less popular than the crow? Is he not *black*?—a color which has never been popular. Is he not a hungry creature? Is he not omnivorous?² He eats insects, small birds, animals, carrion, seeds, grain, nuts—thus imitating the human race in a scandalous manner.

4. Is he not sly and cunning past endurance? What business has he to outwit stupid farmers and their traps, boys with guns, and his whole tribe of enemies?

5. The fact is, a crow should have been white; he should wait till he sees what man does not want, and then eat only that; he should clear his throat of that hoarseness which comes from singing with the north wind; and he should go to school to some aerial dancing-master to learn how to move a little more nimbly.

6. Men seem to think that this world was created exclusively for them. It is the human race only that has rights of existence. But of the human family, only the civilized races have rights which Christians are bound to respect; nor even have they, unless they belong to our nation and to our church. This supreme egotism³ cannot be expected to look calmly upon any claim of rights for the animal kingdom.

7. Yet we claim for God's whole brood of infinite birds—for all his buzzing, creeping, spinning, gnawing family—for all his happy, racing, burrowing creatures, a right of life, and of the means of sustaining life. Nor is that life to be extinguished in the meanest thing, except for good and benevolent purposes. A thoughtless and wanton destruction of life in the lower range of creation is inconsistent

with the spirit of Christianity, and with the instincts of a noble manhood.

8. What, then, about the crow? What are the charges which all the year round justify men in pronouncing him an outlaw, under the ban?⁴ Simply this — that he destroys grain. He pulls up newly-planted seed, and he feeds himself in autumn from the farmers' grain! But what, after all, does that amount to? When has it ever seriously disturbed even a single crop, or tithed⁵ a single harvest? It has compelled men to plant over portions of fields a second time, and it has saved the farmer from harvesting a few bushels of grain in the autumn.

9. This is the whole of the crow's offending. But the crow earns the right to do this. For at least ten or eleven months of the year the crow lives chiefly upon animal food, and almost the whole of this consists of insects and animals that would otherwise prey upon the farmer. If ever a day comes when all the birds which have kept down the insects, the grubs, and the petty animals that destroy crops, shall bring in their bills, it will go near to bankrupt some farmers and gardeners. Nature holds an immense uncollected debt over every man's head.

10. Aside from this special question of profit and loss, we have a warm side towards the crow, he is so much like one of ourselves. He is lazy, and that is human. He is cunning, and that is human. He takes advantage of those weaker than himself, and that is so man-like! He is sly, and hides for to-morrow what he can't eat to-day, showing a real human providence. He learns tricks much faster than he does useful things, showing a true boy na-

ture. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminently human traits. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait. He eats whatever he can lay his claws upon, and is less mischievous with a full stomach than when hungry, and that is like man. He is at war with all living things except his own kind, and with them when he has nothing else to do. No wonder men despise crows. They are too much like men. Take off their wings, and put them in breeches, and crows would make fair average men. Give men wings, and reduce their smartness a little, and many of them would be almost good enough to be crows.

¹ DĒ-RĪDE'. Laugh at; ridicule.

² QM-NĪV'Q-ROŪS. Eating food of every sort.

³ Ē'GQ-TĪŠM. The frequent use of the pronoun I (in Latin, *ego*).

⁴ BĀN. Curse; denunciation.

⁵ TĪFHED. Taken a tenth part of.



LXXVIII.—THE AMERICAN FLAG.

DRAKE.

1. WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle bearer down,

And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land !

2. Majestic monarch of the cloud !

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning's lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war, —
The harbingers of victory !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance,
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath

Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

4. Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the swelling sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.
5. Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel hands to valor given ;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !



LXXIX.—ICHABOD CRANE'S RIDE.

AN EXTRACT FROM SLEEPY HOLLOW.

IRVING.

1. THE revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels, mounted on pillions¹ behind their

favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away. The late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

2. Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking² a hen-roost rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated,³ he went straight to the stable, and, with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping.

3. It was the very witching⁴ time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

4. The night grew darker and darker, the stars

seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate Andre,* who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major Andre's Tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition.

5. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle. He thought his whistle was answered. It was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan. His teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle. It was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

6. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. To pass this bridge

* John Andre (An'dr), a British officer, chiefly known through his complicity in the treason of Benedict Arnold. He was captured by the Americans, and executed at Tappan, New York, in 1780.

was the severest trial. It was at this identical⁵ spot that the unfortunate Andre was captured, and this has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

7. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump. He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge. But instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain. His steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes.

8. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness which had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

9. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late. Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded, in stammering

accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road.

10. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now, in some degree, be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road.

11. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind. The other did the same. His heart began to sink within him. He endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.⁶ There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious⁷ companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! But his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was

carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation. He rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip. But the spectre started full jump with him.

12. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash. He was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

13. The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate, while near the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and

black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin!

- ¹ PIL'LIÖN (pil'yün). A cushion or soft saddle for a woman to ride on, behind a person on horseback.
² SÄCK'ING. Plundering.
³ GLÖAT'ED. Gazed ardently.
⁴ WITCH'ING. Bewitching; fit for sorcery or witchcraft.

- ⁵ I-DEN'TI-CÄL. The very same.
⁶ STÄVE. A stanza; a verse.
⁷ PÄR-TJ-NÄ'CIOUS. Obstinate; stubborn.

LXXX.—ADDRESS TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT.

EVERETT.

[Edward Everett, a highly distinguished statesman, orator, and scholar, was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794, and died in Boston, universally honored and lamented, January 15, 1865.]

The following extract is a portion of an address at the presentation of colors to the Webster Regiment (Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers), on Boston Common, July 19, 1861. Colonel Fletcher Webster, by whom the regiment was commanded, was the son of Daniel Webster. Captain Ebenezer Webster, father of the latter, had served with distinction both in the old French war and that of the Revolution. Major Edward Webster, a younger brother of Colonel Webster, died near the city of Mexico, January, 23, 1848, in the service of his country, as major of the Massachusetts regiment of volunteers.

Colonel Webster was killed, gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment, at the second battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862.]

1. You are entering, sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty; but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those frontier rangers who bore the brunt¹ of the Seven Years' War, in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington. Your noble father, in defence of the menaced² constitution of his country, led the mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less decisive than the conflicts of the field. Your only brother, following

the impulses of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty well performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.

2. It is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction that, on behalf of the patriotic ladies who take a friendly interest in the regiment, I now present you this beautiful banner, well assured that you and all in your command will regard it with grateful interest, as a token of their kind wishes and a pledge of their sympathy; and that you will look upon it with patriotic reverence, as the symbol of the Union, the emblem of the cause you defend, and the country you serve.

3. It bears upon its field as a motto, from that immortal speech of your father, the soul-stirring words, "Not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured." It is to maintain their high significance that the contest in which you are embarking is waged. Those emblems of our Union, I need not tell you, were first displayed in the camp of Washington, on yonder opposite shore, on the 1st of January, 1776. They have been borne by the armies of the United States against a foreign enemy on hard-fought fields, from the snows of Canada to the burning plains of Mexico. With our navies they have encircled the globe. They are now displayed in defence of the Union itself, in this most unrighteous and fratricidal³ war; and, like the holy symbol

which the first Christian emperor * saw in the heavens, they shall marshal its defenders to victory.

4. Your noble father, sir, with prophetic foresight, uttered these solemn words: "There can be no such thing as peaceful secession."⁴ Your country calls you to discharge your part in the duty, as imperative⁵ as it is sad, which that principle devolves on all good citizens, each in his appropriate sphere. You would gladly have avoided, we should all gladly have avoided, the stern necessity which it laid upon us. We spoke the words of conciliation⁶ and peace, till they inspired nothing but contempt, and invited even new exactions⁷ on the part of our brethren to whom they were addressed; and it was not until they themselves had cried, "Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," that the outraged spirit of a loyal people was roused to a tardy resistance. Not upon us rests the dread responsibility of the unnatural conflict.

5. And now, sir, on behalf of the friends of the regiment, on behalf of this favoring and sympathizing multitude, I bid you, with your officers and men, God speed! The best wishes of those you leave behind will bear you company. The memories of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill will hover round your march. The example of the Massachusetts troops who have preceded you will kindle your emulation. Let the fair banner I now confide to you be seen in the front of the battle. When it returns, in God's good time, with your regiment, it may come back torn and faded, but it will not, it

* The Roman Emperor Constantine, who was inspired to renewed endeavors by the appearance, in the heavens, of a cross, bearing the inscription, "Conquer by this."

shall not, return disgraced. Dust and blood may stain it,—the iron hail of battle may mar its beautiful blazonry,—it may hang in honorable tatters from its staff,—but loyalty and patriotism shall cling to its last shred; treachery shall blast it never, never!

¹ BRUNT. The heat or violence of an onset or a conquest.

² MEN'ACED. Threatened.

³ FRAT-RI-CI'DAL. Relating to fratricide, or the murder of a brother.

⁴ SE-CES'sION. The act of seceding or withdrawing; separation.

⁵ IM-PER'A-TIVE. Commanding.

⁶ CON-CIL-I-Ā'TION. Agreement; reconciliation.

⁷ EX-AC'TIONS. Unjust demands.

LXXXI.—WHAT THE ENGINES SAID.

OPENING OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

BRET HARTE.

1. WHAT was it the Engines said,
Pilots touching, head to head,
Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back?
This is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread!
2. With a prefatory ¹ screech,
In a florid Western speech,
Said the Engine from the WEST,
"I am from Sierra's crest;
And, if altitude's ² a test,
Why, I reckon, it's confessed
That I've done my level best."
3. Said the Engine from the EAST,
"They who work best talk the least.

'Spose you whistle down your brakes ;
 What you've done is no great shakes, —
 Pretty fair, — but let our meeting
 Be a different kind of greeting.
 Let these folks, with champagne stuffing,
 Not their Engines, do the *puffing*.

4. " Listen ! where Atlantic beats
 Shores of snow, and summer heats ;
 Where the Indian autumn skies
 Paint the woods with wampum³ dyes,
 I have chased the flying sun,
 Seeing all he looked upon,
 Blessing all that he has blest,
 Nursing in my iron breast
 All his vivifying⁴ heat,
 All his clouds about my crest ;
 And before my flying feet
 Every shadow must retreat."

5. Said the Western Engine, " Phew !"
 And a long, low whistle blew.
 " Come, now, really that's the oddest
 Talk for one so very modest.
 You brag of your East ! — *you* do ?
 Why, *I* bring the East to *you* !
 All the Orient,⁵ all Cathay,⁶
 Find through me the shortest way,
 And the sun you follow here
 Rises in my hemisphere.
 Really, — if one must be rude, —
 Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

6. Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or
I'll run over some Director."
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,
But, when riled, I'm quite terrific.
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,
Just to show these folks this moral,
How two Engines — in their vision —
Once have met without collision."
7. That is what the Engines said,
Unreported and unread;
Spoken slightly through the nose,
With a whistle at the close.

¹ PRĒF'A-TQ-RY. Introductory.

² XL'TI-TŪDE. Height.

³ WĀM'PUM. A belt formed of shells,
used by the Indians as a girdle, and as
money.

⁴ VIV'I-FY-ING. Animating; enduing
with life.

⁵ Ō'RJ-ĒNT. The East.

⁶ CĀ-THĀY'. An ancient name of China.

LXXXII. — JO'S FIRST ROMANCE.

MISS ALCOTT.

[Miss Louisa M. Alcott is the author of three works of fiction, *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, *Little Women*, and *Little Men*, which have attained wide and deserved popularity from their healthy tone, animated style, and truthful pictures of New England life and character. She also wrote a work called *Hospital Sketches*, and *Camp and Fireside Stories*.]

1. FORTUNE suddenly smiled upon Jo, and dropped a good luck-penny in her path. Not a golden penny, exactly, but I doubt if half a million would have given more real happiness than did the little sum that came to her in this wise.

2. Every few weeks she would shut herself up in her room, put on her scribbling suit, and "fall into a vortex," as she expressed it, writing away at her novel with all her heart and soul; for, till that was

finished, she could find no peace. Her "scribbling suit" consisted of a black pinafore,¹ on which she could wipe her pen at will, and a cap of the same material, adorned with a cheerful red bow, into which she bundled her hair when the decks were cleared for action.

3. This cap was a beacon to the inquiring eyes of her family, who, during these periods, kept their distance, merely popping in their heads semi-occasionally to ask, with interest, "Does genius burn, Jo?" They did not always venture even to ask this question, but took an observation of the cap, and judged accordingly. If this expressive article of dress was drawn low upon the forehead, it was a sign that hard work was going on; in exciting moments it was pushed askew, and when despair seized the author it was plucked wholly off, and cast upon the floor. At such times the intruder silently withdrew; and not until the red bow was seen gayly erect upon the gifted brow did any one dare address Jo. The divine afflatus² usually lasted a week or two, and then she emerged from her "vortex" hungry, sleepy, cross, or despondent.

4. She was just recovering from one of these attacks, when she was prevailed upon to escort Miss Crocker to a lecture, and in return for her virtue was rewarded with a new idea. They were early; and, while Miss Crocker set the heel of her stocking, Jo amused herself by examining the faces of the people who occupied the seat with them. On her right her only neighbor was a studious looking lad absorbed in a newspaper. It was a pictorial sheet, and Jo examined the work of art nearest her, idly

wondering what concatenation³ of circumstances needed the illustration of an Indian in full war costume. Pausing to turn a page, the lad saw her looking, and, with boyish good-nature, offered half his paper. Jo accepted it with a smile, for she had never outgrown her liking for lads, and soon found herself involved in the usual labyrinth of love, mystery, and murder; for the story belonged to that class of light literature in which the passions have a holiday, and, when the author's invention fails, a grand catastrophe clears the stage of one half the characters, leaving the other half to exult over their downfall.

5. "Good— isn't it?" asked the boy, as her eye went down the last paragraph of her portion.

6. "I think you and I could do most as well as that if we tried," returned Jo, amused at his admiration of the trash.

7. "I should think that I was lucky if I could. She makes a good living out of such stories, they say;" and he pointed to the name of Mrs. S. L. A. N. G. Northbury, under the title of the tale.

8. "Do you know her?" asked Jo, with sudden interest.

9. "No; but, I read all her pieces, and I know a fellow that works in the office where this paper is printed."

10. "Do you say she makes a good living out of stories like this?" and Jo looked more respectfully at the agitated group and thickly-sprinkled exclamation points that adorned the page.

11. "Yes, she does. She knows just what is liked, and is paid well for writing it."

12. Here the lecture began, but Jo heard very little of it; she was covertly⁴ taking down the address of the paper, and boldly resolving to try for the hundred-dollar prize offered in its columns for a sensational⁵ story. By the time the lecture ended, and the audience awoke, she had built up a splendid fortune for herself (not the first founded upon paper), and was already deep in the concoction⁶ of her story.

13. She said nothing of her plan at home, but fell to work next day, much to the disquiet of her mother, who always looked a little anxious when "genius took to burning." Jo had never tried this style before, contenting herself with very mild romances for the "Spread Eagle." Her theatrical experience and miscellaneous reading were of service now, for they gave her some idea of dramatic effect, and supplied plot, language, and costumes. Her story was as full of desperation and despair as her limited acquaintance with those uncomfortable emotions enabled her to make it; and having located it in Lisbon, she wound up with an earthquake, as a striking and appropriate termination. The manuscript was privately despatched, accompanied by a note, modestly saying that if the tale didn't get the prize, which the writer hardly dared expect, she would be very glad to receive any sum it might be considered worth.

14. Six weeks is a long time to wait, and-a still longer time for a girl to keep a secret; but Jo did both, and was just beginning to give up all hope of ever seeing her manuscript again, when a letter arrived which almost took her breath away; for, on opening it, a check for a hundred dollars fell into

her lap. For a minute she stared at it as if it had been a snake; then she read her letter, and began to cry. If the amiable gentleman who wrote that kindly note could have known what intense happiness he was giving a fellow-creature, I think he would devote his leisure hours, if he has any, to that amusement; for Jo valued the letter more than the money, because it was encouraging; and after years of effort it was *so* pleasant to find that she had learned to do *something*, though it was only to write a sensation story.

15. A prouder young woman was seldom seen than she, when, having composed herself, she electrified the family by appearing before them with the letter in one hand, the check in the other, announcing that she had won the prize. Of course there was a great jubilee, and when the story came, every one read and praised it; though, after her father had told her that the language was good, the romance fresh and hearty, and the tragedy quite thrilling, he shook his head, and said, in his unworldly way, —

16. "You can do better than this, Jo. Aim at the highest, and never mind the money."

¹ PIN'Ā-FÖRE. A child's apron.

² ĀF-FLĀ'TŪS. Divine inspiration

³ C'ON-CĀT-Ē-NĀ'TIŌN. Series of links.

⁴ CÖV'ĒRT-LŸ. Secretly; privately.

⁵ SĒN-SĀ'TIŌN-ĀL. Having sensation or excitement.

⁶ CŌN-CŪC'T'ŌN. The process of devising or preparing anything.

LXXXIII.—THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

BANCROFT.

[George Bancroft was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800. His great work, "The History of the United States," from which the following is an extract, is a production of marked and peculiar merit, presenting the results of extensive research, and exhibiting an uncommon power of analysis and generalization.]

1. On the afternoon of the day on which the provincial congress of Massachusetts adjourned, April 15, 1775, Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty, and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. But the attempt had for several weeks been expected; a strict watch had been kept; and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and, in consequence, the committee of safety removed a part of the public stores, and secreted the cannon. On Tuesday, the 18th, ten or more sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and farther west, to intercept all communication. In the following night, the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, crossed in the boats of the transportships from the foot of the Common to East Cambridge.

2. "They will miss their aim," said one of a party who observed their departure. "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "Why, the cannon at Concord," was the answer. Percy hastened to Gage, who instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town. But Warren had already, at ten o'clock, despatched William Dawes through

Roxbury to Lexington, and at the same time desired Paul Revere to set off by way of Charlestown.

3. Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it, two friends rowed him past the Somerset man-of-war across Charles River. All was still, as suited the hour. The ship was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon; while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church, the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel. A little beyond Charlestown Neck, Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being himself well mounted, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford. As he passed on, he waked the captain of the minute-men of that town, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington.

4. At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men also, who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum.

5. The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines,

was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence Alarm guns were fired, and drums beat—not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

. 6. How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and the protector of their privileges! How often on that village green, hard by the burial-place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood, side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to fight for their privileges, scrupulous not to begin civil war, and as yet unsuspecting of immediate danger. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish its victims.

7. The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out, "Disperse, ye villains; ye rebels, disperse; lay down your arms; why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was

instantly followed, first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a heavy, close, and deadly discharge of musketry. In the disparity of numbers, the Common was a field of murder, not of battle; Parker therefore ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire.

8. Day came in all the beauty of an early spring; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance, from the ground. Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded — a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.



LXXXIV.—THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

[This noble poem was written by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, wife of a clergyman, resident at Strabane, in Scotland.]

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Bethpeor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." — *Deut.* xxxiv. 6.

1. BY Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.



And no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er ;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

2. That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth.

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

3. Noiselessly as the spring time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

4. Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Bethpeor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,¹
Still shuns that hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

5. But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war.
With arms reversed and muffled² drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

6. Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,

And give the bard an honored place
With costly marble dressed.
In the great minster transept,³
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir⁴ sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned⁵ wall.

7. This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.
8. And had he not high honor,
The hill-side for his pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave? —
9. In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again—most wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the Incarnate⁶ Son of God.

10. O, lonely tomb in Moab's land,
 O, dark Bethpeor's hill,
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace —
 Ways that we cannot tell;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

¹ STĀLK'ING. Stealthily walking in search of prey.

² MŪF'FLED. Having something wound round so as to render the sound low or solemn.

³ MĪN'STER TRĀN'SEPT. A *minster* is a monastic or a cathedral church. The ground plan of minsters is usually in the form of a cross, with one long aisle and a short one crossing it. The

cross aisle is called the *transept*. The transept divides the long aisle into two unequal parts, the longer of which is called the *nave*, and the other the *choir*.

⁴ CHOIR. A band of singers in church service; *also*, the part of a church where the singers are placed.

⁵ ĒM-BLĀ'ZONED. Adorned with armorial ensigns or badges.

⁶ ĪN-CĀR'NATE. Embodied in flesh.

LXXXV.—BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

TENNYSON.

[Alfred Tennyson, a living poet of England, was born in 1810. He is a man of fine genius, whose poetry is addressed to refined and cultivated minds. The music of his verse, and his skill in the use of language, are alike excellent. He has an uncommon power of presenting pictures to the eye, and often in a very few words.]

1. BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.
2. O, well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O, well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

3. And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of the vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!
 4. Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.
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LXXXVI. — OUR GUIDE.

[The Rev. George Edward Ellis, D. D., a native of Boston, was graduated at Harvard College in 1833. He was for many years pastor of a church in Charlestown, Massachusetts. He is the author of a *Life of Count Rumford*, and of several memoirs in Sparks's "American Biography." He has been for many years an active member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and has contributed many valuable papers to its proceedings.]

The following extract is from a sermon on the duty of making Christ our guide in life.]

1. A FEW years ago a small company of travellers, men and women, previously strangers to each other, happened to meet as a party for the day's experience in a curious and somewhat venturesome enterprise. It was at the entrance of that stupendous¹ cavern in Kentucky which ranks among the wonders of the world. The sunlight was playing brightly, on a May morning, upon the tunnel-like opening communicating with that mysterious and gloomy entrance into the dark bowels of the earth.

2. Each one of the party was furnished with a glass lantern containing a lighted lamp. The guide who accompanied the party was a faithful and skilful one, who by daily visits of a similar character in ful-

filling his duties during the period of summer travel, and by more thorough, lonely explorations of his own in seasons of leisure, had won the reputation of a more perfect and familiar acquaintance with the secrets of the cavern than any other living man. He, too, carried a lantern, and had, strapped upon his back, a large metal canister filled with oil.

3. Led on by curiosity and the expectation of gratifying that strong impulse which for a time represses all other emotions, the party, opening a free social intercourse with each other, passed along the straight shaft, which, for more than four miles, penetrates into deepest darkness. Having left the sunlight behind, there was in a part of this shaft a temporary delusion of star-light. This was caused by some slight flecks of white upon the dingy roof of the shaft—little constellated² spots, from which the black moss had been detached by stones thrown upward, and which were brought out into prominence by rays from the lamps.

4. The party then retraced a portion of the way, and entered a lateral passage, almost at a right angle with their previous course. This they followed for two miles onward, over a difficult, and perilous, and most intricate course, where an unskilled person would have been hopelessly bewildered, and, if left alone without a light and a clew,³ would have perished either by a fall or by starvation.

5. Ascending and descending, climbing airy ladders, bending and creeping through narrow passages, clinging to dizzy supports, gazing into awful chasms, crowding themselves and almost crawling beneath low arches and through tortuous spaces in the rock,

they hurried on. Excitement for a season excluded the sense of danger. The marvels, the grandeur, the peculiar and wondrous beauties, which were to be looked for at intervals, kept up that excitement.

6. Farther on, in the now winding, and irregular, and uneven way, spacious caverned vaults opened, here and there, into lofty chambers, domed as if by art, supported by pillars, gemmed and groined by the secret chemistry of nature in the lapse of ages. One of these domed and caverned halls presented, under the glare of the lamps, the color of brimstone; another had the whiteness of virgin snow; while a third, as if to afford a share for the grotesque or economical element, presented a roof, from which, on timbered rafters, seemed to be suspended rows of smoked meats, the legs of domestic animals, after the manner of the old English farm-cottages.

7. And then that solemn, subterraneous⁴ stream, that sunless river of the abyss, was to be crossed in a frail boat. No ray of the heavenly orb had ever shone upon it. Down, fathoms deep, its sad Stygian⁵ waters flowed where the plummet had not sounded. The fish which we took up from those waters had no eyes — a wonderful illustration of that law of Providence which gives only such faculties as can be used, and adapts every creature to its appointed lot.

8. The visitors continued on four miles after crossing that stream, being told that, if its waters, which immediately felt the effects of a rain-storm without, rose behind us, we should have to wait till they subsided before we could return through the arched passage-way of rock by which we had reached it.

Yet no one spoke a fear, even if fear had yet been felt by any.

9. Curiosity and excitement still led the way, for grandeur and beauty still opened their attractions — awful grandeur and marvellous beauty, there hid in solemn gloom. These, as we reached them in the vaulted chambers, were illumined, for the moment, by the glare of our lamps. Occasionally fire-works were shot forth to throw a transient gleam over those sombre caverns, and to awaken the echoes of those tomb-like halls, at the risk, by the concussion, of dislodging some arching stone, and closing forever the passage back to day.

10. Some gratification for the toil and risk was found in those vast chambers of night and silence, when made brilliant by the glare of lamps, exhibiting the most delicate and exquisite mineral formations, — here as white as snow, there as yellow as gold, wrought into every form of fruit and foliage, of branch and vine, of Gothic⁶ and Arabian architecture and ornament, and all without a tool, by the oozing drops and the subtile alchemy⁷ of a subterranean laboratory.

11. But the end for any safe progress came at last. Curiosity was gratified. The excitement of expectation was cooled. The way out — the way out — began to occupy every thought. Between those visitors in their living burial and the glad light of God's own sunshine, and the abodes of earth, lay a long and dangerous course, safe to the skilful, but hopeless to all others. Then they realized their situation: they felt where they were: they knew their danger.

12. Through these sinuous⁸ and perplexed passages

there was but one right way. The silence which, for a few moments, held all the party in thoughtfulness, was broken by an earnest utterance of a young man whose conversation and demeanor through the whole excursion had not indicated any habitual seriousness of character. With tones that came from the heart, he spoke these simple words: "How much do we now depend upon our guide! He is everything to us."

13. There was a deep solemnity in those words, as they were spoken, in that dismal cavern, to those who had before them so dark a way, which they were just beginning to retrace, with the single aim "to get out."

14. "How much do we all depend upon our guide! He is everything to us." That guide, then, was a slave; not the master of his own body. Even the fee which we paid for his service was accounted for to his owner. But he knew the way; his lamp burned brightly; he was supplied with a reserve of oil; his sight was keen; his heart was true and friendly; and he safely led those who trusted him back to the glad light of heaven.

15. But those simple words, which that youth spoke then and there, have often come back to my mind in other scenes, in other experiences, with other companionships. "How much do we depend upon our Guide!" Not in a dark cavern, but in a way sometimes as dark; not amid chasms and precipices or rock, but in labyrinths often as perplexed; not over a sunless river, but through waters often bitter and deep, leads the way of our human life. We are indeed pressed on by curiosity and excitement. The pleasure-halls which we light up with our lamps, and irradi-

ate⁹ with our transient splendors, shine brightly with their gems and beauties.

16. While the way is onward, we never realize where we are, nor think of fatigue, nor feel a fear. But "the way out" — the way out from life, the way homeward to the friends who sit in brighter regions, the way over hidden and open dangers — that at last throws its spell of solemn thoughtfulness over our minds. Then, how much do we depend upon our Guide! He is everything to us! We light our lamps by His. We rely upon His reserve of oil. We follow in His path. May God permit us to enter with Him the Mansions of Light!

¹ STŪ-PĒN'DOŪS. Wonderful.

² CŌN-STĒL'LĀT-ĒD. United in lustre, as several stars.

³ CLEŴ. Anything that guides or directs.

⁴ SŪB-TER-RĀ'NĒ-OŪS. Under ground.

⁵ STŪQ'J-ĀN. Belonging to the lower world.

⁶ GŌTH'IC. A style of architecture characterized by a pointed arch.

⁷ ĀL'ĒHE-MŪ. The science of chemistry as practised in former times; or the pretended art of changing the baser metals into gold and silver, and of the preparation of an elixir by which disease and death were to be avoided.

⁸ SĪN'Ū-OŪS. Winding.

⁹ [R-RĀ'DJ-ĀTE. Brighten · illuminate.

LXXXVII. — HUMAN LIFE.

CHAPIN.

[Edward Hubbell Chapin, an eloquent preacher of the Universalist denomination, was born in Washington County, New York, in 1814. He has resided since 1843 in New York city. He is a very attractive popular lecturer. His style is rich, animated, and earnest.]

1. BUT there is a book more positive and personal in its contents than any I have yet mentioned. It is the book of *human character*. It is the book of every man's inward and spiritual life. This is a sacred volume — a volume that no other man's eye can read,

the perusal¹ of which we ourselves are apt to neglect; but one that is ever open to the Omniscient² eye, and whose pages are the red-leaved tablets of the heart. This is the true private account of stock and capital, of profit and loss.

2. O merchant or mechanic, so anxiously balancing your accounts for the year! there is stated the precise amount of your real wealth, the only scrip and substance you can carry with you when the years pass away. O politician, man in office and in power! there is the register that enrolls your actual honors, and shows to *what* you are elected. The types of character stamp deeper than printing-presses, and will tell your story better than all the newspapers. O mariner! there is the log-book³ of years, declaring what course you have held in your earthly voyage; there is the chart that indicates upon what shoals and breakers you may be driving now.

3. Young man—young woman! there is the journal of your daily life; there is the remembrancer that records no compliments, no flatteries, only the plain, honest truth; blotted it may be with passages of sin and shame, and let us hope here and there with penitent tears; dedicated, let us pray, for its future pages, with a new year's resolution that shall be answered and blessed in the record. Is not that indeed a most important book, the book of character, that is surely **and constantly** written in the soul's life of every one of us? Remember that beside the volume which goes on with every year, recording what we gain or lose of outward possession, what we have or what we do, there proceeds this inner record stereotyping⁴ what we *are*.

4. And let me say, that this is a book which is both in our own control, and is not in our own control. It is in our control before we speak and act, but not so ever after. The evil passion — its characters are all engraved there; and what a fearful picture is it to look back upon! The angry word — there it is printed quicker than the telegraph can do it. And our life in all its passages is there, translated⁵ into imperishable history. Surely here is a “book of the generations of Adam” in which we are, of all things, most deeply interested.

5. Let me ask, Do we keep it shut? Do we never consult those interior⁶ pages, in our carelessness, or in our guilty consciousness? Vain is our neglect. The story is written — whether we peruse it or not, it is written — and it will come out in the unmistakable lines of *character*.

¹ PĒ-RŪ'SĀL. Examination; the act of reading.

² QM-NI'SCĪ ENT (qm nīsh'ē-ent). Knowing all things.

³ LŌG'-BOOK. Register of a ship's way.

⁴ STĒR'Ē-Q-TĪP-ING. Printing by the

use of stereotype plates; fixing or establishing firmly.

⁵ TRĀNS-LĀT'ĒD. Changed; changed or rendered to another language, retaining the sense.

⁶ IN-TĒ'RĪ-QR. Internal; inner.

LXXXVIII. — AN INVOCATION.

BRYANT.

“Thou hast put all things under his feet.”

1. O NORTH, with all thy vales of green!
 O South, with all thy palms!
 From peopled towns and fields between
 Uplift the voice of psalms.
 Raise, ancient East! the anthem high,
 And let the youthful West reply.

2. Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
 God's well-beloved Son.
 He brings a train of brighter years;
 His kingdom is begun.
 He comes a guilty world to bless
 With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3. O Father! haste the promised hour,
 When at His feet shall lie
 All rule, authority, and power,
 Beneath the ample sky;
 When He shall reign from pole to pole,
 The Lord of every human soul; —

4. When all shall heed the words He said,
 Amid their daily cares,
 And by the loving life He led
 Shall strive to pattern theirs;
 And He who conquered death shall win
 The mightier conquest over sin.



LXXXIX. — BOTH SIDES.

GAIL HAMILTON.

[The following amusing piece is taken by permission from the July, 1867, number of 'Our Young Folks' — a popular illustrated juvenile magazine.]

1. "KITTY, Kitty, you mischievous elf,
 What have you, pray, to say for yourself?"

2. But Kitty was now
 Asleep on the mow,
 And only drawled, dreamily, "Ma-e-ow!"

3. "Kitty, Kitty, come here to me,—
The naughtiest Kitty I ever did see!
I know very well what you've been about;
Don't try to conceal it; murder will out.
Why do you lie so lazily there?"
4. "O, I have had a breakfast rare!"
5. "Why don't you go and hunt for a mouse?"
6. "O, there's nothing fit to eat in the house!"
7. "Dear me! Miss Kitty,
 This *is* a pity;
But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.¹
What has become of the beautiful thrush
That built her nest in the heap of brush?
A brace of young robins as good as the best;
A round little, brown little, snug little nest;
Four little eggs all green and gay,
Four little birds all bare and gray,
And Papa Robin went foraging round,
Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.
North wind, or south wind, he cared not a groat,
So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open
 throat;
And Mamma Robin, through sun and storm,
Hugged them up close, and kept them all warm;
And me, I watched the dear little things
Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty
 wings,
And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the
 nest.
Kitty, Kitty, you know the rest.

The nest is empty, and silent, and lone ;
Where are the four little robins gone ?
O Puss ! you have done a cruel deed !
Your eyes, do they weep ? your heart, does it
 bleed ?

Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale ?
Not you ! You are chasing your wicked tail,
Or you just cuddle down in the hay and purr,
Curl up in a ball, and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise ;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes,
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door,
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over.
Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Clover ! ”

8. Then Kitty arose,
 Rubbed up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows ;
 Rounded her back,
 Leaped from the stack,
On *her* feet, at *my* feet, came down with a
 whack.
Then, fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheathed her
 claws,
 Winked her green eyes
 With an air of surprise,
And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.
9. “ Killed a few robins ; well, what of that ?
What’s virtue in man can’t be vice in a cat.
There’s a thing or two *I* should like to know, —
Who killed the chicken a week ago,

For nothing at all that I could spy,
But to make an overgrown chicken pie?

'Twixt you and me,
'Tis plain to see,
The odds is, you like fricassee,²
While my brave maw
Owns no such law,
Content with viands *à la raw*.

10. "Who killed the robins? O, yes! O, yes!
I *would* get the cat now into a mess!

Who was it put
An old stocking-foot,
Tied up with strings
And such shabby things,
On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,
Dipped it in oil, and set fire to the whole,
And burnt all the way from here to the miller's,
The nests of the sweet young caterpillars?
Grilled³ fowl, indeed!
Why, as I read,
You had not even the plea of need;
For all you boast
Such wholesale roast,
I saw no sign, at tea or toast,
Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

11. "Who killed the robins? Well, I *should* think!
Hadn't somebody better wink
At my peccadilloes,⁴ if houses of glass
Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
I had four little kittens a month ago,—
Black, and Malta, and white as snow;

And not a very long while before
 I could have shown you three kittens more.
 And so in batches of fours and threes,
 Looking back as long as you please,
 You would find, if you read my story all,
 There were kittens from time immemorial.⁵

12. "But what am I now? A cat bereft.
 Of all my kittens, but one is left.
 I make no charges, but this I ask,—
 What made such a splurge in the waste-water
 cask?
 You are quite tender-hearted. O, not a doubt!
 But only suppose old Black Pond could speak
 out."
13. "Well, Kitty, I think full enough has been said,
 And the best thing for you is—go straight back
 to bed."

¹ DIT'TY. Song.

² FRIC AS-SÉE'. A dish of chickens, &c.,
 cut small and dressed with strong
 sauce.

³ GRILLED. Broiled.

⁴ PĒC-CA-DĪL'LŌEŞ. Petty faults.

⁵ IM-MĒ-MŌ'RĪ-ĀL. That cannot be re-
 membered.

XC.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BRYANT.

1. OUR band is few, but true and tried,
 Our leader frank and bold;
 The British soldier trembles
 When Marion's name is told.
 Our fortress is the good greenwood,
 Our tent the cypress tree;

We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.¹

2. Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.
3. Then sweet the hour that brings release
From dangers and from toil :
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

4. Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads —
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life to guide the fiery barb ²
 Across the moonlight plain;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts his tossing mane.
 A moment in the British camp —
 A moment — and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day.
5. Grave men there are by broad Santee.
 Grave men with hoary hairs;
 Their hearts are all with Marion,
 For Marion are their prayers.
 And lovely ladies greet our band
 With kindest welcoming,
 With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton,
 Forever, from our shore.

¹ MÇ RÄSS'. A marsh ; a swamp.

² BÄRE. A Barbary horse much esteemed for its swiftness.

XCI.—MARION, SUMTER, AND PICKENS.

LEE.

[Henry Lee was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 29, 1756, and died March 25, 1816. He was the author of "Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States," from which the following is an extract.]

1. MARION * was about forty-eight years of age, small in stature, hard in visage, healthy, abstemious,¹ and taciturn.² Enthusiastically wedded to the cause of liberty, he deeply deplored the doleful condition of his beloved country. The common weal was his sole object; nothing selfish, nothing mercenary, soiled his character. Fertile in stratagem, he struck unperceived, and retiring to those hidden retreats selected by himself, in the morasses of Pedee and Black River, he placed his corps not only out of the reach of his foe, but often out of the discovery of his friends.

2. A rigid disciplinarian, he reduced to practice the justice of his heart; and during the difficult course of warfare through which he passed, calumny itself never charged him with violating the rights of person, property, or humanity. Never avoiding danger, he never rashly sought it; and acting for all around him as he did for himself, he risked the lives of his troops only when it was necessary. Never elated with prosperity, nor depressed by adversity, he preserved an equanimity³ which won the admiration of his friends, and exacted the respect of his enemies. The country from Camden to the sea-coast,

* Francis Marion was a native of South Carolina, and one of the most distinguished partisan warriors in the Revolution. He died in 1795.

between Pedee and Santee Rivers, was the theatre of his exertions.

3. Sumter* was younger than Marion, larger in frame, better fitted in strength of body to the toils of war, and, like his compeer,⁴ devoted to the freedom of his country. His aspect was manly and stern, denoting insuperable⁵ firmness and lofty courage. He was not over-scrupulous as a soldier in his use of means, and apt to make considerable allowances for a state of war. Believing it warranted by the necessity of the case, he did not occupy his mind with critical examinations of the equity of his measures, or of their bearings on individuals, but indiscriminately⁶ pressed forward to his end — the destruction of his enemies and liberation of his country.

4. In his military character he resembled Ajax;† relying more upon the fierceness of his courage than upon the results of unrelaxing vigilance and nicely adjusted combination. Determined to deserve success, he risked his own life and the lives of his associates without reserve. Enchanted with the splendor of victory, he would wade in torrents of blood to attain it. This general drew about him the hardy sons of the upper and middle grounds; brave and determined like himself, familiar with difficulty, and fearless of danger. He traversed the region between Camden and Ninety-six.‡

5. A third gentleman followed their example.

* Thomas Sumter was also a native of South Carolina, but of his early life little is known. He died in 1832, at the advanced age of ninety-seven.

† Ajax was a brave Greek warrior who figured in the siege of Troy, and was distinguished by his fierceness and courage.

‡ Ninety-six was the name of a military post in Georgia.

Andrew Pickens,* younger than either of them, inexperienced in war, with a sound head, a virtuous heart, and a daring spirit, joined in the noble resolve to burst the chains of bondage riveted upon the two southern states,† and soon found himself worthy of being ranked with his illustrious precursors.† This gentleman was also promoted by the governor to the station of brigadier-general; and having assembled his associates of the same brave and hardy cast, distinguished himself and his corps, in the progress of the war, by the patience and cheerfulness with which every privation was borne, and the gallantry with which every danger was confronted. The country between Ninety-six and Augusta received his chief attention.

6. These leaders were always engaged in breaking up the smaller posts and the intermediate communications, or in repairing losses sustained by action. The troops which followed their fortunes, on their own or their friends' horses, were armed with rifles, in the use of which they had become expert; a small portion only, who acted as cavalry, being provided with sabres. When they approached an enemy, they dismounted, leaving their horses, in some hidden spot, to the care of a few of their comrades. Victorious or vanquished, they flew to their horses, and thus improved victory or secured retreat.

7. Their marches were long and toilsome, seldom feeding more than once a day. Their combats were, like those of the Parthians, sudden and fierce, their decisions speedy, and all subsequent measures equally

* Andrew Pickens was a native of Pennsylvania. After the Revolution he represented his state in Congress, and died in 1817, at the age of seventy-eight.

† South Carolina and Georgia, which the British troops had overrun.

prompt. With alternate fortunes they persevered to the last, and greatly contributed to that success which was the first object of their efforts.

¹ AB-STĒ'MĪ-OŪS. Very temperate.

² TĀÇ'Ī-TŪRN. Habitually silent ; uttering little.

³ E-QUA-NĪM'Ī-TY. Evenness of mind.

⁴ COM-PĒĒR'. An equal ; a mate.

⁵ IN-SŪ'PĒR-Ā-BLE. That cannot be overcome , unconquerable.

⁶ IN-DĪS-CRĪM'Ī-NĀTE-LY. Without distinction.

⁷ PRĒ-CŪR'SORŌ. Predecessors.

XCII.—SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

WEBSTER.

[From a speech in defence of the Union and the Constitution, delivered in the Senate of the United States, January 26, 1830.]

1. THE eulogium¹ pronounced by the honorable gentleman on the character of the State of South Carolina, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride, of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions,—Americans all, whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed² within the same narrow limits.

2. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country ; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he esteem me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his

sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light of Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

3. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment³ of Heaven,—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice or gangrened⁴ by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

4. Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections, let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution, hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist,

alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

5. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts; she needs none. There she is. Behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

6. And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

¹ EU-LŌ'QI-ŪM. Praise; eulogy.

² CŪR-CUM-SCRIBED'. Enclosed; confined.

³ EN-DŌW'MENT. Gift of nature; talent.

⁴ GĀN'GRĒNED. Corrupted and mortified.

XCIII. — EXTRACT FROM SNOW-BOUND.

WHITTIER.

1. UNWARMED by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary¹ with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow;
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
2. So all night long the storm roared on,
And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below, —
A universe of sky and snow !
3. The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and
towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high-cocked hat ;

The well-curb had a Chinese roof:
 And even the long sweep, high aloof,
 In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
 Of Pisa's leaning miracle.*

4. A prompt, decisive man, no breath
 Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
 Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
 Count such a summons less than joy?)
 Our buskins² on our feet we drew;
 With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
 To guard our necks and ears from snow,
 We cut the solid whiteness through,
 And, where the drift was deepest, made
 A tunnel walled and overlaid
 With dazzling crystal: we had read
 Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
 And to our own his name we gave,
 With many a wish the luck were ours
 To test his lamp's supernal powers.
5. We reached the barn with merry din,
 And roused the prisoned brutes within:
 All day the gusty north wind bore
 The loosening drift its breath before;
 Low circling round its southern zone,
 The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone;
 No church-bell lent its Christian tone
 To the savage air, no social smoke
 Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
6. As night drew on, and, from the crest
 Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,

* The Leaning Tower at Pisa (pě'zä).

The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank
 From sight beneath the smothering bank,
 We piled, with care, our nightly stack
 Of wood against the chimney back,—
 The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
 And on its top the stout back-stick;
 The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
 And filled between, with curious art,
 The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
 We watched the first red blaze appear,
 Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
 On white-washed wall and sagging beam,
 Until the old, rude-furnished room
 Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
 While radiant with a mimic flame
 Outside the sparkling drift became,
 And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
 Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.

¹ HÖAR'Y. White.

[² BŪs'KINŞ. A kind of half boots.



XCIV.—AFTER MARRIAGE.

SHERIDAN.

[Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a celebrated orator and dramatic writer, was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1751, and died in 1816. His principal plays are "The Rivals," "The Duenna," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic." They are all marked by brilliant wit and pointed dialogue, and "The School for Scandal" is perhaps the most finished comedy in the language. He was a very effective speaker in Parliament. There was little that was estimable or respectable in Sheridan's character. He was always in a state of pecuniary embarrassment, and in his later years too often sought oblivion in that fatal source of alleviation, the bottle. The following scene is from "The School for Scandal."]

LADY TEAZLE and SIR PETER.

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear

it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything; and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well — so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay — there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. Indeed! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon* into a green-house,

Lady T. Why, Sir Peter! am I to blame because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam — if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

* PAN-THE'ON. A temple dedicated to all the gods. The Pantheon at Rome, now comparatively in ruins, is one of the most splendid remains of the ancients.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style — the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first, sitting at your tambour,¹ in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. O, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led, — my daily occupation, to inspect the dairy, superintend² the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements; — to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan³ with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach — *vis-a-vis*⁴ — and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No — I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then ; and there is but one thing more you can make me, to add to the obligation, and that is —

Sir P. My widow, I suppose.

Lady T. Hem ! hem !

Sir P. I thank you, madam ; but don't flatter yourself ; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you : however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense ?

Sir P. Indeed, madam, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

Lady T. Why, Sir Peter ! would you have me be out of the fashion ?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed ! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me ?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay, there again — taste. Zounds ! madam, you had no taste when you married me !

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter ; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of

rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious⁵ of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has ridden on a hurdle⁶ who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good-humor; and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's, too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then indeed you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good by to you.

[*Exit* LADY TEAZLE.]

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation:⁷ yet, with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never ap-

pears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [Exit.

1 TĀM'BÔUR. A frame on which cloth is stretched for convenience of embroidering.

2 SŪ-PĒR-IN-TĒND'. Have the care or direction of; overlook.

3 PÔPE JŌAN (jōn). A game at cards.

4 VIſ-Ā-VIS' (vīz'ā-vē'). Face to face; *here*, a carriage for two persons, who sit opposite to each other.

5 TĒ-NĀ'CIOUS (-shūs). Holding fast; retentive.

6 HŪR'DLE. A sort of sledge on which criminals were drawn to execution.

7 ĒX-PŌST-V-LĀ'TION. Earnest remonstrance; act of reasoning earnestly with a person on some impropriety of conduct.



XCV.—THE MAGIC WIRE.

BRYANT.

1. I SPEAK in behalf of the wires. Charles Lamb, in one of his papers, remarks that a piece of news, which, when it left Botany Bay, was true to the letter, often becomes a lie before it reaches England. It is the advantage of the telegraph that it gives you the news before circumstances have had time to alter. The press is enabled to lay it fresh before the reader. It comes to him like a steak hot and fresh from the gridiron, instead of being cooled and rendered flavorless by a slow journey from a distant kitchen.

2. A battle is fought three thousand miles away, and we have the particulars while they are taking the wounded to the hospital. A great orator rises in the British Parliament, and we read his words almost before the cheers of his friends have ceased. An earthquake shakes San Francisco, and we have the news before the people who have rushed into the street have returned to their houses. I am

afraid that the columns of the daily newspapers would now seem flat, dull, and stale¹ to the reader were it not for the communications of the telegraph.

3. But while the telegraph does this for the press, the press in some sort returns the obligation. Were it not for the press, the telegram, being repeated from mouth to mouth, would, from the moment of its arrival, begin to lose something of its authenticity.² Every rumor propagated³ orally, at last becomes false. You are familiar with the personification of Rumor by the poets of antiquity—at first of dwarfish size, and rapidly enlarging in bulk till her feet sweep the earth, and her head is among the clouds. The press puts Rumor into a strait-jacket, binds her from head to foot, and so restrains her growth. It transcribes the messages of the telegraph in their very words, and thus prevents them from being magnified and mutilated into lies. It protects the reputation of the telegraph for veracity. You know what a printer's devil is. It is the messenger who brings to the printer his copy—that is to say, matter which is to be put into type. Some petulant, impatient author, I suppose, who was negligent in furnishing the required copy, must have given him that name; although he is so useful that he is better entitled to be called the printer's angel, the original word for angel and messenger being the same.

4. In the *Treatise on Bathos*, Pope quotes, as a sample of absurdity not to be surpassed, a passage from some play,—I think one of Nat Lee's,—expressing the modest wish of a lover,—

"Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy."

But see what changes a century brings forth. What was then an absurdity, what was arrant nonsense, is now the statement of a naked fact. The wires have annihilated both space and time in the transmission of intelligence. The breadth of the Atlantic, with all its waves, is as nothing; and in sending a message from Europe to this continent, the time, as computed by the clock, is some six hours less than nothing.

5. My imagination goes down to the chambers of the middle sea, to those vast depths where reposes the mystic wire on beds of coral, among forests of tangle, or on the bottom of the dim blue gulfs strewn with the bones of whales and sharks, skeletons of drowned men, and ribs and masts of foundered barks, laden with wedges of gold never to be coined, and pipes of the choicest vintages of earth never to be tasted. Through these watery solitudes, among the fountains of the great deep, the abode of perpetual silence, never visited by living human presence, and beyond the sight of human eye, there are gliding to and fro, by night and by day, in light and in darkness, in calm and in tempest, currents of human thought, borne by the electric pulse which obeys the bidding of man. That slender wire thrills with the hopes and fears of nations; it vibrates to every emotion that can be awakened by any event affecting the welfare of the human race.

6. A volume of contemporary history passes every hour of the day from one continent to the other. An operator on the continent of Europe gently touches the keys of an instrument in his quiet room, a message is shot with the swiftness of light through the abysses of the sea, and before his

hands are lifted from the machine, the story of revolts and revolutions, of monarchs dethroned and new dynasties set up in their place, of battles and conquests and treaties of peace, of great statesmen fallen in death, lights of the world gone out, and new luminaries glimmering on the horizon, is written down in another quiet room on the other side of the globe.

7. I see in the circumstances which I have enumerated a new proof of the superiority of mind to matter, of the independent existence of that part of our nature which we call the spirit, when it can thus subdue, enslave, and educate the subtlest, the most active, and in certain of its manifestations the most intractable and terrible of the elements, making it in our hands the vehicle of thought, and compelling it to speak every language of the civilized world. I infer the capacity of the spirit for a separate state of being, its indestructible essence and its noble destiny, and I thank the great discoverer whom we honor for this confirmation of my faith.

¹ STĀLE. Old ; not fresh ; long kept.

² ĀU-THĒN-TĪŋ'-I-TŲ. The quality of resting on proper authority ; genuineness.

³ PRŌP'Ā-GĀT-ĒD. Spread abroad by carrying from place to place.

XCVI.—THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

T. B. ALDRICH.

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1836. He is a popular writer both in prose and verse. He is at present (1871) a resident of Boston, and editor of the weekly journal called "Every Saturday."]

1. MABEL, little Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon ¹ light
A trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan,
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves, —
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone with her woe,
Wringing as she stands
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the beacon light
A trembling in the rain.
2. Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;

And your father: you are weeping.
O, Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a steeping;
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch² and tight,
And your father knows
The perilous reef,
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the beacon in the rain.

3. The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls;
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry, old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls for the souls
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them! God pity them!
Wherever they may be.
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait in vain,
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane!
4. A boom! the light-house gun,
How its echo rolls and rolls!

'Tis to warn home-bound ships
Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky —
From the fort, a shaft of light !
See, it fades, and fading leaves
Golden furrows on the night !
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale ?
What makes Mabel's lips so white ?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight,
Down, down, and out of sight ?
O, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane ;
You cannot see the men that drown
By the beacon in the rain !

5. From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold,
And the angel on the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands,
With something in their hands —
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah ! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair.
O, ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot !
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,

Who looks towards the beach,
 And looking sees it not.
 She will never watch again,
 Never watch and wake at night;
 For those pretty, saintly eyes
 Look beyond the stormy skies,
 And they see the beacon light.

¹ BĒA'CON. A fire lighted on a height as | ² STĀNCH. Strong; stout.
 a signal to navigators, or to give alarm.

XCVII. — WASHINGTON.

S. K. LOTHROP.

[Samuel K. Lothrop, D. D., is a graduate of Harvard College, of the class of 1835. Since 1834 he has been pastor of the Brattle Street Church in the city of Boston.

The following just and appreciative estimate of the character of Washington is an extract from his oration before the municipal authorities of Boston on the 4th of July, 1866.]

1. NIAGARA stands alone, unrivalled among the cataracts of earth, and man might as well attempt to create it, as by pen or pencil to give an adequate description or impression of it. Thus Washington stands so unrivalled in the combinations of his life, character, and career,—as fortunate as he was great, and as good as he was great and fortunate,—that one might as well undertake to create as to describe him. I shall not attempt it; but this I may say, that the more I read history, the more I study biography, the more I contemplate human nature, and aim to form correct moral estimates of men, the more the character of Washington, in its glorious beauty, in the august sublimity of its splendid combinations, looms up before my imagination, my feelings, and my judgment, as the grandest to be found in the authen-

tic records of our race, save those records, short and simple, that contain the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

2. Does any one maintain that in the raising up of such a man to be the leader of our fathers in their Revolutionary struggle, to be the model, guide, and inspiration, in all coming time, to the new development and progress which humanity is to make on this continent, he sees nothing wonderfully providential? that in all this struggle he finds no special token of a benignant¹ purpose of the Almighty in regard to the interests of liberty and humanity in this land? I can only answer, that I envy not the coldness or the scepticism of his heart. Such a man is wanting in the great element of faith,—faith in the invisible, the spiritual, and the eternal,—which has ever been one of the noblest attributes of the noblest minds.

3. Most persons will recognize, and delight to recognize, the hand of God in that glorious Revolutionary struggle of our fathers, whose importance can never diminish, and the memory of which can never die. It was the first stern conflict between the despotism of the Old World and the liberty of the New. In that conflict liberty triumphed, lifting up our country “from impending servitude² to acknowledged independence;” and that triumph should stand before us to-day as “the Lord’s doing, marvellous in our eyes,” a testimony to his gracious purpose to promote the interests and progress of humanity in our land and throughout the world.

¹ BĒ-NĪG’NĀNT. Kind; gracious. | : ŠĒR’VĪ-TŪDE. Slavery; bondage.

XCVIII. — THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

SAXE.

[John Godfrey Saxe was born in Franklin County, Vermont, in 1816, and was graduated at Middlebury College in 1839. He is a lawyer by profession, and is well known by his humorous poetry, much of which has attained great and deserved popularity.]

1. It was six men of Indostan,
 To learning much inclined,
 Who went to see the elephant
 (Though all of them were blind),
 That each by observation
 Might satisfy his mind.
2. The first approached the elephant,
 And happening to fall
 Against his broad and sturdy side,
 At once began to bawl;
 “Why, bless me! but the elephant
 Is very like a wall!”
3. The second, feeling of the tusk,
 Cried, “Ho! what have we here
 So very round, and smooth, and sharp?
 To me 'tis very clear,
 This wonder of an elephant
 Is very like a spear!”
4. The third approached the animal,
 And happening to take

The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up he spake :
" I see," quoth he, " the elephant
Is very like a snake ! "

5. The fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee :
" What most this wondrous beast is like,
Is very plain," quoth he ;
" 'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree ! "

6. The fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, " E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most :
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan ! "

7. The sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
" I see," quoth he, " the elephant
Is very like a rope ! "

8. And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong !

MORAL.

9. So, oft in theologic¹ wars,
 The disputants,² I ween,³
 Rail on in utter ignorance
 Of what each other mean,
 And prate about an elephant
 Not one of them has seen !

¹ THE-O-LÖG'IC. Pertaining to theology or divinity. ³ WEEN. Think ; imagine.

² DIS'PU-TANTS. Those who dispute or argue.



XCIX. — JOHN MAYNARD.

ANONYMOUS.

1. 'TWAS on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
 One bright midsummer day,
 The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
 Swept proudly on her way.
 Bright faces clustered on the deck,
 Or, leaning o'er the side,
 Watched carelessly the feathery foam
 That flecked¹ the rippling tide.
2. Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
 That smiling bends serene,
 Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
 Impended² o'er the scene —
 Could dream that ere an hour had sped
 That frame of sturdy oak
 Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
 Blackened with fire and smoke ?

3. A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low :
The captain's swarthy face grew pale ;
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late ! Though quick, and sharp,
And clear, his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench th' insidious³ flame.
4. The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the dooméd ship.
" Is there no hope — no chance of life ? "
A hundred lips implore.
" But one," the captain made reply —
" To run the ship on shore."
5. A sailor whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal,
By name John Maynard, eastern born,
Stood calmly at the wheel.
" Head her south-east ! " the captain shouts,
Above the smothered roar ;
" Head her south-east without delay !
Make for the nearest shore ! "
6. No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, " Ay, ay ! "
Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight,
Crowd forward, wild with fear,

While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

7. John Maynard watched the nearing flames,
But still, with steady hand,
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.

"John Maynard, can you still hold out?"
He heard the captain cry;
A voice from out the stifling smoke
Faintly responds, "Ay, ay!"

8. But half a mile! A hundred hands
Stretch eagerly to shore.
But half a mile! That distance sped,
Peril shall all be o'er.
But half a mile! Yet stay; the flames
No longer slowly creep,
But gather round the helmsman bold
With fierce, impetuous sweep.

9. "John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly still,
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help I will!"

10. The flames approach with giant strides;
They scorch his hands and brow;
One arm disabled seeks his side:
Ah, he is conquered now!

But no; his teeth are firmly set;
 He crushes down his pain;
 His knee upon the stanchion⁴ pressed,
 He guides the ship again.

11. One moment yet, one moment yet!
 Brave heart, thy task is o'er;
 The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
 The steamer touches shore.
 Three hundred grateful voices rise
 In praise to God, that He
 Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
 And from th' ingulging sea.

12. But where is he, that helmsman bold?
 The captain saw him reel —
 His nerveless hands released their task,
 He sank beside the wheel.
 The wave received his lifeless corpse,
 Blackened with smoke and fire.
 God rest him! Never hero had
 A nobler funeral pyre.⁵

¹ FLECKED. Spotted; streaked.

² IM-PEND'ED. Hung over; threatened.

³ IN-SID'J-OÛS. Lying in wait; treacherous.

⁴ STÄN'ÇHIQŦ. An upright post supporting a beam.

⁵ PYRE. A pile to be burnt.

C.—THE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES OF HUMBOLDT.

AGASSIZ.

[Louis Agassiz was born in Switzerland in 1807. He is one of the most eminent naturalists of the age. He came to the United States in 1846, and the next year accepted the professorship of zoölogy and geology at Harvard College, Cambridge, where he has since resided.]

1. THE scientific discoverer of America, as the Germans delight to call him, was destined to start from the same shore as Christopher Columbus. He not only received permission to visit the Spanish colonies, but special facilities¹ for his investigations were offered him. This liberality was unexampled on the part of Spain, for in those days that government guarded its colonies with jealous exclusiveness. Humboldt's enthusiasm disarmed all suspicion, and the king cordially sustained his undertaking.

2. Nearly ten years passed in maturing his plans, preparing himself for their execution, and obtaining the means of carrying them out. He was not quite thirty years of age when he sailed from the harbor of Corunna,* running out in a dark and stormy night to evade the English cruisers, which then blockaded the Spanish coast.

3. No period of Humboldt's life has had a more powerful influence upon knowledge and education than these five years of travel. In the very glory of his youth, and yet with an intellectual maturity which belongs to later manhood, his physical activity and endurance kept pace with the fertility and com-

* Pronounced Cq-rün'nä.

prehensiveness of his mind. Never were the strength of youth and the knowledge of age so wonderfully united in the same person.

4. At the first step of the journey he paused at the Canary Islands, and has left us a graphic² picture of his ascension of the Peak of Teneriffe* and of the volcanic phenomena of the place. Landing in Cumana,† he made his first long station there. His explorations of the mountains, valleys, and sea-shore, in that neighborhood, and his collections of every kind, were of vast scientific importance. He had already begun his studies upon the averages of climate, the result of which, known as the "isothermal³ lines," was one of his most original contributions to science. With the intuition of genius, he saw that the distribution of temperature obeyed certain laws. He collected all that could be learned of the average temperatures in various localities, and, combining all these facts, he first taught geographers to trace upon their maps the curves which give, in one undulating line, the varying aspects of climate upon the whole globe.

5. After months spent in the neighborhood of the coast, Humboldt crossed the great plains which divide the basin of the Orinoco from the sea-shore. Every step of his journey was marked by original researches. He turned those desert plains into enchanted land by the power of his thought, and left us descriptions as fascinating for their beauty as they are valuable for their novelty and precision. In his long and painful journey through the valley of the Orinoco, he traced the singular network of rivers

* Pronounced Tén'c-riffe.

† Pronounced Cû-ma-nâ;

by which this great stream connects with the Amazon — a fresh-water route which is yet to become one of the great highways of the world.

6. The next great stage of Humboldt's journey was along the ridge of the Andes. There is a picturesque charm about this part of the undertaking which is irresistible. At that time travelling in those mountains was infinitely more difficult than it is now. We follow him with his train of mules bearing the most delicate instruments, the most precious scientific apparatus, through the passes of the great chain. Measuring the mountains, sounding the valleys as he went, tracing the distribution of vegetation on slopes twenty thousand feet high, examining extinct⁴ and active volcanoes, collecting and drawing animals and plants, he brought away with him an incredible amount of information, which has since remodelled popular education, and become the common property of the civilized world.

7. Many of these ascensions were attended with infinite danger and difficulty. He climbed the Chimborazo* to a height of eighteen thousand feet, at a time when no other man had ever ascended so far above the level of the sea, and was only prevented from reaching the summit by an impassable chasm, in which he nearly lost his life. Returning from the Andes, he skirted the Pacific from Truxillo† to Acapulco,‡ and paused in Mexico. From Mexico he went to Havana, and thence sailed for Philadelphia. His stay in this country was short. He was warmly welcomed by the scientific men in Philadelphia, and

* Pronounced Chīm-bō-rā'zō.

† Pronounced Trū-hēl'yō.

‡ Pronounced Āc-ā-pāl'cō.

was cordially received by Jefferson on his visit to Washington.

8. He returned to Paris in 1804, having been absent from Europe for five years. It was a brilliant period in science, letters, and politics, in the great capital. The young traveller, bringing intellectual and material treasures even to the men who had grown old in scientific research, was welcomed by all, and in this great centre of social and intellectual life he made his home, for the most part, from 1805 to 1827.

¹ FA-CIL'I-TIES. Means by which performance is rendered easy.

² GRAPH'IC. Affording a lively view; well delineated.

³ I-SO-THER'MAL LINES. Imaginary

lines which pass through those points, on the surface of the earth, at which the mean annual temperature is the same.

⁴ EX-TINCT'. Extinguished; having ceased to exist.

CI.—THE MINISTRY OF THE DOVES.

MISS COOPER.

[From "Rural Homes," a book published in New York in 1850, and written by Miss Cooper, a daughter of the celebrated novelist.]

1. On the shores of Southern Florida, and among the rocky islets, or "keys," of the Gulf of Mexico, there is a rare and beautiful bird, to which the name of the Zenaïda Dove has been given by Prince Charles Bonaparte, the ornithologist.¹ This creature is very beautiful in its delicate form, and in its coloring of a warm and rosy gray, barred with brown and white on back and wing; its breast bears a shield of pure and vivid blue, bordered with gold, its cheeks are marked with ultramarine,² and its slender legs and feet are deep rose-color, tipped with black nails.

2. Innocent and gentle, like others of its tribe, this little creature flits to and fro, in small family groups, over the rocky islets, and along the warm, sandy beaches of the Gulf—"Tampa's desert strand."

"On that lone shore loud moans the sea."

There are certain keys where it loves especially to alight, attracted by the springs which here and there gush up pure and fresh among the coral rocks. The low note of this bird is more than usually sweet, pure, and mournful in its tone. But the doves are not the only visitors of those rare springs.

3. A few years since pirates haunted the same spots, seeking, like the birds, water from their natural fountains. It chanced one day that a party of those fierce outlaws came to a desolate key to fill their water-casks, ere sailing on some fresh cruise of violence. A little flock of the rose-gray doves—and their flocks are ever few and rare—were flitting and cooing in peace about the rocky basin when the pirates appeared; in affright they took wing, and flew away. The casks were filled, and the ruffian crew rowed their boat off to their craft, lying at anchor in the distance. For some reason, apparently accidental, one of the band remained a while on the island alone.

4. In a quiet evening hour, he threw himself on the rocks near the spring, looking over the broad sea, where here and there a low desert islet rose from the deep, while the vessel with which his own fate had long been connected lay idle, with furled canvas, in the offing. Presently the little doves, seeing all quiet again, returned to their favorite spring, flitting

to and fro in peace, uttering to each other their low, gentle notes, so caressing and so plaintive. It may have been that in the wild scenes of his turbulent career the wretched man had never known the force of solitude. He was now gradually overpowered by its mysterious influences pressing upon heart and mind. He felt himself to be alone with his Maker.

5. The works of the Holy One surrounded him — the pure heavens hanging over his guilty head, the sea stretching in silent grandeur far into the unseen distance. One object alone, bearing the mark of man, lay within range of his eye — that guilty craft, which, like an evil phantom, hovered in the offing,³ brooding sin. The sounds most familiar to him for years had been curse, and ribald jest, and brutal threat, and shriek of death. But now those little doves came hovering about him, uttering their guileless notes of tenderness and innocence. Far away, in his native woods, within sight of his father's roof, he had often listened in boyhood to other doves, whose notes, like these, were pure and sweet.

6. Home memories, long banished from his breast, returned. The image of his Christian mother stood before him. Those little doves, still uttering their low, pure, inoffensive note, seemed bearing to him the far-off echoes of every sacred word of devout faith, of pure precept, of generous feeling, which, in happier years, had reached his ear. A fearful consciousness of guilt came over the wretched man. His heart was utterly subdued. The stern pride of manhood gave way. A powerful tide of contrition swept away all evil barriers. Bitter tears of remorse fell upon the stone on which his head rested.

7. And that was to him the turning-point of life. He rose from the rock a penitent, firmly resolved to retrace his steps—to return to better things. By the blessing of God the resolution was adhered to. He broke away from his evil courses, thrust temptation aside, returned to his native soil to lead a life of penitence and honest toil. Many years later, a stranger came to his cabin in the wild forests of the southern country,—a man venerable in mien, shrewd and kindly in countenance,—wandering through the woods on pleasant errands of his own. The birds of that region were the stranger's object.

8. The inmate of the cabin had much to tell on this subject; and, gradually, as the two were thrown together in the solitude of the forest, the heart of the penitent opened to his companion. He avowed that he loved the birds of heaven; he had cause to love them—the doves especially; they had been as friends to him; they had spoken to his heart in the most solemn hour of life. And then came that singular confession. The traveller was Audubon, the great ornithologist, who has left on record in his works this striking incident. In olden times what a beautiful ballad would have been written on such a theme—fresh and wild as the breeze of the forest, sweet and plaintive as the note of the dove!

¹ ÖR-NJ-THÖL'Q-QÍST. One versed in ornithology, the science which teaches the natural history and arrangement or classification of birds.

² ÜL-TRÄ-MÄ-RINE'. A beautiful blue color.

³ ÖFF'JNG. A part of the sea at a distance from the shore, where there is deep water.

CII. — CRESCENTIUS.

MISS LONDON.

[Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in 1802. In 1838 she married Mr. George Maclean, and in a few months after died at Cape Coast Castle, on the coast of Africa, of which her husband was governor. Between 1821 and 1838 she wrote and published several volumes of poetry and three or four novels. Her poems, graceful and brilliant, were very popular at the time of their first appearance, but most of them are now but little read. The history of Crescentius, the hero of the following poem, is briefly told by Gibbon in the forty-ninth chapter of his history. "In the minority of Otho the Third, Rome made a bold attempt to shake off the Saxon yoke, and the consul Crescentius was the Brutus of the republic. From the condition of a subject and an exile, he twice rose to the command of the city, oppressed, expelled, and created the popes, and formed a conspiracy for restoring the authority of the Greek emperors. In the fortress of St. Angelo he maintained an obstinate siege, till the unfortunate consul was betrayed by a promise of safety: his body was suspended on a gibbet, and his head was exposed on the battlements of the castle." This was A. D. 998.]

1. I LOOKED upon his brow: no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.
2. He stood, the fetters on his hand, —
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh, —
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

3. I saw him once before : he rode
 Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
 And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate were of gold,
And graved with many a dent that told
 Of many a soldier deed ;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.
4. But now he stood, chained and alone,
 The headsman ¹ by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone ;
 The sword, that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near,
And yet no sign or sound of fear
 Came from that lip of pride.
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.
5. He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
 With an uncovered eye ;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
 Who thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim ²—
The voice of anger and of shame ;
 A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son —
Her patriot, and her latest one.

¹ HEADS'MAN. An executioner.

² AC-CLĀIM'. Shout of praise ; applause

CIII.—THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

REV. WAYLAND HOYT.

[Rev. Wayland Hoyt is a Baptist clergyman, and pastor of the Strong Place Church of Brooklyn, New York. The following description of the celebrated Yo Semite Valley of California is taken from a sermon delivered October 17, 1869.]

1. THE valley of the Yo Semite is a chasm between the two ranges of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, four thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is about one hundred and twenty miles eastward in a direct line from San Francisco. Having advanced by stage and steamboat to within about twenty-five miles of the valley, the visitor must then complete his journey on horseback. And so up and over a spur of the Sierra Nevada, you ride for twenty-five miles along a narrow forest trail, winding in and out between columns of pine trees rising from one hundred to two hundred and fifty feet in height. At length the ride is nearly finished, and you stop your horse upon a jutting¹ rock, and look over into the mighty mountain gorge, the upper end of which forms the Yo Semite Valley, and through which the Merced River rushes, and roars, and plunges two thousand feet below you.

2. You are appalled and dizzied at the spectacle—the deep shadows falling on the gorges—the sheer rent between the mountains—here and there large mountain birds, unterrified, wheeling in majestic flight—the river dashing against the rocks, as though angry at the obstructions in its channel, and angrier still that with its utmost strength it cannot hurl them from its course. Then, entranced and yet appalled, you turn your horse and seek again the narrow trail.

It leads you down the mountain. The descent is steep and fearful—often but the narrow footway clinging to the mountain side; above you, vast heights of rock; below you, and right at your side, the sheer and seemingly measureless abyss. And so the path goes winding down. At last you reach the level, and find yourself enclosed amid huge piles of fallen rocks wrenched by the frosts from the mountain-side. Then winding out of these, you approach the entrance of the valley.

3. And the first thing which thrusts itself upon your sight, and will not let you turn your eyes away from it, is the immense El Capitan—the captain rock of all, rightly so named—the great chief of the valley. It is a ponderous mass of granite—unbroken, square, perpendicular, with so smooth a front no pine or moss can gain foothold on it—lifting its gray front full three quarters of a mile direct into the sky. You have seen nothing like that in your life before. Probably there is not in the wide world, anywhere, such a simply ponderous mass. At once you feel its power. It is a complete tyrant—it will compel your gaze. There are crowds of wonders around you calling for your attention; but you are enslaved—you can simply gaze, and gaze again. You can look nowhere else—until at last the pressure of its power becomes almost insupportable.

4. Then, when you may turn away, and pass a little farther on, you are transfixed² and fascinated by beauty. Opposite the El Capitan, and right across the valley, perhaps two miles away, falls,—and yet it does not fall; it floats, almost as lightly as the mists do along the mountain-side,—floats downward, and

wavers to and fro as the breeze caresses it, changing it into fantastic shapes of spray — the Bridal Veil. It is a waterfall nine hundred and forty feet in height, so high in descent, so light and beautiful in substance, that the water divides itself into minute and pearly drops, and glides down in whitest spray; coming down softly and lovingly as the feathery snow descends, when sometimes, on some bright day in winter, a passing cloud scatters below a few of its shining crystals.

5. When you have recovered a little from the fascination of such beauty, you pass on to behold on the same side of the valley the solemn masses of the Cathedral Spires, of sombre color and Gothic shape, looking down upon you from heights averaging two thousand four hundred feet. Just opposite these, on the other side the valley, are other pinnacled rocks, four thousand three hundred feet aloft. So you pass on along the floor of the valley — as level as the bosom of a lake on some still summer noon, rich with the greenest grass, and flaming with myriad flowers, and holding in its embrace a river, now swift and flecked with foam, then led round into pools pure and unruffled; and on either side of you the steep and lofty walls of rock, rising into an average altitude of four thousand feet above the plain on which you stand.

6. And now, from behind a turn or corner in the valley wall, flashes out upon you the Falls of the Yo Semite. It is the loftiest waterfall in the world. The water, leaping over the distant rocky rim, must fall more than half a mile before it can touch the level plain below. It takes one sheer bound of sixteen

hundred feet, then it boils over rocks in a cascade for four hundred, then it rushes on to its last leap of seven hundred feet. What power, and yet what lightness! What fearful, furious plunge, and yet what exquisiteness of beauty!—swaying draperies of spray—down-shooting rockets of silver—the lustrous gleam of the water against the solemn purple of the smooth and uplifted rocks.

7. Yet from this fresh wonder must you tear yourself, and go onward still. Opposite to you, and on the other side the valley, is the Sentinel Rock—keeping continual watch above it from its aerie,³ three thousand two hundred and seventy feet above you. You pause to lift a wondering gaze towards that. But now, as you pass a little onward, you are thrust into new thralldom by another power; for right before you tower the majestic Domes of the Yo Semite. Yes, they are domes—domes of bare granite—domes as absolute and exact as that of the Capitol at Washington, or as that of St. Peter's at Rome; only those, in height and size, compared with these, are but as a hillock to an Alp.

8. There is the North Dome, heaving its rounded mass more than three thousand seven hundred feet into the sky above you; and right opposite that on the other side the valley, the wonder of wonders,—as the Indians rightly named it, the Goddess of the Valley,—the South Dome, piled six thousand feet aloft from the plain on which you stand. Some awful convulsion⁴ of nature has split off a vast section of it, hurling it no one can tell where—there is no trace of it in all the valley. And so it stands there, rounded on the thither side, steep and abrupt on this, a vast,

gray, towering half-dome, and inaccessible ; no human foot ever has scaled, or probably ever can scale it.

¹ JŪT'TING. Shooting out ; projecting.

² TRĀNS-FIXED'. Pierced through.

³ AĒ'RİĒ (ē'rē or ā'c-rē). A nest or brood of hawks or other birds of prey.

⁴ CŌN-VŪL'SIŌN. Disturbance ; tumult.



CIV.—DECORATION DAY.

S. F. SMITH.

[Rev. Samuel F. Smith, D. D., is a native of Boston, and a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1829. He is a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, and the editor of the publications of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He is best known as the author of the national hymn beginning, "My country, 'tis of thee."]

The following poem was written for Decoration Day, May, 1871. Decoration Day is now generally observed in honor of the heroes of the late war, whose graves are on that day decorated with flowers.]

1. STREW the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
 Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea ;
 Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed ;
 Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free ;
 Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
 Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed ;
 Waves the starred banner from sea-coast to sea ;
 Grateful the living and honored the dead.
2. Dear to each heart are the names of the brave ;
 Resting in glory how sweetly they sleep !
 Dew-drops at evening fall soft on each grave,
 Kindred and strangers bend fondly to weep ;
 Kindred bend fondly, and drooping eyes weep
 Tears of affection o'er every green grave ;
 Fresh are their laurels and peaceful their sleep ;
 Love still shall cherish the noble and brave.

3. Peace o'er this land, o'er these homes of the free,
Brood evermore with her sheltering wing;
God of the nation, our trust is in Thee,
God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King;
God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King,
Thou art our refuge, our hope is in Thee;
Strong in Thy blessing and safe 'neath Thy wing,
Peace shall encircle these homes of the free.
-

CV. — PRESS ON.

PARK BENJAMIN.

1. PRESS on! there's no such word as fail!
Press nobly on! the goal is near!
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward, — never fear!
Why shouldst thou faint? Heaven smiles above,
Though storm and vapor intervene;¹
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er Life's shadowed scene.
2. Press on! surmount the rocky steep,²
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps;
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon³ walls of night
Hew down a passage unto day.
3. Press on! if once and twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try;

From him who never dreads to meet
 Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
 To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
 While on their breasts, who never quail,
 Gleams, guardian of chivalric⁴ deeds,
 Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

4. Press on ! if Fortune play thee false
 To-day, to-morrow she'll be true ;
 Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
 Taking old gifts, and granting new.
 The wisdom of the present hour
 Makes up for follies past and gone ; —
 To weakness strength succeeds, and power
 From frailty springs. Press on ! press on !
5. Press bravely on ! and reach the goal,
 And gain the prize, and wear the crown !
 Faint not ! for to the steadfast soul
 Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
 To thine own self be true, and keep
 Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil ;
 Press on ! and thou shalt surely reap
 A heavenly harvest for thy toil.

1 IN-TER-VENE'. Come between.
 2 ŠUR-MÖÖNT'. Ascend ; overcome.
 3 EB'ON. Dark ; black.

4 ČHI-VÄL'RJC (shə-väl'rjk). Chival-
 rous ; gallant.

CVI.—THE 'CROSSED SWORDS.

G. S. HILLARD.

1. IN the halls of the Massachusetts Historical Society, on Tremont Street, Boston, over a door leading from the outer to the inner room, there may be seen two crossed swords, with inscriptions in gilded letters upon a tablet of black walnut. These swords have a remarkable and interesting history.

2. One of them was worn at the battle of Bunker Hill by Colonel William Prescott, the commander of the American forces, and the other by Captain John Linzee, of the sloop-of-war *Falcon*, which at the same battle was engaged on the English side, cannonading the American redoubt¹ from the waters of Charles River.

3. Colonel Prescott was the grandfather of William Hickling Prescott, the illustrious historian; and the lady whom the latter married was the granddaughter of Captain Linzee, who was a native of New England, and lived in the neighborhood of Boston from the close of the revolutionary war to the time of his death.

4. Thus the two swords, which had been worn by the soldier and sailor on opposite sides on that memorable day, came by inheritance and transmission into the possession of the historian, and were for many years conspicuous objects in his study, rarely failing to attract the attention of the many strangers who came to see him. Mr. Thackeray, whose vigilant² eye did not fail to notice them when he visited Mr. Prescott in 1852, thus happily alludes to them in the opening of his novel, "*The Virginians*," published six years later:—

5. "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great war of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king, the other was the weapon of a brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestors' country and in his own, where genius like his has always a peaceful welcome."

6. Mr. Prescott, who died on the 28th day of January, 1859, by his will made the following disposition³ of the swords: "The sword which belonged to my grandfather, Colonel William Prescott, worn by him in the battle of Bunker Hill, I give to the Massachusetts Historical Society, as a curiosity suitable to be preserved among their collections; and the sword which belonged to my wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee, of the British Royal Navy, who commanded one of the enemy's ships lying off Charlestown during the same battle, I give to my wife."

7. But as Mrs. Prescott and the other heirs of Captain Linzee desired that the swords should not be separated, they were both sent to the Historical Society by the executor of Mr. Prescott's will. Resolutions⁴ were at once unanimously adopted by the society, gratefully accepting the swords, and directing them to be arranged in a conspicuous place in their halls, crossing each other, as they had been crossed in Mr. Prescott's library, and with suitable inscriptions, setting forth their history and the circumstances of their reception.

8. A tablet of black walnut was therefore prepared, to which they now stand attached, crossed through a

carved wreath of oak leaves, while over them are two shields, leaning against each other, and bearing respectively the Prescott and the Linzee arms. On the right, next to the hilt of Colonel Prescott's sword, is the following inscription:—

The Sword
of
COLONEL WILLIAM PRESCOTT
worn by him
while in command of the
Provincial Forces
at the
Battle of Bunker Hill,
17 June, 1775,
and
bequeathed to the
Massachusetts Historical Society
by his grandson
WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

On the left, next to the hilt of Captain Linzee's sword, is the following inscription:—

The Sword
of
CAPTAIN JOHN LINZEE, R. N.,
who commanded the
British sloop of war "Falcon"
while acting against the Americans
during the Battle of Bunker Hill.
Presented to the
Massachusetts Historical Society,
14 April, 1859,
by his grandchildren,
THOMAS C. A. LINZEE
and
MRS. WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

On two separate scrolls is the following inscription: —

*These Swords
for many years were hung crossed
in the library
of the late eminent historian
WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT,
in token of
international¹ friendship
and
family alliance.
They
are now preserved
in a similar position
by the
Massachusetts Historical Society,
in memory
of the associations
with which they will be
inseparably connected.*

¹ RE-DÖÜBT'. A general name for field-works, especially those which entirely enclose a post.

² VİQ'I-LANT. Watchful.

³ DİS-PQ-Şİ''TİQŊ. Disposal.

⁴ REŞ-Q-LÜ'TİQŊŞ. Declarations of a public body.

⁵ İN-TËR-NÄ''TİQŊ-ÄL. Relating to the intercourse between different nations.

CVII. — THE STATUE.

1. In Athens, when all learning centred there,
Men reared ¹ a column of surpassing height
In honor of Minerva,² wise and fair,
And on the top, that dwindled ³ to the sight,
A statue of the goddess was to stand,
That wisdom might obtain ⁴ in all the land.
2. And he who, with the beauty in his heart,
Seeking in faultless work immortal youth,
Would mould this statue with the finest art,
Making the wintry marble glow with truth,
Should gain the prize. Two sculptors sought the
fame;
The prize they craved was an enduring name.
3. Alcamenes * soon carved his little best;
But Phidias,† beneath a dazzling thought
That like a bright sun in a cloudless west
Lit up his wide, great soul, with pure love
wrought
A statue, and its face of changeless stone
With calm, far-sighted wisdom towered and shone.
4. Then to be judged the labors were unveiled;
But at the marble thought, that by degrees
Of hardship Phidias cut, the people railed.
“The lines are coarse; the form too large,” said
these;

* Al-kām'ē-nēs.

† Phīd'j-ās.

"And he who sends this rough result of haste
Sends scorn, and offers insult to our taste."

5. Alcamenes' praised work was lifted high
 Upon the capital where it might stand ;
 But there it seemed too small, and 'gainst the sky
 Had no proportion from the uplooking land ;
 So it was lowered, and quickly put aside,
 And the scorned thought was mounted to be tried.
6. Surprise swept o'er the faces of the crowd,
 And changed them as a sudden breeze may
 change
 A field of fickle grass, and long and lond
 Their mingled shouts to see a sight so strange.
 The statue stood completed in its place,
 Each coarse line melted to a line of grace.
7. So bold, great actions, that are seen too near,
 Look rash and foolish to unthinking eyes ;
 They need the past for distance to appear
 In their true grandeur. Let us yet be wise
 And not too soon our neighbor's deed malign,
 For what seems coarse is often good and fine.

¹ REARED. Raised ; elevated.

² MĪ-NĒR'VA. The goddess of wisdom,
the arts, and war.

³ DWĪN'DLED. Grew less ; diminished.

⁴ QB-TĀIN'. Be established ; prevail.

CVIII.—THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

WINTHROP.

1. THERE can be no true New England heart which does not throb to-day with something of unwonted¹ exultation.² There can be no true American heart, I think, which has not found itself swelling with a more fervent³ gratitude to God, and a more profound veneration for the Pilgrim Fathers, as this morning's sun has risen above the hill-tops, in an almost midsummer glory, and ushered in, once more, with such transcendent splendor, our consecrated⁴ jubilee.

2. When we reflect on the influence which has flowed, and is still flowing, in ever fresh and ceaseless streams, from yonder Rock, which, two centuries and a half ago, was struck, for the first time, by the foot of civilized, Christian man; when we reflect how mightily that influence has prevailed, and how widely it has pervaded⁵ the world,—inspiring and aiding the settlement of Massachusetts, and through Massachusetts, of all New England, and, through New England, of so large a part of our whole wide-spread country, and thus, through the example of our country and its institutions, extending the principles of civil and religious freedom to the remotest regions of the earth, leaving no corner of Christendom, or even of Heathendom, unvisited or unrefreshed,—we should be dead indeed to every emotion of gratitude to God or man, were we not to hail this anniversary as one of the grandest in the calendar of the ages.

3. We are here, my friends, to celebrate the Fifth Jubilee of what is now known emphatically, wher

ever the history of New England, or the history of America, is read, as "The Landing." No other landing, temporary or permanent, upon our own or upon any other shore, can ever usurp⁶ its title, or ever supersede⁷ or weaken its hold upon the world's remembrance and regard.

4. There have been other landings, I need hardly say, which have left a proud and shining mark on the historic page: Landings of discoverers; landings of conquerors; landings of kings or princes, called by right of restoration or revolution to take possession of time-honored thrones; landings of organized colonies, from large and well-appointed fleets, on conspicuous coasts, to occupy territories opened and prepared, in some degree, for human habitation.

5. Not such was the landing which we commemorate⁸ to-day. Not such the event which has rendered this shortest day of all the year so memorable forever in the annals of human freedom. It was the landing of a few weary and wave-worn men from a single ship,—nay, from a single shallop,—on a bleak and desolate shore, amid the storms and tempests of a well-nigh arctic winter, with none to welcome, none even to witness it. I might, indeed, be almost pardoned for saying, that the sun itself stood still in the heavens to behold it! But there were, certainly, no other witnesses, save those witnesses to each other's constancy and courage who were themselves the actors in the scene, and that all-seeing, omnipresent⁹ God, who guided and guarded all their steps.

6. Turn back with me to that epoch¹⁰ of the winter solstice, just two hundred and fifty years ago, and let us spend at least a portion of this flying hour in attempt-

ing to recall the precise incidents which then occurred on the spot on which we are assembled, with some of their immediate antecedents and consequences.

7. There have been, and will be, other occasions for boasting,—if any one desires to boast,—of what New England has accomplished, directly or indirectly, for herself or for mankind, in later times. There have been, and will be, other opportunities for a general glorification of New England principles, New England achievements,¹¹ New England inventions and discoveries, past or present, remote or recent. We recognize them all to-day,—all, at least, that are worthy of being recognized at all,—as the legitimate¹² result and development of this day's doings.

8. We count and claim the progress of our country, in its best and worthiest sense, as the "Pilgrim's Progress;" as the grand and glorious advance upon a line of march in which they were the pioneers, and for which they, in their own expressive phrase, literally¹³ as well as metaphorically,¹⁴ were the instruments "to break the ice for others."

¹ ÛN-WÕNT'ËD. Unusual.

² ÈX-ÛL TÁ'TIÕN. Joy; delight.

³ FËR-VËNT. Ardent; eager.

⁴ CÕN-SË-CRÂT-ËD. Sacred.

⁵ PËR-VÂD'ËD. Passed through; been diffused through.

⁶ Û-S'ËRP'. Seize or possess without right.

⁷ SÛ PËR-SËDE'. Set aside; take the place of.

⁸ CÕM-MËM'Q-RÂTE. Preserve in memory, or celebrate, by some public act.

⁹ ÕM-NÏ-PRËŞ'ËNT. Present everywhere at the same time.

¹⁰ ÈP'QËH (Ëp'qk). A remarkable period of time.

¹¹ A-CHÏËVE'MËNTS. Heroic deeds; great exploits.

¹² LË-GÏT'Ï-MATE. Legal; lawful.

¹³ LÏT'ËR-ÂL-LÏ. According to the letter or the exact words.

¹⁴ MËT-A-PHÕR'Ï CÂL-LÏ. Figuratively; not literally.





